

APPLETON'S MAGAZINE

VOL. VIII

DECEMBER, 1906

NO. 6

OUR AMERICAN COLONY AT JERUSALEM

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CHILDREN OF THE COLONY FLYING THE AMERICAN FLAG ON THE FOURTH OF JULY IN DEFiance OF THE ORDERS OF THE AMERICAN CONSUL



HAVE returned from the Holy Land, where I was shown the Mount of Calvary, the tomb of Christ, and the manger in which the Savior of mankind was cradled. Near by these most sacred spots in the universe I fell upon a God-fearing colony of American-born citizens, who for more than a quarter of a century, while enjoying the respect and friendship of an "infidel" Turkish Government,

have been subject to renewed controversy with one of their own creed and country; one who should, of all others in the wide world, be their best and truest friend, counselor, and protector. For not only is this man a duly ordained minister of the Gospel, but he is America's consul at Jerusalem, with far-reaching power to help or harm his fellow-citizens in the Holy City.

A slight difference in the interpretation of a verse of Scripture, and once more, at the very sepulcher, the father is turned against his



THE SCHOOL

children and they against him. Perhaps it is in the air, these religious feuds on sacred soil, where Mohammedan soldiers still patrol the Church of the Nativity, so that Christians of differing sects may not cut each other's throats at the very manger where their God became man.

I had heard of the American Colony years before in Chicago, from which city it had migrated to Jerusalem; but its affairs had passed almost completely from my memory until now I met its people again at the goal of their ambitions. They had patterned their life at Jerusalem upon that of the early church there; lived together in brotherly love, more than a hundred and twenty of them; owned everything in common, and after twenty-five years of such an experiment still held fast to the belief of the early Christians at Jerusalem,



COURT OF MAIN HOUSE

that it was Christ's teachings that those calling themselves Christians should give all their accumulated earnings to the poor, and no one member of the great brotherhood be content if he could find anyone poorer than himself. They had carried absolute unselfishness to its extreme, and, truth to tell, seemed a most contented and industrious household, speaking lightly even of the persecutions that had all but made them beggars in the desert, a lot from which they were saved only by the kindness of the Turkish Government.

Whatever may be my religious differences with the American Colony—and they are many—I shall hereafter speak with reverence of any movement toward Christian socialism, the actual practical possibility of which, in one instance, has been demonstrated here at the birthplace of Christ by an undaunted



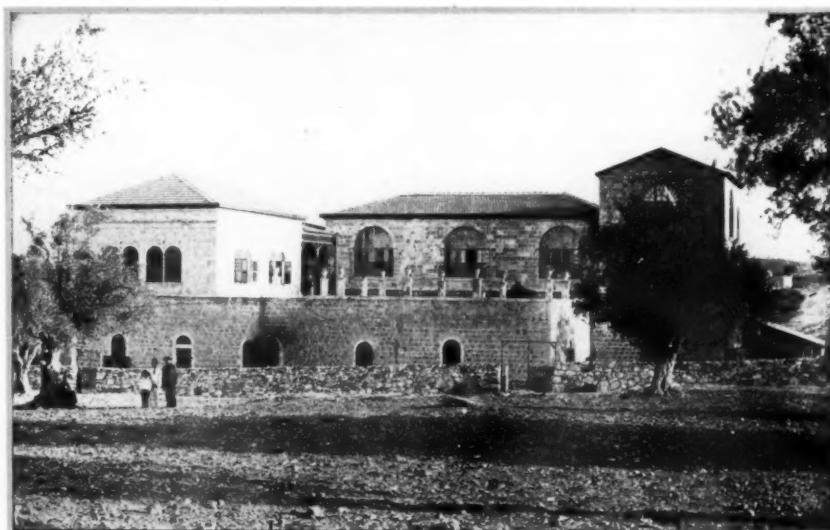
MEMBERS OF THE COLONY PICNICKING NEAR JERUSALEM

body of American citizens; a body that, with the hand of its own Government repeatedly and inexplicably raised against it, has persevered to the end.

The American Colony, for a quarter of a century, has had one uncompromising accuser—and only one that I could find in Jerusalem or elsewhere—and the accuser has not crossed the threshold of the little band he condemns, for more than a score of years. Yet he ever stoutly maintains to all who will hear him that the American Colony

love them, believe in them, and trust them as do the people of Jerusalem, including our own vice consul.

In vain these discredited Americans and their friends at home have appealed to the State Department either to prove or forbid the circulation of the horrible charges. The State Department keeps these on file, but refused to permit any member of the American Colony to learn the particulars of any specified charge. It is chiefly for this reason that from every part of our country protests



THE MAIN HOUSE OF THE COLONY

is the home of midnight orgies in which its founders, now white-haired men and women who have passed their sixtieth and seventieth birthdays, still take an active part. It is perhaps comforting to Americans to know that no one in Jerusalem takes these charges of our consul seriously, but, unfortunately, strangers, visitors, and foreigners are sadly influenced against a community that has won the respect of every nationality in the Holy Land, and is visited on terms of equality and friendship by every consul in Jerusalem but our own. These women of America, whom he so bitterly denounces in his reports to Washington, belong to some of the oldest and most respected families of New England and Illinois; they have dear ones at home who still

and appeals have been forwarded to Washington demanding "fair play," while the thousands returning from the now popular annual cruises to the Holy Land are becoming more and more an advance guard, making friends everywhere for our little Colony in Jerusalem and creating a desire on the part of the people to know something of this strange community that has triumphed over so many obstacles in a far-off land.

THE ORIGIN OF THE COLONY

The American Colony had its inception in Chicago, when, in 1880, a number of religious enthusiasts broke away from the famous

"fighting" Fullerton Avenue Presbyterian Church. At the head of the movement was a man of intellect, wealth, and refinement, Horatio Spafford, one of the most prominent lawyers and church workers of his time in the city of Chicago. He was the author of several world-wide-known hymns that are still sung in the churches of two continents. It was Mr. Spafford's belief that the desire to sin could be overcome by a return to the early practices of the Christian church—for this reason he and his co-workers were termed in contemptuous ridicule "overcomers," a name that long stuck to them.

The Fullerton Avenue congregation is, and always has been, composed largely of wealthy members, so that Mr. Spafford's declaration that no one had a right to call himself a Christian who was content to do what Christ would not have done, and own property while others around him were in dire need, met with little response. But fourteen members of the church were ready and willing to give up all and follow him to Jerusalem, to take up there the work organized by the early church, and carry it on until the second coming of Christ, which many of the little band believed to be near at hand. Mr. Spafford and his wife were probably then the only wealthy ones to give their all. There were fourteen adults and five children who arrived in Jerusalem in September, 1881, and this was the nucleus of the American Colony.

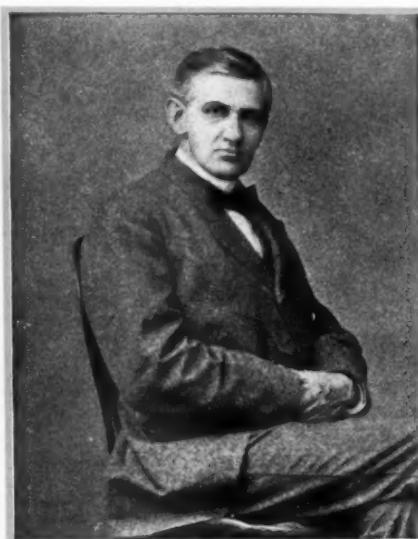
Unfortunately for the little band, its religious beliefs had been heralded far and near, and about the same time it set out for the Holy Land a clergyman of a kindred denomination to that from which the "overcomers" had seceded, also turned his eyes toward Jerusalem. The Rev. Selah Merrill, of Andover, Mass., early in the administra-

tion of President Arthur, was appointed to the office of American consul at Jerusalem. An enthusiastic antiquarian, he made no secret that his desire for the office lay in the fact that it enabled him to carry on such research in the Holy Land, but, unfortunately, early in his career as consul, he selected the American cemetery at Jerusalem as a place to dig for relics, and as he turned up the bones of the dead in doing so—including sometimes freshly interred bodies—the most bitter religious warfare Jerusalem has known in a century was engendered. Unpleasant friction began with the American Colony, which finally resulted in the loss to that body of all its dead, who still lie in a jumbled heap in an out-of-the-way pit. It is not surprising, therefore, that it required skilled generalship on the part of the leader of the American Colony to postpone the precipitation of the "War of the Graveyard," and that after the death of Mr. Spafford, in 1887, hostilities did begin and on one side at least have never ceased.

From the very

start, however,

American Colony made powerful friends. Its members learned Arabic, and went forth to instruct the children of the land. They passed their word, and kept it, that they would attempt no proselyting. Inadvertently, however, they accomplished the impossible, for in Turkey, while many conversions are made by the Protestant missionaries among Greek and Roman Catholics, or *vice versa*, the conversion of an adult Mohammedan does not happen. A young Mohammedan, however, took up his home in the Colony and became a servant. No attempt was made to convert him, but at the end of three years he asked to be baptized and expressed a desire to join the Colony as a firm believer in Christ and his teachings.



HORATIO SPAFFORD



THE COLONY TO-DAY

This was the unexpected, and the Colony conferred with the young man's father. Promptly an order came for the young man to join the Turkish army, and he was sent to the front at Yamen in southern Arabia. There he grew in favor with his officers and was placed in command of a company; there was

rebellion when it was discovered that the new captain was a Christian, but the general in command quelled it by telling the soldiers that rebellion against their captain was rebellion against him. In vain he expostulated with his valued officer, who was firm in his conviction to remain a Christian. At the end of two years the young man was sent home; his family and friends were astonished to see any one return



DRAWING-ROOM, MAIN HOUSE



A WEDDING AT THE COLONY

from Yamen; again his father demanded that his son return to the faith of Allah, and again the son remained firm. Once more he was sent to the front—there was fighting in Crete—and across his official papers was written "Not to be returned." But the young Christian made such a wonderful record for brave deeds that he was returned loaded with honors. His father no longer opposed. "Go,

my son," he said, "join these people, it is evidently God's will." And so the young man took unto himself a Christian wife, became a member of the Colony, and his father is to this day its warm friend and protector.

Next, the Turkish officials saw that the Colony was doing good work, and began to observe the educational classes there. In time, when it was decided by the Government

Colony is also held in reverence. Unknown to the world, for thousands of years, even from before the Babylonian captivity, there has been a remnant of the tribe of Gad in the province of Yamen. Some years ago they received a revelation that they should return to Jerusalem. Three hundred set out, and arrived at the Holy City totally destitute. No one would receive the strange wanderers, who spoke an ancient dialect of Hebrew, so the American Colony mortgaged all that it had and shared with the strangers. To the credit of the Gadites, be it said that they at once sought work and soon came to their patrons to announce that they would support themselves; but the tax of supporting 300 even for a short time left the Colony in destitute circumstances, and it was only through the friendship



TEXTILE ROOM OF THE COLONY

to establish a girls' school in Jerusalem, the ladies of the American Colony were asked to take entire charge, which they did. Thus the education of Syrian womanhood fell into the hands of Yankee citizens, there being at times more than one thousand children under the charge of the Americans. The school was located in the mosque of Omar, the most sacred spot in all Jerusalem, to Jew and Mohammedan alike, although to this day no Hebrew may enter this sacred inclosure where the Temple of Solomon once stood, and the only persons in all Christendom who may enter at will, without special permit and a guard, are the members of the American Colony.

By the Jews of Jerusalem, the American



YOUNG MEN OF THE COLONY AT WORK

of the Mohammedan officials that they were not then turned out into the desert to starve.

It was Mr. Spafford's genius that organized the work. Each man was taught a trade. One became Colony carpenter, another turned tailor and made the Colony clothing. A botanist in the little band turned his attention to

the *flora* of the Holy Land, collecting specimens of the flowers mentioned in the Bible, which the young people of the Colony pressed and pasted upon cards to be sold to pilgrims. Each member of the Colony had to work and each received all that he actually needed. The Colony grew and prospered; others in America became willing to sell all that they had and give to the poor. They joined the Colony; as did a little body of workers organized along the same lines in Sweden; but never at any time did the proportion of American-born of the Colony fall below fifty per cent of the entire number, although the latchstring has always been out to the poor and needy of all nations, races, and creeds. When, after seven years of faithful work in Jerusalem, Mr. Spafford died, the Colony was well organized and had begun to prosper.

"THE WAR OF THE GRAVEYARD"

The bitter feeling between the American consul and the American Colony began to develop soon after this time. In October, 1892, word came to the Colony that workmen had been seen digging in the cemetery on Mount Zion, under the direction of Consul Merrill; and a prompt investigation revealed excavations, evidently in the interest of antiquarian research. Graves had been dug into and coffins broken, even to the point of the exposure of the dead.

Just after this, another member of the Colony died, and by the time of the funeral the excavations had been partly filled up, but there were still deep holes visible, while fragments of bones, coffins, hair, and clothing were lying on the surface of the ground. In one place, the coffin of Mr. Spafford was still exposed, and was seen by his daughter, who was present at the funeral, and who was taken home in a fainting condition as a result.

From that day to this has lingered "The War of the Graveyard," waged bitterly between two successive clergymen consuls and a missionary on the one side, and on the other, the members of the American Colony, who have never asked more—and asked that in vain—than that the remains of their dead should be left to rest in peace.

Consul Merrill's successor, under President Cleveland's first administration, was another clergymen, the Rev. Edwin S. Wallace, in whose term the controversy became even more acute.

It will seem incredible to any American

reader that our consul, a Christian clergyman, would have any part in the removal, at the dead of night, of the bodies of his fellow-citizens, from a cemetery under his charge, to be dumped unceremoniously into a common pit, concealing its very whereabouts from the knowledge of the friends and relatives of the dead. Not only is this true, as documents on file in the State Department at Washington will prove, but it was only through the British bishop and British consul at Jerusalem that the members of the American Colony forced their consul to reveal to them where their dead lay hidden, and prevented him, again at the dead of night, from removing them to still another spot. The story of the American graveyard at Jerusalem is grawesome in the extreme, but it so fully illustrates the undue power wielded by our consuls in Turkish countries, and the bitterness of religious warfare in the Holy Land, that I give it as the documents in my possession—from both sides—set it forth.

About seventy years ago the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions purchased a burying ground upon Mount Zion, for the Americans who died in Jerusalem. On their withdrawing from active work in that field, the graveyard was turned over to the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions, and the key to the inclosure was sent to the American consulate at Jerusalem, to be called for by any Americans wishing to inter their dead in such a Christian cemetery.

This identical spot finally coming to be identified by the antiquaries as the veritable site of the "Dormition de la Sainte Vierge," the Roman Catholic Church, through the Spanish consul, made most tempting offers in the earnest effort to secure the holy ground. In the course of years, ten of their dead had been buried in the American cemetery, when once again the colonists applied for the key, only to be informed by the consul that the cemetery had been sold and the dead removed by the Rev. William K. Eddy, of Sidon, representing the Presbyterian Board.

In vain the members of the American Colony appealed to the consul at Jerusalem and our ambassador at Constantinople. They were compelled at last to turn to the British consul, who officially demanded of the American consul the whereabouts of the body of Captain Sylvester, a British subject, who had been a member of the Colony.

It was found that the bodies had been

moved at the dead of night by native workmen, who had been paid a shilling apiece. They had dismembered the bodies and forced them into packing cases, the largest thirty by sixteen inches, and some of these containing the bones of more than one body. There were no names, and few of these boxes were numbered; all had been dumped unceremoniously in a pit fifteen by fifteen feet. In one or more of these boxes were the remains of the mother of the Rev. Dr. Thompson, author of "The Land and the Book."

That the reader may form some idea of the manner in which the Turks themselves viewed the affair of the graveyard, I append a letter sent to the President of the United States by the then Superintendent of Instruction at Jerusalem.

JERUSALEM, PALESTINE, September 27, 1897.
To His Excellency the President of the United States.

Sir: What I am about to impart to you, I feel compelled to communicate, not being able longer to bear in silence the sight we have witnessed, which happened among us, from the hands of the consuls of your honorable Government, which is so much noted for its justice and consideration. I was by that prompted to impart to you something seen here that never has before happened, and may it never happen again, and having confidence that my information will not be slighted, I impart to you the details of the horrors that met our eyes.

There is a small Christian American community in our midst with whom I am well acquainted; they are called by the people "The Americans." Because they refuse to walk in the beaten tracks of the missionaries, which are opposed to right, they have earned their continued ill will, and it happening, unfortunately for them, that the United States representatives, thrice sent, were themselves ministers (Revd. Mr. Merrill and Revd. Mr. Wallace), by consequence, contrary to their duty and humanity, these partook of their prejudice and have caused every kind of wrong and suffering to these people. For eighteen months they have had no end of difficulty every time a death occurred among them, the consul making difficulties, though there was a place appropriated, in which they had from time to time when not so persecuted, buried members of their household. A few days ago, on a death occurring and their applying to the consul, Mr. Wallace, they were informed by him that the cemetery had been sold and the dead (among them eleven bodies of this household) removed. On my hearing this, all my sense of propriety and decency was scandalized; for, assuming that the customs of your country may be different from ours, where public sentiment and law would never permit of a cemetery being sold, yet such acts, in which inhumanity and barbarism appear, made me doubt whether the boasted justice and humanity, which I failed to be able to perceive, were to be actually found in your honorable Government. This is a great difficulty to me which I beg of you to clear up to me.

You will witness to its truth, when I say that a howl of condemnation was heard from Europe and America when it was said that the Turks had desecrated

Armenian cemeteries. But what shall we say of this in which the Christian American consul digs up the dead of his own nation, with no notice to them, and has them carried away and then refuses to tell these people where they had been put?

At the horrors of what has been done, all of every nation and religion here, who knows of it, stand dumb.

(Signed) ISMAIL EL HUSSANY,
Superintendent of Public Instruction.

The President listened to the protest, and ordered Consul General Dickinson at Constantinople to investigate. The Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions sent its representatives and the "investigation" proceeded. State and clergy were on the defensive in an infidel land, and altogether there was a ticklish situation. However, the investigation declared to demonstrate the fact that there was no proof that the cemetery had ever been "consecrated," and as, moreover, there had been need of money, and as under Turkish law no cemetery can be sold, it was "proved" that it was not a cemetery. This in spite of the fact that it was so recorded in the archives of the Turkish Government, while for years over its portal was the sign "American Cemetery." As the cemetery had been rechristened "not a cemetery," the report to the State Department read that the charges against the American consul at Jerusalem were "not proved," although the dead of the American Colony still rest a confused heap in the pit provided for them. And observe the Americanism of the report! Consul General Dickinson closed his rulings with the advice to the sixty American-born citizens in the Colony to become Turkish subjects.

Early in President McKinley's administration Mr. Merrill was reappointed to the Jerusalem consulate, succeeding Henry Gillman, of Detroit, who had served after Mr. Merrill's removal by the second Cleveland administration.

In 1905 the Rev. William K. Eddy returned quietly to Jerusalem. The American Colony by this time was on the watch. Immediately the Colony appealed—not to the American but to the British consul—for protection of their dead from still further desecration. Their representatives, with proper documents, arrived at the pit in time to discover Mr. Eddy in the act of ordering his porters to remove the boxes he had redug, from the pit, the object being to remove them to a new American cemetery. He was working under authority from Consul Merrill and without the supposed knowledge or consent of the

friends and relatives of the dead, whose only request to the American consul was that at last, and forever, they be permitted to rest.

Pictures were taken to show how impossible it was to discriminate as to the contents of the boxes, and the Swedish and other consuls joined in the protest against the further desecration of the American dead.

WHEN PROPERTY WAS INVOLVED

One other crusade of the American consul against his differing brothers came near becoming a matter of international importance. The love of money being the root of all evil, the Rev. Mr. Merrill wrote letters to the wealthy relatives of the colonists advising them not to send or bequeath them anything that would enable them to prolong their stay in Jerusalem.

The American consul had succeeded in stopping the funds of the American Colony that came from Chicago, and so influenced Mrs. Mary E. Whiting's mother that she added a codicil to her will leaving only enough of her income to her grandchildren (then in the American Colony) to support them. The Colony, however, after old Mrs. Whiting's death in America, raised and educated these children without such aid—as the trustee, a Mr. Bowman, withheld, as he claimed at the advice of the American consul, any aid so long as the children were members of the community.

A brother of Mrs. Whiting of the Colony then came to Jerusalem to persuade her to return to America. Upon her refusal, the Rev. Mr. Merrill, then consul, sent his dragoman to arrest her and her two children. He kept them prisoners, refusing to let Mrs. Whiting communicate with friends or counsel. Mrs. Whiting, however, dropped a letter from a window; her friends learned her whereabouts; an Englishwoman, a member of the Colony, got into the prison, clasped her arms about the American woman, and defied the American consul to separate them. Friends cabled to the Department of State, Cleveland having been recently elected President, and Mrs. Whiting's release was ordered and Mr. Merrill removed from office until another administration replaced him.

Mrs. Whiting's brother returned to America, and Mrs. Whiting was summoned to appear before the Probate Court of Springfield, Mass., to show why she should not be deprived of the custody of her children. But

the case was never called up, and in Chicago she was absolutely vindicated. The consul's charge against Mrs. Whiting was that she kept her children in an immoral house, but a case brought to trial as an outcome of his letters, to deprive Mrs. Whiting of the custody of her daughters, was thrown out of court in Chicago by Judge C. C. Kohlsaat, on the ground that the evidence in favor of the community was so clear and convincing, and the absence of any evidence against it so conspicuous, that there was nothing else left to do.

It had been said by the enemies of the American Colony, as it was of the early church at Jerusalem, that the members lived in common, were adulterers, and forbade marriage. In Jerusalem I spent some time, with other Americans, following these reports to their foundation, but none of us could find anyone who would repeat them as facts except the American consul, who, as he himself stated, had not visited a member of the Colony in twenty-two years. I met estimable men who had married into the Colony, and from all the evidence I could gather, within and without the community, the original colonists consisted of both single and married persons; those who were married remained married, and those who were single were counseled to remain so, on the plea that the community had come to Jerusalem to lead purely practical Christian lives, and that the most perfect results could best be obtained by undivided attention to the aims of the community.

In the case of one girl, a servant, Mrs. Spafford insisted that she either marry a young Turk who was assiduous in his attentions, or give him up. The girl was willing to marry the young man, but he declared that he was of noble birth and could not marry her. He was forbidden to call again, and the girl vowed vengeance. Later she became a friend of Consul Merrill and gave him an affidavit incorporating statements he had previously made concerning the American Colony, the facts of which she denied before her death, admitting their fabrication.

The members of the American Colony claim that their Government, through its consul, stands alone to-day in its charge that it is an immoral community, and should therefore either prove the charge or withdraw it. If, as they and others openly charge, the chief unfavorable evidence in possession of the State Department is in the form of affidavits from native Mohammedans who have since stated that they gave false testimony, for a

consideration, then the members of the community should be permitted to see these charges and be given an opportunity to refute them. This is all they ask, and the American people may fairly side with the Colony in demanding this simple act of justice toward their sixty native-born brothers and sisters.

Under the Cleveland administration, Henry Gilman, of Detroit, was sent as consul to Jerusalem, and being a frequent visitor at the American Colony, has nothing but praise for the colonists and not a word against their morals. Upon the return of Mr. Merrill with another administration, the Colony was again cut off from any communication with the consulate.

A VISIT TO THE CONSUL

The Christmas bells had rung out the birth of Christ, and children were preparing to gather flowers for the Easter festival of 1906, when I found myself riding toward Jerusalem from beyond the Jordan, in company with Dr. C. C. Higgins, of Dallas, Texas. We had been the first tourists to come over the new Mecca Railway. The great gray stone buildings of the American Colony were in plain sight "without the walls" as we rode by and entered the city to pay our respects to the American consul. I have since seen Vesuvius in eruption, her most magnificent display in thirty-four years, but the memory palls before the recollection of that half-hour with the American consul in Jerusalem.

Almost my first remark was a request for information concerning the American Colony. The Rev. Mr. Merrill arose from his chair, demanding to know if we were friends of the Colony, stating that if we were he could not receive us. He insisted that the Colony did not exist, and that if it did, there were no Americans connected with it, and in the next breath denounced every member of the Colony as immoral, declaring that the stench of their "goings on" was the most putrid odor in the nostrils of Jerusalem.

I tried to ask questions, but it was impossible to break into the bitter storm of vituperation. The consul insisted that he had not degraded himself by crossing the threshold of the home of the American Colony in more than a score of years, yet his knowledge of its inner workings was little short of marvelous.

The women were one and all immoral, the children were trained to become immoral; they could neither read nor write, and idle-

ness was rampant. As for the "American Colony store" that flourished within a hundred paces of the room in which we were discussing the iniquities of the "non-existent," the consul proclaimed loudly that it was a fraud and denied that any article therein was manufactured at the Colony, and, moreover, he insisted that I should not visit the store, but make my purchases in that of a native friend.

The final explosion of pyrotechnics occurred when I asked the consul for some specified charge against the members of the Colony. He arose to his feet and denounced me as a friend of the Colony, ordering me out of his presence, if such were the case. When I still insisted upon some reason for his denying the Colony the protection of the United States flag, Mr. Merrill declared that they were cranks and heretics. I tried to ask if cranks and heretics were barred by our constitution from the rights of citizenship, but the flow of verbal lava was too strong to breast—I was swept away, carried off my feet in a torrent of molten vituperation directed at the "crimes" of the heretical Colony, and took my departure under orders never again to appear in the presence of the American consul in Jerusalem if I dared disobey his mandate and visit the American Colony.

I did not see the consul again during my stay in Jerusalem, for my curiosity being aroused, I did commit the heinous crime of visiting the American Colony.

Lest the account of my interview with the consul be taken in a facetious vein, permit me to state that Dr. Higgins was present during my entire remarkable interview, and that I have the names, addresses, and affidavits of other American citizens who have had similar adventures with our consul.

That I am right in my belief that the consuls of the other nations do not approve of the attacks of our Mr. Merrill upon the reputation of his countrymen in Turkey, is indicated by the following affidavit secured by the Swedish consul from the Scandinavian novelist, Selma Lagerlof, who spent some time at the Colony and wrote a volume refuting the charges of the Rev. Mr. Merrill as to the immorality of its inmates.

Miss Lagerlof says in her affidavit:

During my stay in Jerusalem in March of this year, I paid a visit to the American Colony of Jerusalem, being attracted there by having heard that the Colony included a large number of Swedes. And being interested in the Colony, I spoke of it to some American ladies stopping at the same hotel, the Grand New Hotel, telling them they ought to visit the Colony.

The next day they told me that Mr. Selah Merrill, United States consul for Jerusalem, had told them it was not a place which ladies ought to visit; that it was a "bad house" and that he could not tell ladies the things that were going on there, and that he was very sorry the Colony bore the American name, and that he would do all in his power to break them up. I was quite upset by this and very sad to hear such things told about my countrymen. A few hours later, Mr. Merrill knocked at my door, as he had something to tell me about the American Colony. He then repeated to me that it was a "bad house" which I ought not to visit. He said: "You are deceived in what you see; you know what is going on there by day, but you do not know what goes on at night." He said to me: "If you wish to know all that goes on in the Colony, I will send you a man who will tell you; one who has lived there for several years and has now left them." This occurred just before lunch. Being much distressed at what he had told me, I spoke to him again in the dining-room, feeling I must know more particularly what he meant. He then repeated what he had said, and added that Mrs. Spafford was a notorious free lover, and that after the meetings, men and women went together into dark rooms and had their love affairs. He said they broke up the marriage relation between men and their wives in the Colony, and then threw young girls in the way of the men. In the evening, a man, a Mr. Antoszewski, of whom Mr. Merrill had spoken, came to the hotel at Mr. Merrill's request, and spoke to me about the Colony, dwelling at length on religious and economic questions, but when I pointedly asked him what he had to say as to the morality of the members of the Colony, he said that he could say nothing against their morality, and that they were all good people.

So marvelously incredible does it seem that a Christian clergyman should make unsupported attacks upon the morality of his co-religionists under his protection, that in place of making any countercharges I merely submit an extract from one other affidavit on file in Jerusalem, and at Washington, this from two American citizens of Sullivan, Ill.:

On or about Tuesday, February 20, 1900, I, E. H. Kellar, accompanied by my wife, called upon the American consul, Mr. Selah Merrill, at his office in Jerusalem, introducing ourselves, stating we were Americans with passports, etc., and among other things stating that we had, the day previous, called upon the American Settlement or Colony. Mr. Merrill asked why we did so. I replied: "Because it was called American and we were curious." He said: "Did you not know they were disreputable?" I replied that I knew nothing about the Colony. We were curious and therefore went to find out. He said: "Would you go to a disreputable house in Chicago out of curiosity?" We were shocked and surprised at such a query. I said: "Certainly not—but the case cannot be parallel. Are they so notoriously disreputable?" He said: "Yes, and if you go to that house I shall not recognize you on the street or have anything to do with you except officially." On the same occasion Mr. Merrill was receiving a call in another room from Mr. Goodenough, an American missionary from South Africa, and divided

his time between us. As Mr. Goodenough, who is rather deaf, was going downstairs, I heard him inquire of Mr. Merrill: "In what sense do you call them disreputable?" Mr. Merrill replied in a loud tone so Mr. Goodenough could hear: "They are free love." After leaving Mr. Merrill, which we did in a few minutes, we met Mr. Goodenough downstairs in front of Cook's office, and he stated the subject discussed by Mr. Merrill and himself to be the American Colony. A day or two after this, we met a Mr. Antoszewski at the home of Misses Dunn and Brown, in Jerusalem. Mr. Antoszewski had recently severed his connection with the so-called American Settlement, and he told to us the story of his leaving, and in response to the question he stated that he had observed no immorality in the settlement and as far as he knew there was none. He would likely have known had there been such, inasmuch as he had been in the house as a member for about four years.

A VISIT TO THE COLONY

To the best of my ability I investigated the charges of the American consul, and it must be borne in mind that I visited the Colony day after day, that I met scores of Americans from conducted tours, who stopped for days and weeks at the Colony; that I secured the opinions of the members of the other consulates in Jerusalem, and of leading citizens, Christian and non-Christian. The universal comment was that the American Colony was an industrial organization, self-supporting and highly respected; that no breath of scandal had ever been breathed against the women of the organization save by the American consul and the natives—so claim the colonists and their friends—whom he cajoled into making defamatory statements against them, but who denied these statements the moment they were out of his presence.

I rode out with Dr. Higgins to the buildings of the American Colony, for in their prosperity the 120 members of the community have left their cramped quarters within the city walls for very spacious grounds, a mile beyond the Damascus gate. Here we were welcomed, although perfect strangers, and invited to partake of refreshments. Many American ladies were present from the *Moltke* and the *Arabic*, both cruising steamers from New York. Some of these women were in tears over the cruel charges they had heard.

At last I sat in a little circle of women whom the consul had denounced to me as free lovers and worse. The youngest of these women was that day celebrating her sixty-fourth birthday. Her hair was white, but her form proud and erect, her face kindly but firm, for she had been dubbed "leader" by the out-

siders since the death of her husband, Horatio Spafford, a score of years ago.

Mrs. Mary E. Whiting, the disposition of whose money had caused Mr. Merrill, the Colony, and her relatives untold trouble, sat with lowered head, for she is very old, but as firm as ever in her determination to-day to follow the dictates of her conscience, as she was twenty-four years ago when she cast her lot with the Colony and came to Jerusalem.

There were other white-haired American men and women about the spacious parlor, every bit of furniture in which had been made in the Colony, and during our afternoon tea an octet of young people sang psalms. These were the children of the original colonists, who, the consul assured me, were brought up in idleness without education, and taught to be immoral. Later I saw them at their various trades and visited the school.

Everything in the American community is owned in common. All fare alike. The single men have a building to themselves, the boys have their building, and the families their separate apartments. Those who wish to stop with the Colony are taken care of, and if they cannot afford to pay for accommodations, there is no charge made. Everything is free and open to inspection.

In the domestic science department I saw women of the Colony at work making clothing. In the dairy department others were making butter; in the yard men of the Colony were sawing wood and grinding grain. Men and women were at looms, weaving, spinning, and knitting. In the bakeshop the rarest treats in the East were being turned out for sale at the American Colony store near the American consulate. In the pressed-flower room young people were at work upon thousands of species of flowers gathered from every part of the Holy Land by trained experts of the Colony. Wonderful books and cards are made up of these, and there is an immense demand for them at the store.

In this beehive of industry is a photographic department, the largest and most complete in Asia; here are thousands of negatives of all sizes, which are constantly being added to by the official Colony photographers. In the carpenter shop is created every article of furniture used in the extensive buildings of the Colony, even the iron bedsteads and brass lamps. The rugs and oil paintings, which are often of exquisite workmanship, are from the hands of the young women. No one is idle, and no necessary art seems neglected. An

entire building is given over to preserving the Colony fruits and olives, and a room has been fitted up by an amateur dentist, who has taught himself the use of the instruments of torture, so that now he accomplishes not only the dental work of the Colony but does all the work needed by the high officials of Jerusalem.

At the Colony school I met the children of the Mayor of Jerusalem, the Pasha of the province, and offspring of the highest officials in the Holy Land; they were there to receive education and learn deportment. For months at a time they live at the Colony, and never have I heard warmer words of praise than from the parents of these children, speaking of the Colony.

The Turkish story of the American Colony is a beautiful tribute to American manhood and womanhood. When their own Government seemed turned against them, the Turkish Government came to the rescue, and Turkish governors, mayors, ministers of education, and chiefs of police vied with each other as to who could do most for the Colony that was uplifting the youth of Turkey.

For nearly a quarter of a century the Colony occupied a house in Jerusa'lem owned by one of the high officials. Often it was hard to raise the rent, and once after the colonists had spent their all to save the tribe of Gad from starvation, it seemed impossible. It was then that the American consul offered to use his office to put the American Colony out of doors. The reply of the Mohammedan landlord was: "I have known the Americans for many years and trust them. I do not know you at all. God has given me the Americans for my friends; it is his will that I do not betray them."

THE CONSUL AND THE FLAG

It was only last year that Consul Merrill ordered the American flag removed from the store of the American Colony on the Fourth of July, and forbade the colonists to celebrate the day. The flag was not lowered, and the American consul appealed to the German consul for aid to lower the Stars and Stripes on the ground that a German had married into the Colony. The German consul treated the matter as a joke. In fact I found that among his colleagues in Jerusalem our consul is not taken seriously when declaiming upon the subject of the American Colony, nor later when I met them in his own native town of Andover, Mass., did his brother clergymen speak of him save as one who often causes

amusement even among his friends by the violence of his outbursts. But while the members of the American Colony in Jerusalem are inclined to see the humorous side, it ceases to be a joke to anyone when the statements concerning the alleged immoralities among our native-born Americans in Jerusalem are sent broadcast among strangers.

The most serious charge that the American Colony brings against the State Department, and one not wholly without foundation, is that the reports of the consul are withheld from the sight of any friends or members of the American Colony, although one of their members was sent out to see these; but it is declared that at the same time they have been accessible to religious journals antagonistic to the American Colony, and are used by them to create prejudice. The members of the Colony assert that the consul has sent to Washington affidavits from discredited natives who have been induced to make statements in accord with the consul's views, and the members of the Colony are not permitted to see and refute these, although the State Department invariably alludes to them as an excuse for not making a thorough investigation. It is

the sentiment at the Colony that its members should have free access to any accusations made against their moral character, and if, as they assert, the Government is bolstering up its position with false affidavits, the accused should have the privilege of defense.

So far, unfortunately, our State Department has practically ignored those who have complained of the treatment accorded the American Colony by our consul. These complaints have been loud and many, and are becoming much more numerous as increasing numbers of Americans visit the Holy Land.

Once more the time of Christ comes round. Again the infidel guards at the Church of the Nativity are doubled, to prevent Christians from flying at each other's throats within the sacred edifice. Once more the Mohammedan officials at Jerusalem go forth with presents of gold, frankincense, and myrrh, to the little group of struggling Christians, whose deeds of goodness have endeared them to all within the Holy City, save the one member of their creed and race who should be their friend and brother. He, alone, in all Jerusalem, stands aloof at this anniversary of the time when Christ came to make one brotherhood of mankind.

MY FRIENDS OF THE HAREM

BY DEMETRA VAKA BROWN

[Mrs. Kenneth Brown comes from an old Greek family, and was born in Turkey on the largest island of the Propontis. Her childhood was passed in Turkey, where she had many friends among the Turkish girls, and saw much of the inside of harem life. She came to America at the age of eighteen to escape the necessity of a distasteful marriage, and at that time had already received degrees from the University of Athens and the Sorbonne, in Paris. Here she was for a time on the editorial staff of the Greek newspaper *Atlantis*, and then became a teacher in the Comstock School, until her marriage in 1904. She has recently returned from revisiting Turkey, whose familiar domestic customs she observed with new eyes in the light of her American experience. There is much that is refreshing—even startling—in her frank account of the home life of her two girlhood friends who married the same man; it differs vitally from what we have usually been told of Turkey.—THE EDITOR.]



FTER a long stay of six years in America, I revisited the land of my childhood, Turkey. There were naturally many friends to see, and among them various Turkish maidens, by this time all married, as behooves all Turkish maidens to be, and two of them to the same

lord and master. I had been only a few days in Constantinople when I received the following letter in English:

*“Beloved One, from a far-away country come:
“Do you remember your young friends; or
books and knowledge within them have made
your formerly dear heart like a bookcase? If
you still love us, come to see us.*

"Two loving hearts, and the little buds that have sprung from them.

"Nassarah and Tsakran, their buds, and their gardener."

This little letter, with English words and Turkish phraseology, set me dreaming of the many hours they and I had spent happily together on the shores of the Bosphorus, before I came to America. And I was filled with curiosity to see how two girls whom I had known so intimately could dwell in such apparent happiness, while sharing the love of a husband between them. A few days later a male slave came for me and my trunk, to pay a visit to the two roses, their buds, and their gardener, who lived some distance away in Dolmà Bakshè.

I arrived at their house a little before lunch time. A French maid received me and helped me off with my wraps, and then a slave conducted me to the Turkish bath that I might rid myself entirely of the dust and fatigue of the short journey. After I had been thoroughly scrubbed and put into clean clothes, another slave brought me a cup of black coffee; and only after these preliminaries did my hostesses burst into my room, as if I had just arrived. It is a blessed custom which permits guests to be cleaned and refreshed before meeting their hosts. I had lived so long in a civilized country that I had forgotten how much more civilized, in some respects, uncivilized Turkey is.

Nassarah and Tsakran, though married and the mothers of two children each, were as gay and full of life as when they and I rolled hoops along the Bosphorus and cast pebbles into it. They looked like sisters, and very loving ones. One was clad in a loose pink silk garment, the other in rich yellow, and both had their dark hair dressed with pale pink plumes. They seized me and nearly carried me into their living room, made of glass and called *yally kiosky*, "glass pavilion." There we reclined on low divans and talked for a few minutes before luncheon was announced.

The dining room was not different from a European dining room. I gave a sigh for the good old times when the Turks used to sit with their feet curled under them, and ate with the ten forks and spoons that nature had provided them with, maintaining that taste is first transmitted through the finger tips. However, nothing of the delicious food itself was European, and I was delighted to

see the courses brought on in brass trays carried on the heads of the slaves. When the meal was finished a slave came in carrying a brass wash basin. Another followed with a graceful brass pitcher of water; and still a third followed with soap, perfumes, and towels—and we might just as well have eaten with our fingers after all. When we were again seated, or rather reclining in the *yally kiosky*, I said:

"Now talk to me."

Nassarah took some tobacco with her slender fingers and rolled a cigarette, which she passed to the second wife of her husband. Then rolling one for herself, she coaxed the flame of a match between her palms and lighted them. Then she turned to me.

"What would you like me to tell you, Al-lah's beloved?" she asked.

"Tell me about your marriage and how you both happened to get the same husband," I said impertinently.

At that both began to giggle, and embrace each other, and make funny faces, like two children.

"Tell her, Nassarah," said Tsakran, "tell her!"

Most Turkish women are natural comedians, and Nassarah had been a capital one from her childhood. She looked about her, taking in her gallery, which consisted, besides Tsakran and myself, of about ten young slaves, sort of ladies in attendance. Then, as if she were a *miradju* about to tell a story, she began with their customary words:

"The beginning of the tale! Good evening, most honorable company!"

All giggled delightedly at this.

"When I married Hilmı Pasha I was so much in love with him I was nearly crazy. I could not go to sleep, but just lay there while he slept, and watched him, and—"

"Oh, you must see him," the second wife burst in. "He is an ideal lover! Blond, with blue eyes, and such a lovely mustache; and tall, with such a beautiful figure," and thereupon she jumped up and began to walk up and down to give me an idea of Hilmı Pasha's lordly gait.

Nassarah grabbed her, however, and pulled her back to her divan.

"Keep quiet!" she said. "I am telling the story."

Tsakran made a face at her suppression, and then gave a kiss to the other wife.

"I was telling you," Nassarah went on, "that I was so much in love I could not sleep. A year later my girl, my Zelma, was born, and I was more and more in love with my lord."

At this point she threw herself on her knees, laid her arms on the floor, bent her head down on them, and prayed aloud that Allah might never permit her to live to see a sorrow fall on her master. Tsakran and the slaves did the same, and for a few minutes the room was filled with their wailing voices. But this did not last long, and then, as cheerfully as ever, Nassarah Hanoum continued:

"Then my other little girl came, and I suffered—oh! how I suffered! And the learned doctor was called in, and he said I should live, but no more children for me. And I had no boy! No, no boy for my Hilmi Pasha! Just then Tsakran came to see me."

The mention of the auspicious visit was too much for the two wives, and again they fell upon each other's necks, giggling and kissing.

"It was then I thought of a plan, and told Tsakran of it. I was not going to let Hilmi Pasha die without a son. Here was Tsakran, young and beautiful, and ready to marry; for she knew what a good lord Hilmi is."

Tsakran nodded at me violently.

"That night, when Hilmi Pasha's most beautiful head was resting on a most white pillow, I put my arms around his neck and told him my plan, and talked and talked, so that next day it was arranged that Tsakran was to be made ready to marry my Hilmi."

She made an oratorical pause, and looked around her.

"Allah rewarded us," she said. "Two boys have been born, the one within two years of the other."

At this point in the narrative a slave announced Hilmi Pasha. The ladies in attendance all rose, bowed, and went out.

I barely remembered Hilmi Pasha, although I had known him before I went away from Turkey. When he came in, he kissed his first wife first, then his second, and it seemed to me that there was a difference in his manner to the two, the first kiss being that of a lover, the second that of an older man to a pet child.

He talked with me concerning affairs in America. It was just after the assassination of President McKinley. All the papers

printed in Turkey were only permitted to say that he had died of indigestion. The news of the murder of a ruler can never be printed in Turkey, because it is supposed to put ideas into the heads of the malcontents. However, everyone in Turkey who counted at all knew the truth about McKinley and discussed it. Hilmi Pasha expressed his astonishment at the inability of the American Government to suppress the anarchists.

"Isn't he the third one they have killed?" he asked.

I explained that Lincoln and Garfield were not killed by anarchists, but Hilmi Pasha only smiled as much as to say—in our slang—"What are you giving us?" In Turkey the truth about public matters is so often suppressed that he thought I had some reason for not telling it now.

Since his two wives could hardly follow a conversation on American politics, Hilmi Pasha turned to Nassarah and asked her if she had finished her French novel. From that the talk drifted to French literature compared to English and American. In the midst of our conversation a slave brought in two backgammon boards, handsomely inlaid with ivory, and placed them on low tables similarly inlaid. Then we played this game so universal in Turkey, Hilmi Pasha playing first with me, then with his first, and then his second wife.

The children came in next and were all kissed by their father, beginning with the eldest, a beautiful girl with light hair and dark eyes, named Zelma after the heroine of a French novel.

I stayed visiting my friends for ten days. In the morning we would get up and spend a good part of the forenoon in the Turkish bath together. Then we would have luncheon and lie about on couches, reading a good deal, and playing a lot of cards and backgammon, or listening to the dramatic or spicy tales of the *miradjus*, the professional women story-tellers.

At the end of that time they proposed my accompanying them on a visit to a friend of theirs some seven hours distant. I accepted on condition that they would travel in the regular Turkish fashion and not in broughams. They joyously agreed, and the next morning two large springless wagons, covered like prairie schooners, were waiting at the door. Their floors were covered with thick mattresses, and wives, slaves, and children all climbed in, and we were off.

Halfway on our journey we ate luncheon by a fountain in a little valley finely cultivated as a market garden. There were with us a eunuch and two slaves whose especial duty it was to sing and play to enliven the journey. I was dressed in Turkish fashion, to avoid causing remark from other travelers, and for comfort. In rich Mussulman families where European governesses are kept, it is the custom for them always to dress in native costume when traveling, in order not to make the harem conspicuous.

At the end of our journey we were received in a large bedroom, where slave women undressed us and took us to the bathing house on the shore of the sea. After the bath, we were put in loose, clean garments lent us by the mistress of the house. Thus attired we next came to the waiting room, where the hostess received us. She was middle-aged, and from her deeply dyed finger nails I knew that she was of the old school. She spoke nothing except Turkish, but that with a volatility to frighten a lawyer. Her waiting room was very old-fashioned. A settle ran around two sides of the room, covered with hard cushions. There were no chairs. We all sat in a row, with our feet curled under us, and drank sherbet. Two copper-colored slaves came in, very lightly clothed, and danced a Circassian dance. Then an old *miradju* told us a story. The *miradju*s play an important part in old-fashioned harem life. Some of them have great imaginative power, invent their own stories, and attain to considerable fame, as a writer does with us. Others merely repeat what they have been taught, though they may embellish it by their personality in reciting, as an actor embellishes his part.

The story that day was the well-known one of Dérè Vérè, a rather Boccaccian tale, that pointed a strong moral, however. Our prose troubadour put marvelous facial expression into her rendering of it, and kept her audi-

ence of some twenty-five women deeply interested. When she finished we all exclaimed "*Mashalah! Mashalah!*" in admiration and applause. When this was over dinner was served in the garden, which was surrounded by a high wall. We sat on the grass, and ate from low tables.

I learned that night, from Nassarah and Tsakran, that our hostess was the fourth wife of a very rich pasha. She was reputed an extremely clever talker, which counts for a great deal in Turkey. She could not, however, get along with the other three wives—it may be by reason of her gift—and therefore she lived by herself with her retinue. She had two grown sons, both in the army, and was very anxious to make a marriage between her youngest son and Nassarah's eldest daughter. This proposed alliance kept the two families in close friendship, and although Zelma was still several years too young to marry, she called our hostess "mother," and treated her with great ceremony.

We stayed there three days, and I met several friends of the old Hanoum. Turkish women do not make our abominable abbreviated calls. When they call, they bring their work and spend the day. They are wonderful needle workers, and some of them imitate flowers wonderfully in their embroidery. Naturally they were very curious about America, and I told them much of woman's position here. In their expressive faces I read their pity for them, and inwardly I smiled, as I thought of the pity that American women feel for them.

We made the return trip on a beautiful moonlight night. When we came to start we found our wagons festooned with purple and yellow wistaria. To make the journey pleasanter, our hostess and her retinue accompanied us halfway, bringing also a wagon full of Armenian *hanéndés*, men musicians, to play and sing to us.



THE SEA HORSE

A FABLE

BY EDITH WYATT

ILLUSTRATED BY FRED RICHARDSON



SEA horse named *Cornus* once lived in a cavern in the bottom of the sea. His size was a hundred times as large as a man's. His life a hundred times as long.

In all the universe his only companion was his elder brother *Coilus*. Alone together they swam galloping through the deep. Alone together they slept in their cavern with all the surf of all the seas booming above them.

The place was a hollow in the white bedrock. In its inmost vault, well-seamed, keyed, and ribbed, the stone was arched with the rough, gray lines of barnacles. But near the mouth the cave was overgrown with sea flowers and seaweeds, scarlet, turquoise, and green, responsive even in these remote depths to the stir of waters uncounted fathoms away.

Here on the combed sand under the fanning sea flowers *Cornus* stayed at night, often trying to imagine what motions on the surface of the earth were thrilling the hanging gardens of the ocean. But *Coilus* slept in the farthest recess of the cavern on a wide gray ledge of bedrock, without a conjecture, in perfect peace. And he could not understand why his brother should care what moved the sea flowers. He himself cared for nothing outside his own way of existence; and he delighted without surfeit in that way of existence, in shaking out his mane, in curving in the water, and in swimming through countless days and nights over the open sea under the open firmament.

Inspired by such a fresh enjoyment of his life, he vaulted gayly from the cavern one morning, after a storm, while *Cornus* swam

wearily to the surface of the water. Raising his chin he looked with indifference over the dead silver calm of the ocean; and as he looked he wondered whether there were other kinds of things in the world than the kinds he already knew so well, and whether if there were, they were any more fun.

At that instant an object he had never seen before caught his eye on the horizon. It was a small white speck too neat to be a cloud. Approaching with caution, swimming far under the surface of the water, he was soon able to make a closer investigation.

The object was a sloop, driven out of her course by the storm, and manned by two undergraduates of Harvard College, Mr. James Pattison and Mr. Warren D. Cox. They were what we should call large men, about six feet in height, and wearing No. 9 boots; and these boots, these undergraduates, and all their paraphernalia, *Cornus* thought as charming as they could be. When Mr. Cox and Mr. Pattison hauled the little ropes, laden with their ingenious little buckets, and threw out their little nets, they seemed to *Cornus* quite the most intelligent, marvelous, and perfect little creatures he had ever observed. His interest was exactly as keen as yours would be if you saw in your tumbler of water a beautiful little white and greenish sea horse a hundredth as large as yourself, as exquisitely modeled as a mare on a merschaum, but alive and capable of prancing and swimming and arching its mane.

Every fact concerning their lives that dropped from the lips of Mr. Pattison and Mr. Cox sparkled for *Cornus* with the fascination of the bizarre—their futures in the commercial-advertising business which they

expected to enter on graduating from college, their present in calculus and English composition, and, above all, their past in their native town, a New Jersey suburb, Parker Heights.

On the next morning he showed Coilus his discovery. His brother, though good-natured in the matter, was not enthusiastic.

"Look," said Cornus, "they show an almost sea-horse-like intelligence. If I blow out of my right nostril, see how they scramble about to reef the little sail; and if I blow out of my left, see! see! they have grasped the situation at once, and they are scrambling about to let it out again. They are as clever as periwinkles." And he gazed at them with benignity and absorption.

"Well, Cornus," replied his brother, "I must confess there are other amusements I like better than watching these little freaks of nature. I'm going off north now, where the icebergs are sailing by this time. In a few months we can be there, scratching our necks on the ice crags, watching the old walruses flumping around, tussling with the whales—woof-woof—how I like it!"

"I don't understand how it is you never tire of these commonplace pleasures," said Cornus. "Now I need something better than the ordinary, something romantic and adventurous like this wild unknown life at Parker Heights."

When the sloop sailed away Cornus followed it until he was in sight of the New York coast. In the last day of the cruise, when the water became so shallow that it was difficult for him to breathe, he saw in the distance several ocean liners, two yachts, and, quite near at hand, a chartered tug, No. 676, conveying on its annual picnic a branch of the Plumbers' Union in business suits and derby hats; and this picnic of the Plumbers' Union for months afterwards haunted his dreams as yours might be haunted by a savage isle or a valley in the moon.

At first Coilus was charmed by his brother's poetic interest in the existence of the plumbers and the undergraduates; then he became slightly vexed and anxious over the absorption of the younger sea horse; and at last, like a sensible and sympathetic brother, he determined to do all in his power to obtain for Cornus that way of life which had now come to seem to him the only ideal and delightful one in the world.

"Cornus," he remarked one fine afternoon, from his ledge, as the younger sea horse un-

der the swaying garden gazed mournfully in the direction in which the sloop had sailed away, "has it ever occurred to you that you might be able to reach this Parker Heights, New Jersey? Old Proteus, knowing as much about all forms of life as he does, ought to be able to tell you what to do to get there."

Cornus's heart leaped. This very thing had been long in his mind, but he had disliked to mention it because of the necessity inevitably connected with it of leaving his brother alone.

Almost at once they set out to visit the aged sea god Proteus, who, as you probably know, is like neither sea horses nor men, but can change his nature at will into whatever form he likes. He happened on their arrival to be a pool in a rock, but soon after turned into a nautilus. He was surrounded by a great number of Nereids, mermaids, dolphins, and sea dogs. In the midst of these the brother sea horses stood, while Coilus, as well as he could, told the sea god of the dreams and desires of Cornus.

For long Proteus paid no attention whatever to the words of Coilus. Now flowing about his hoofs as a river of the ocean bed, now floating as a black tail of kelp far above his head, for a long space of time the sea god appeared completely baffling. But at last resuming the shape of a great, aged man with long flowing gray beard and hair, and reclining on his side in the sand, he remarked in full, grave tones like the rhythm of the water on the rocks:

"One way alone do the Fates allot for living the life of your brother's desire."

The Nereids and the sea dogs pressed eagerly around.

"What is that way?" asked Cornus.

"It is to become a man," answered Proteus.

This created a deep sensation among the Nereids and the sea dogs.

"Alone," continued the sea god, "you must lie, in a deep hollow near the coast, dead to every thought but that of the ways of men. Never for an instant must your fancy wander from your dreams of human beings, not for food, for sleep, for breath itself. Then, after a space of time measured by the power of your will, your spirit will be like those of the forces which have filled your soul, your present, like theirs. A future like theirs will be within your grasp. Even a past like theirs shall be given to you—like theirs but for the faint adumbrating memory of the ages of your existence in the ocean. But if," added

Proteus in warning accents, "in your changed life as a man your thoughts should ever dwell too deeply on your brother, the days of your youth, and the ocean bed; wherever you may be you will change back into a sea horse. As perilous as it were for a man in the caverns of the deep, so perilous must it be for a sea monster among the ways of men."

Again there was silence in the surrounding waters. *Cornus* was on the point of swimming away amidst the quiet, rising sobs of the Nereids and the mournful, foreboding murmur of the mermaids, when the sea god spoke again:

"Many, many creatures have I been. Each one knew something unknown to the experience of the others. Beyond a doubt the ways of men are wonderful, and wonderful the place of which you dream. But so is the bottom of the sea. Be wise and remain here. One way of life is no less miraculous than another."

But *Cornus*, among the lamentations of all about, swam away to the remote hollow. Here *Coilus* left him, bidding him a noble, serene, and cheering farewell. *Cornus* watched till it broke, the last great bubble left by his rising hoofs, and then with all his might he concentrated his powers on becoming a man.

At this moment, to his exasperation, a beautiful mermaid with curling hair looked over the edge of the hollow.

"Too late! too late!" she moaned.

For long *Cornus* paid no attention to her. But at last he was unable to refrain from asking with some irritation:

"Too late for what?"

"Of your greatest danger, my father did not warn you."

"What is it?" asked *Cornus* hastily.

"It is himself. We have always noticed that while he is so very gifted and interested in changing his own nature, he is never entirely agreeable to others wishing to attempt the same thing. No one has ever come to consult him about it who has not afterwards, if he made the attempt, had some very unpleasant experience with my father. Alas, it is through him the Fates are unpropitious. And so he will be forever and forever!"

She swam away, and her forebodings echoed long and far over the water and resounded deeply in the hollow. It was certainly rather trying, that since there had been so many opportunities of quietly warning the young sea horse of this obstacle while *Coilus*

was speaking to her father, she had waited until this moment. But it was, as she had said, too late for *Cornus*'s sense of consistency and his pride to permit him to change his plans. Settling himself once more in the sand he concentrated his full powers on becoming a man.

II

AFTER about a week of a sea horse's life, and a hundred weeks or two years of ours, a small black dot might have been seen on the surface of the water a quarter of a mile off Jackson Bay on the Jersey coast. This dot was the head of a young man, swimming rapidly toward shore. Striking out vigorously with a pair of muscular arms he soon reached the beach, a long stretch of yellow sand rippled with the marks of the waves. The sun beat warmly on it, and on a wide stretch beyond, of fragrant, green, sweet grass dotted with a few scrub oaks.

Intense was *Cornus*'s delight when his two new feet struck the sandy bottom in the shallow water, and he sprang up out of the sea and ran over the beach. The bright sand, the penetrating odor of the green, sweet grass, the two silver planks leading across it from the beach to the town, the cries sounding from a distant baseball game—it was Saturday afternoon—the spiky oaks and huckleberry bushes, all this sharply lighted scene took *Cornus*'s fancy to the liveliest degree.

Approaching one of the bushes he found behind it a neat pile of clothes. By instinct, provided as he now was with a nature and a present like that of Mr. Pattison and Mr. Cox, he dressed himself in these garments, took a time-table out of his pocket, discovered, running his finger along the columns of numbers, the hour when the train left the station for Parker Heights, opened his watch, found the time, and started off over the sidewalk of two planks for the town.

After he had rounded a turn in the sidewalk he saw other men in business suits and with satchels walking up and down, smoking and looking for the train. Let *Cornus* not be thought of a cowardly spirit either as a man or as a sea horse, when it is said that though he kept his head cool, and walked up to the ticket office without a quiver, his nerves were taut with excitement. If you were changed to an ant and went down into an ant-hill, how do you think you should feel about joining a number of creatures of

your own size and intelligence running on six legs and with black glittering jaws? Such were Cornus's sensations at the ticket office.

A few minutes after he had bought his ticket, the whistle sounded in the distance, the gates went down, and the great locomotive, all blackness, brass, and steel, its bell ringing and its whistle blowing, racketed in under the station roof.

By sheer heroism maintaining his quiet of bearing, Cornus followed the others into the car, and sat down in a red plush seat, through his new animal instinct selecting one beside a window and provided with a cinder screen. Leaning back unharmed, he observed with admiration the whole apparition and manner of the suburban train, the rapid motion, the sides of the gravelly cut through which he passed, the gleaming lines of railroad track beside him, the semaphores, the uniforms of the conductor and the brakeman, the ice cooler, the rows of heads with newspapers held before them, and the newspapers themselves.

When the conductor received his ticket, clipped two holes in a pink slip with his punch, and stuck the slip into Cornus's hat brim, Cornus was as attracted as you would be by the flick of an iridescent fish tail. But restraining every expression of enthusiastic acknowledgment of the conductor's picturesque custom, he continued in careful imitation of the other passengers to look dully out of the window till the train pulled in at Parker Heights.

Between the rows of neat \$5,000 lots and more or less colonial houses of the suburb, he walked from the station to his boarding house, where, as in a dream of romance, he admitted himself by his latchkey and ascended the stairs. And walking upstairs was as interesting an experience for him as flying would be for you.

In his new bedroom he washed and dressed for the evening, fascinated by all the conveniences and appurtenances of civilization, by the water faucets, by his bottle of listerine, by the patented tips of his shoe laces, by his black evening coat and white shirt front.

With keen satisfaction he realized that he was now living in a present like that of Mr. Cox and Mr. Pattison, the present of Mr. William A. Cornus, of Parker Heights; that his future depended only on himself; and that even the past of Mr. William A. Cornus was his. Plainly to the servant who had brought his hot water, to the landlady he had passed

in the hall, to everyone with whom he had come in contact in his new life, he was an old acquaintance. This, he appreciated, was a piece of pure luck; for if anyone can have a new present and is able to change his future according to the power of his own will, a new past can be only a gift of fate.

"This can have been bestowed on me only by some unusual circumstance, such as making a favorable impression on a sea god," thought Cornus; "and it must have been he who hid my clothes for me under the huckleberry bush. How splendidly he has come around, after all! Mermaids are always mourning and foreboding about things."

But as these thoughts whisked through his consciousness, he felt a slight strangling sensation; and to blot them from his memory he hastened on his way to the house of his married sister, who was giving that evening a small dinner party. It was fascinating to Cornus to be welcomed back by her from Detroit, where he realized he had been on a business trip, and to tell her as they waited on her porch room for the other guests, how he had stopped at Jackson Beach for a swim.

Now fully launched in his new life, Cornus found in it all the zest he had longed for in existence, on the day when the only prospect of entertainment seemed to be a tussle with a whale. An intelligent young business man, of large, athletic frame and cheerful temper, engaged since he had taken his degree at Harvard at a good salary in an insurance office in New York, Cornus found himself provided with a taste for sports and for light reading, with the married sister mentioned before, with three little nephews, with a circle of college friends, including Mr. Pattison and Mr. Cox, in which he was extremely popular, and with a little property in the Santa Fé Railroad. He enjoyed with the sharpest delight, telephoning at the office, dictating letters to the stenographer, spending an occasional Sunday at his Country Club, staying in the city for the theater in the evening, or sitting at home with his feet on the mantelpiece, blowing rings of smoke out of his mouth, recalling his new past or reading "The Leavenworth Case" or "Vice Versa."

Of all the pleasures of the place, none was more attractive to Cornus than an acquaintance he soon formed with a cousin of Mr. Pattison, a Miss Kitty Pattison, of Parker Heights. She was a remarkably pretty girl of practical and easy-going nature, some-

thing like his own, and with tastes like his own for athletics and for light reading.

One summer morning on Sunday, Cornus was walking to church with Miss Kitty in a charming batiste dress, and with her aunt, Mrs. O. B. Pattison, a leader of the society of Parker Heights, when he noticed across the street, lifting his hat to them, a tall, sandy young man of indescribable distinction.

"You know who that is, I suppose," said Miss Kitty. "He was in your class."

"The face is familiar," said Cornus quite truthfully, "but I don't remember his name."

"Why, that is Mr. George R. Jordan, the famous explorer," said Mrs. O. B. Pattison. "He is an F.R.G.S. But he is not the least bit spoiled by all the hero worship and going on there is about him. He is just a modest, lovely, simple, quiet young fellow. He promised the Board he would sing right in his old place in the glee club at the concert for the benefit of the Parker Heights Hospital. We all were simply charmed with him."

"What does he explore?" said Cornus as they ascended the church steps.

"Why, you know, don't you?" said Mrs. O. B. Pattison. "He has invented and tested himself all this apparatus so you can live under the surface of the water for a long time. Brave, brave as a lion. Anything sweeter than his kindness about the hospital I have never seen. You know his books, of course—'A Day in the Deep' and 'Six Weeks in a Sea Cave.'"

At these words Cornus felt a tightening in the nostrils. He lingered for an instant in the vestibule, where the celebrity was standing drawing off his gloves. As Cornus looked at him, the young gentleman slightly elevated his chin over his coat collar, which seemed to incommodate him, raised himself on the balls of his patent-leather shoes, and then, instead of a young man in a conventional Prince Albert, gray trousers, and a silk hat, Cornus saw whirling in the air a dolphin.

"Proteus!" he exclaimed in a whisper. "Oh, do be careful! Please stop this. So conspicuous. If Mrs. Pattison should see!"

"Ah, Cornus, old fellow, glad to run across you again," said Proteus in neat, cultured tones, now as George R. Jordan holding out his hand. "Ho-ho! The less you think of me, old man, the better," he added in a chuckling undertone as Cornus, wretched with apprehension, walked down the aisle with him to Mrs. Pattison's pew in the rustling silence of early church.

Hastily excusing himself from the party immediately after service, Cornus hurried away to his lodging, hoping the sea god would tire of the amusement of being an explorer before the hospital benefit.

His longing was vain. As he came on the stage late, there at the end of the row stood Mr. Jordan with a modest, natural, and unconscious expression, though evidently the observed of all observers. For an instant, as they were listening to "I am the hero of this little tale," his sparkling eye met Cornus's in a quick glance, more nettling to him than any exasperation he had ever experienced.

This distinguished simplicity of bearing, and quiet air of unwitting triumph, Mr. Jordan maintained throughout a supper party afterwards, where he sat next Kitty Pattison, who was dressed in a most becoming white muslin frock with a crimson sash, in compliment to the University, and alert with the most reverential interest in his modest but enthusiastic description of his adventures.

Trying as it was to Cornus to see Mr. Jordan quietly carrying all before him by the relation of facts he himself had always known, trying as it was to hear him describing with slight errors every point in his own and Coilus's cave, what was most trying of all was to be obliged to pay just as little attention as possible to conversation which had soon wrapped the entire dinner party and was thrilling all the listeners.

It is far, far easier to concentrate all one's powers on thinking of a given object than to concentrate all one's powers simply on not thinking of it. And Cornus, striving not to become a sea horse at the glee club supper, spent hours far more difficult than any among the days of his endeavor to become a man.

At last, however, the evening was over. It was said with intense regret that Mr. Jordan was leaving on an early train to keep his contract with a lecture bureau, and Cornus drew a breath of relief.

But after the sea god had gone, the situation of the unfortunate young man was hardly improved. All Parker Heights was fired by the adventure and spirit of the distinguished Jordan. No other topics were so frequently the subjects of local conversation as his career and courage, the wonders of the ocean bed, whales, sea serpents, sea gardens, octopi, "A Day in the Deep," and "Six Weeks in a Sea Cave."

Though Cornus kept out of the way of it all, yet sparks from the flame of the common

admiration inevitably touched his consciousness, inevitably glorified for him the events and the circumstances of his youth. Parker Heights began to seem to him a trifle dull and commonplace. One night as he was going home on the ferry it entered his mind that a tussle with a whale would be quite a refreshing amusement, that he had despised such a pleasure too easily, that perhaps, after all, it might be just as exciting as an evening at a New York club, or walking over the brick pavements of Parker Heights with a girl in a batiste dress; and that it might be, after all, that one way of life really was as miraculous as another.

While these thoughts whisked through his consciousness it became more and more difficult for him to breathe. At last he was gasping so, and so nearly drowning in the air, that he slid out inconspicuously under the rail into the salt water. Then he swam out into the harbor, and then on and on, farther and farther and faster and faster into the darkening sea.

His relief was great. At last he was bounding with tremendous leaps through the deep waves. He felt a mane swishing over his shoulder, and knew he was a sea horse again.

III

WHEN *Cornus* reached that part of the ocean from which he had arisen he dived deep, deep to the brink of the sea cave. The profound green surge in a crystal tide was welling silently against its hoary mouth. On the roof and the walls, fanned the turquoise and scarlet branches of the seaweed, and far within the inmost stony vault, on the wide gray ledge of bedrock, lay old *Coilus*, noble, serene, and untouched by change or time. His long white fish tail glimmered and curled around the snowy fetlocks of his hoofs; his beautiful dappled flanks shone proudly in a long beam of the morning light; and his dark eye, from behind the silver veil of his mane, looked out with tranquillity at the coming day of loneliness, just as *Cornus*, curvetting in a great wreath of foam, swept up to the mouth of the familiar cavern.

Without one touch of ignoble recrimination *Cornus* was received by his brother, and serenely through the ensuing ages as they plunged together in majesty through the oceans of the world the younger sea horse at intervals described to the older his adventures in Parker Heights, secure in the faith

that old *Coilus* could never feel triumph at any of his annoyances. But for some days he avoided the mermaid who had looked over the edge of the hollow, and the Nereids, the sea dogs, and Proteus, all of whom met him with a bright, jocose beam of the eye, contributing more to their own pleasure than his.

After about a week of sea horses' time, as he lay under the sea flowers one cool evening, he heard the tones of a great conch echoing through the ocean; and hastening with his brother in the direction of the sound he found it was blown by old Proteus summoning them eagerly to a spot near the surface of the water.

Here they saw an ocean liner rather out of her course in the mists the sea god had raised. The wide blasts of his conch had changed to the hoarse call of her fog horn. On her deck walked passengers of all nationalities, in swaters, shawls, and rugs. The lights shone bright in the saloon, and the sea horses, looking through the portholes, could see the card games in the corners, and a stout Russian gentleman playing a *tarantelle* on the piano. In the steerage the children had gone to sleep in the crowded bunks, and some Greeks and Turks had started wrestling games. At the furnaces the stokers, stripped to the waist, were throwing coal in an inferno of white heat. Even *Coilus* was absorbed in the spectacle of such power and variety.

Old Proteus, dashing far over the rail as a great breaker, and making the people promenading at the point he touched scream and jump out of the way, called the attention of *Cornus* to a group of three well-dressed passengers sitting quietly under a deck light, listening to one of their number reading aloud. They were Mr. James Pattison, Mr. Warren D. Cox, and Miss Kitty Pattison, now doubtless *Kitty Cox*. They were equipped with well-cut ulsters and with tourists' caps; and the entire party had buttons of the steamship company, which would at one time have been to *Cornus* as the song of the *Lorelei* to the bewitched boatman. From the expression of their countenances as they looked up at the shouts of the wet promenaders, they were not interested in the kaleidoscopic life about them. They returned with eagerness to the worn volume from the ship's library with which they were engrossed. Sentences from the lips of Warren D. Cox were audible to the intent ear of *Cornus*, as Proteus, flowing back, silently joined the sea horses in the surge of the ocean. The book was "A Day in the Deep."

MY DISCOVERY OF NEW ENGLAND

THE STERN AND ROCK-BOUND COAST FROM AN
UNPREJUDICED WESTERN VIEWPOINT

BY EMERSON HOUGH

ILLUSTRATED BY F. STROTHMANN



LL America is divided into three parts: that lying east of the Appalachians, that lying between the Appalachians and the Rockies, and that lying between the Rockies and the Pacific. The last-mentioned region is inhabited by New Journalists, of whom little is known save that they eat human flesh. The interior province is settled at wide intervals by a class of beings who live chiefly by hunting and fishing. Of the remaining portion of the country, and more especially that lying between Flatbush Long Island, and Rutland-vermont, it is to be said that it is the only truly civilized portion of America. It is not in the least worth while to have been born anywhere in America except north of Flatbush Long Island, east of the Appalachian Mountains, and south of Rutland-vermont.

For myself, it is to be said modestly but with genuine regret that I was born among a tribe who lived practically in a state of nature, somewhere in the chaparral west of the Mississippi River; a stream which some vain persons imagine to rival in importance Fall River Massachusetts. My father was a person of no importance, reared as he was in some obscure southern portion of the continent. He died at ninety years of age, and I much misdoubt was damned, for he chewed tobacco all his life, was not born in New England, and, although a Christian, was not a Unitarian. As much almost might be said regarding my unfortunate mother, excepting in regard to the tobacco. It was her continual regret that she did not come from New

England. Her last words to me were in the nature of counsel that I should marry in New England, since the privilege of being born there was forever cut off from me. This for a long time I sought to do, yet none would listen to a tribesman of no antecedents, so that the best I could do was to marry a near-Yankee, whose grandfather was born in New England, but who had for private reasons emigrated to Minneapolis, Minnesota.

Of my early youth I remember but little. At the age of three my fond father bought me my first pair of bearskin "chaps," my first spurs, hat, and six-shooter; he being resolved that I should be in full Western fashion, and being likewise a close student of Mr. Remington's Western fashion plates. At the age of five I had attained a certain proficiency with the native weapons, and six months later I had shot the family cook. Nevertheless, I was considered a backward youth, because at ten years of age I had shot but twelve of my young friends, and even at sixteen my string was but a paltry forty men or so. True, I could ride and rope; and, as may be guessed, I never rode a gentle horse if I could find any other sort. My language I gained from the ten-cent magazines; the same as invented in Brooklyn and Boston. I need not state that my education in correct Western speech and deportment was completed through constant study of the masterpieces of Mr. Owen Wister, who fortunately was born east of the Appalachians, and so was in a position to speak with authority. I may say that thus I developed into an average specimen of tribal manhood.

At times missionaries came among us and

taught us to feel shame at our lack of culture. I recall how shocked I was when, with others of my young friends, I learned that what we had thought a calf was not a calf but a cough. Others came who told us that our country was of little worth. With one of these I gazed upon some of the peaks of the Rocky Mountains. "They are fair hills," said he, "but you forget Bunker Hill and the Berkshires." With another I stood by the side of the Yellowstone, where it breaks down from the mountains. "This stream," said he, "would turn spindles if located in Connecticut; but for grandeur it cannot be compared with Bellows Falls." With certain pride I showed yet another the dwellings of our main village, known as Chicago, yet he answered me: "A good village and worth encouraging, but you should see Rutlandvermont."

Thus it was that when I had reached years of discretion and no longer shot the cook, I resolved to journey eastward and to witness as best I might the chief places of this holy land. Wherefore I packed two of my best horses—using the diamond hitch, whose throwing I had learned through a man from Connecticut—and taking my near-Yankee wife behind me upon another horse, set forth to see what I might see.

The city of Boston is located fifty-nine and a half miles southwest of Rutlandvermont, and is reached by passing through that wonderful example of modern engineering skill, the Hoosac Tunnel, before whose features all Colorado pales into the strictly thirty-cent class. It is sometimes called—and meseems correctly—the great bore. Not so with Boston, the enterprising metropolis situated at the western end of the Hoosac Tunnel; for here great excitement, more especially of an intellectual nature, continually prevails.

Of Boston I learned that once came one who offered a statue of Liberty Enlightening the World, but to him they said: "Back to Flatbush! We are in the enlightening business ourselves." I cannot say as to this speech. I can only say that Boston is badly bent in its physical contour. Some said to me that morally also it is laid out on the bias. The streets are well lighted with Bay State gas, which is very cheap in Boston now—cheaper than it was when the company was first organized. The population of this city is Italian, as is customary in New England. The government is wholly Irish.

A few French Canadians dwell in the suburbs. I saw also three or four natives who confided to me that they could not get away.

Of the hospitality of Boston I may not say much, save that it consists largely of pie, this being in consonance with the simple New England character. Coming to a caravansary the clerk thereof frowned upon me, asking me what family references I could give. Upon my admitting that my parents were not born in New England, and that I was married but to a near-Yankee, he remarked, "To the woods with youse!"



"At the age of five I had attained a certain proficiency."

There being no open space save the Boston Common I encamped there. Our peace was much disturbed by the exercises of an elderly gentleman, whose side-whiskers might forsooth be called peaches. In his hand he held a rope, at the other end of which was a young person whom he was putting through his paces, meanwhile calling out to him sundry commands. I noticed that many stood and looked at him through smoked glasses, though having left my smoked glasses at home, I might not do so. Having made inquiry, they replied to me that this was none less than President Eliot of Harvard, and that he was engaged in teaching a young man from Kan-

sas not to call a stone a stone, but a "stun"; to the end that later in life he might mayhap disguise himself to his great advantage as coming from New England. Had not time to take this course myself, alas! The chief fame of President Eliot rests upon his famous declaration that the Mormons and the New Englanders have much in common: an accurate speech, yef by some held inadvertent.

Boston has always been the center—in-deed, one may say, the exact center—of letters. It has produced three noted writers, one of whom was born and educated in Ohio. These are Thomas W. Lawson, who made New York famous; William Dean Howells, who made the St. Lawrence River famous; and Charles Felton Pidgin, who has made the English language famous. Boston is renowned likewise for its literary magazines, of which there are two, the *Atlantic Monthly* and the *Black Cat*. I mention them in alphabetical order, that there may be no petty jealousy. In these days of trade combinations it should create no surprise to state that these periodicals are both published by the same firm. It is a touching sight to see the grave and reverend partners engaged in their editorial duties. When they are engaged in making a contract with a writer, it is also touching. Mr. Walter H. Page, who once edited the *Black Cat*, lost his job because he tried to journalize the magazine. The *Vickery Hill List* is yet another fine example of New England literature, albeit by some held too esoteric.

The famous Pine Tree shilling was first invented and used in Boston. It has now quite passed out of circulation. When I inquired the reason for this fact I was told that it was a result of the discovery of the copper cent or penny. Later saw that this explained the matter very fully.

Boston is situated near that lofty eminence

known as Bunker Hill. Since I found myself unable to be impressed with this mountain, I sought to study into its history. Many told me that in their belief there had been fighting with the Indians here in past years. When I asked one native, he said to me, "Ah, g'wan!" A second replied, "Me no-spikade-English"; and yet another answered, "Je ne sais pas." The source of the name is difficult to trace. The department of comparative philology at Harvard denies that it has reference to ancient golf or to Amalgamated Copper, although admitting the apparent permanence of the root "bunk"; as "to bunk," etc. Later, having read of certain fighting there, I was forced to believe that the men of this district did some very poor shooting. I have seen more men killed in one Boston short story dealing with rural life in the West.

Near Boston is located the Charter Oak, under whose spreading boughs Elizabeth Stuart Phelps wrote "Uncle Tom's Cabin," "Little Tim," and other classics. Tree now showing signs of distress because of the depredations of vandals; but its influence still strong. Interesting as marking a

region prolific in authors of the best graveyard school of New England literature—"best sellers" deplored.

Speaking of graveyards brings to notice a curious phenomenon of Boston life, which is typographical inaccuracy. Thus Bunker Hill monument is located on Breed's Hill. In the prize graveyard, of the many to which Boston points with pride, is a tombstone bearing the name of Benjamin Franklin; yet Mr. Franklin is buried in Philadelphia. Yet another case of wrong font is that of Samuel Hopkins Adams, whose headstone is on Boston Common, but who is interred in New York.

Concord, Massachusetts, is another famous city of New England. It is here that the cele-



"To the woods with youse!"



"Thoreau was an ardent sportsman."

brated Concord grapes are raised, and from this the place takes its name. They were first planted by a local farmer of the name of Ralph Waldo Emerson, who with others (not, as I believe, including Mr. Upton Sinclair) started a sort of granger movement and co-operative store at Brook Farm. It was here while sitting in Mr. Emerson's grape arbor that Henry Wadsworth Longfellow composed that stirring lyric, *Hiawatha*, which is known wherever there is an English-speaking hand organ. There is no asylum at Concord, but there ought to have been, for folk hereabout in former years were accustomed to wear linen pants in the winter months and to try to live on raw wheat.

To Concord also occasionally came Mr. Thoreau. Mr. Poe and Mr. Triggs do not indorse Mr. Longfellow; but there are none who can fail to admire Henry D. Thoreau. He had even Mr. Edward Atkinson beat by a block; and when the University of Chicago undertakes to formulate a cheap-living schedule, its best efforts fail by comparison. Mr. Thoreau was an architect, a poet, a sportsman, and a chef, all in one. He erected a house eight feet high and more than ten feet square at a cost of twenty-eight dollars twelve and a half cents, including the fireplace. The side of this house is twelve and a third feet from a pile of stones, which even yet is pointed out to you with awe. In one year

Mr. Thoreau sold eight dollars seventy-one and a half cents' worth of beans and potatoes. For eight months his entire living cost him eight dollars seventy-four and a third cents. It is pitiful to see the futility of human efforts. Thoreau was a great financier, yet it is sad to reflect that after his best exhibition of genius he came out three cents (or thereabout) to the bad at the end of the year. He was an ardent sportsman, and, when not engaged in writing about himself, was accustomed to go fishing for bull pouts, as he called them. These he wrapped in wet moss, and kept them for a rainy day and in case a friend should call. Once his friend Joseph Hosmer dropped in for dinner, and Thoreau fed him on bull pouts, hoe-cake bread, and a chaser of beans. That was going some. There was no real need of the beans.

New England is one continuous bargain counter, from abandoned farms to abandoned legislators. One of the best bargains known in New England was that obtained by Mr. Thomas Wentworth Higginson, who bought for \$15 a painting of James Russell Lowell's ancestor. When you can get a real Puritan ancestor for \$15, with the frame thrown in, there is no special necessity for looking farther. Regretted sadly that such opportunities no longer exist.

It is generally known that all statesmen are born in New England. Among these, as I am advised, was one Daniel Webster, whose famous speech ordaining that the sun should set upon the western line of Massachusetts constitutes his main claim upon immortality. As showing the power of a great mind, it may be pointed out that most of the inhabitants of New England believe to-day that the sun does set at that line and that there is nothing beyond.

Another town of New England which all travelers should see is Salem, Massachusetts, although it has no such claim upon horticultural fame as its neighboring town of Concord. In my youth I heard much regarding the stern moral fiber of New England, and was advised that in Salem the stern moral fiber had its best proof. New England, as is well known, is the birthplace of virtue and of tolerance. The Pilgrim Fathers came to this country for the sake of religious freedom, and they got it for fair. When they did not like a lady's appearance they burned her for a witch. Not that they were coarse or brutal in these matters, for they always sang a psalm thereto, and indeed opened the exercises with prayer.



"Not that they were coarse or brutal in these matters, for they always sang a psalm thereto."

Salem has not yet been properly celebrated in romance. Fenimore Cooper has shown the possibilities of a descriptive scene depicting the burning of an Indian at the stake. The burning of a woman at the stake should be even more fetching if well worked up. This has never been seen in this country anywhere except in New England.

Knowing as we do the stern moral fiber of these Puritan ancestors, how can we do otherwise than execrate the speech of Secretary John D. Long, who boldly says there were no saints in Plymouth. "Within the first decade of Plymouth colony," says Mr. Long in a deplorable public speech, "social vices infested the community, drunkenness, bickering, slander, licentiousness, and worse. All this took place in a community of very limited number. No New England village of to-day need fear comparison with the early Plymouth colony." My own experience, timorous as I am to record it, bears out Mr. Long's opinion. I think the modern community need not be afraid of a comparison. It would find itself about the same.

It is through such research that we learn the most deep-seated distrust of government statistics. Thus I was told that the per cent of illegitimacy in New England is greater than in any other part of America. These statistics are wrong. The stern moral fiber of New England ought not to be maligned. The proofreader in the Census office probably meant illiteracy.

Some miles northeast of Salem, Massachusetts, lies the institution known as Harvard College. It is much to be hoped that we shall have no earthquake upon our eastern shores such as has recently wrought destruction along the Pacific coast. Without the president of Harvard College and his able assistants to

regulate our governmental institutions, we would be threatened continually with national destruction. Having no dictionary of Harvard with me, I might not understand their speech, but heard that at Harvard our young men learn many things, principally to say "rully," and to get beaten at football and rowing by Yale. Of the Yale language I could understand a few words, but not many. Inferred that their leading industry was getting beaten by Oxford.

My leading pack horse cast a shoe through stumbling while in contact with one of the Berkshire Hills, which I had carelessly begun to cross without knowing of their presence; otherwise I should certainly have gone to Rutlandvermont. This, however, was not really necessary, for I came within a hundred miles of Rutlandvermont, and that is much



"They were first planted by Mr. Emerson, a local farmer."

closer than many an Eastern writer of Western stories ever came to Wyoming. I can say without fear of successful contradiction—indeed, may even adduce the testimony of no less an artist than A. B. Frost to that effect—that all the male inhabitants of Rutland-vermont, wear chin whiskers and say “keow.” None of the ladies ever marries. Indeed, I am credibly informed by Mrs. Wilkins-Freeman that marriage is practically unknown throughout New England, a fact which occasioned me a surprise as genuine as my regret. Was told that while writers and artists abounded, few marrying men now remained in the fauna.

In Rutland-vermont, and most other New England centers of thought there is but one newspaper read, that being the *Boston Transcript*. This is the most ably edited journal north of Flatbush Long Island, its news features being reprinted from the works of Hawthorne, Emerson, Thoreau, and Pidgin. The *Transcript* uses the three-color process in comic supplements, and employs the fables of Aesop and other humorists as special features when not crowded out by news matter.

No one ought to go to New England without seeing Portsmouth, New Hampshire. If President Roosevelt's deeds at Portsmouth are not fully known, they will be before Senator Beveridge gets done. Had this treaty been made south of Flatbush Long Island, it could never have amounted to much.

Pawtucket, Rhode Island, is another intellectual center, situated about fourteen miles southwest of Boston, I believe. Pawtucket is not to be confused with Woonsocket. I went there for the purpose of looking into the industrial conditions, as I am thinking of going into socialism. Approaching the leading factory—after passing on the left a graveyard where are buried those most interested in child labor—I was surprised to see a long

row of feminine heads thrust out of the windows. “Oh, sir, will you marry us?” they called in unison. Impulsively I cried, “I will, I will”; then, remembering that I was already married to a near-Yankee, I fled. Was again advised that in New England the supply of men does not equal the demand. Yet New England is divided upon the question of reciprocity! What might not the Iowa idea, as expounded by Mr. Cummins, do in this region of perplexing economical conditions? The markets of the world ought to be opened to New England. Yea, and I make bold to say that thereby the world would be benefited as much as New England; e.g., at Salem saw a witch in pink lawn that looked good to me. Was what is technically known in Salem as a broiler, that phrase having originated here two hundred years ago. These be, however, but the reflections of a savage. Having examined factory conditions here, and having looked also with a certain interest upon those institutions where they kill off childhood as well as womanhood, I passed

on to other features of my study.

Was interested in Martha's Vineyard, where a fine local sort of pure cider is sold; but Martha was not in when I called. Neither was Sapho at home when I paused at the Isles of Shoals; where, as is well known, Sapho was long wont to burn, love, sing, and otherwise pursue the poetic art as in such cases made and provided.

None should go to New England without looking upon her lofty mountains, her majestic rivers. The Quahog, Squeteague, and Scituate are all noble streams. I did not see the Androscoggins or the Passamaquoddy, but heard their hoarse roaring among the pines not far from Mooseluckmaguntic and Mollychuckamuck. (I use the Roosevelt spelling, which is a godsend in Maine.) Every man has some weakness. I did not



“Touching an author.”

go near these names because of my innate fear of splinters.

In this district I saw the justly celebrated Maine Wilderness, which so overshadows that of the American West. Not having been notified, crossed it unwittingly one morning before lunch; but was warned not to let this occur again. It is illegal to cross the justly celebrated Maine Wilderness without a licensed robber as a "guide," and without having the proper high boots, long knife, copies of "The Call of the Wild" and "The Trail of the Sandhill Stag," and a folding camp outfit. My Western *gancherie* caused me endless trouble all during my voyage of discovery.

Being, however, resolved to use to the utmost my present opportunities, I made a special journey to visit that great example of scenic magnificence known as Bellows Falls. Of these I had heard, but the half had not been told. Before this wonder of nature, the falls of the Yosemite and the Yellowstone pale into insignificance. As I stood in the presence of that wonderful sheet of water, that stupendous cataract pouring its tremendous flood through a vast chasm rent in the ancient granite by some forgotten cataclysm of an excited nature, I realized in time that the majesty of the scene was beyond description. No less an authority than Charles Dudley Warner has gone against the Grand Cañon of the Colorado and fallen down on the story. What, then, could a Western man do in the case of Bellows Falls? If a man goes wooden when he tackles the Grand Cañon, where does he get off at Bellows Falls? Here, for the price of a single trolley ride one may have sacred emotions in the presence of all that is august and awesome and at the same time cultured and refined; this being, as I am credibly informed, the keynote of all New England.

The White Mountains (named after an

old settler, Israel D. White) are located near Brattleboro, Vermont. Speak the name, I pray you, trippingly on the tongue, as they do in New England. It was near here that Paul Revere made his famous ride, thirteen miles in an hour and forty-five minutes, unpaced, from Pemberton's Mills to the Springfield Armory, during some sort of labor disturbances. It was a great ride, and was highly successful. The Springfield Armory is the hope of this country and the despair of others, forcing the European powers perpetually to maintain their military establishments on a war footing. The power of declaring war is vested under the terms of the Constitution in the Springfield Armory. We were a little slow in getting ready to invade Cuba, and the fact brought much censure on the administration. The truth, not previously made known, is that the superintendent of the Springfield Armory was at home, laid up with a bad cold.

Another spectacle of natural grandeur in New England which has no parallel on the face of the earth is the Nahant Peninsula. Here is where Senator Henry Cabot Lodge resides. Taken in connection with Senator

Lodge, this peninsula is an important portion of the earth's surface. It is here that one can see perhaps as well as elsewhere the best exposition of the New England idea. This is, as nearly as I can assimilate it, to take everything there is in sight; to steal the remainder; to acquire a first mortgage on what is left; and then to holler for help!

Our codfish, it must and shall be preserved! This slogan of Senator Lodge has been heard all over the country—indeed, it has been heard and noted even in the chaparral districts whence my tribe emanated. It may perhaps be remembered at the next elections. How could I fail to sit at the feet of this true exponent of Americanism?



"Where a fine local sort of pure cider is sold."

Senator Lodge was sitting on the veranda of his simple villa at the Sign of the Boneless Codfish, with his feet comfortably buried in a pair of carpet slippers, when I approached the picket fence which shuts off Nahant Peninsula from the rest of the world. He gazed in wonder at my costume, and I at his. He asking me my errand, I told him I was upon a journey of discovery; whereat he grew suddenly pale and would have retired into the house in order to lock the door. Assuring him that I was not after his record, he seemed relieved.

He is a grand man! By the time he had finished his illuminative discourse I realized how few men there are in public life who have a stern moral fiber, a New England ancestry, a scholarly refinement, and also what is technically known as a grasp on affairs. Senator Lodge's grasp is well fixed on most of the affairs of the country north of Flatbush Long Island, and south of the Androscoggin River.

Under the discourse of Senator Lodge I learned that under its system of continual progress, self-helpfulness, charity, simplicity, and humility, New England has been of more value in our national character and our national prosperity than all the rest of America put together. From Senator Lodge I acquired a distinctly broader view in regard to the seaport town of Gloucester. Gloucester is really the most important place in America to-day. It is the keynote of our national governmental system. What becomes of the country west of the west line of Massachusetts is of not the slightest consequence. Behind Gloucester, if need be, must rally the army, the navy, and a resolved humanity determined to put down the Old-World principle of special privileges and special classes.

Senator Lodge varied his political discourse by reference to the many achievements of New England also in art, in letters, and in religion. "To be sure," I remarked, remembering Salem, "this is the home of religious freedom. But what else has New England done in the upbuilding of the nation?"

Then he opened his mouth and taught me many things.

In the first place (as I learned) New England established slavery in America. Many of her first and gentlest families got their start from importing slaves from Africa and either putting them to work in New England or sending them South to those who had no

ships for the importation of slaves. It is true that the slave aristocracy of New England is somewhat haughty, yet I know not that it has better claims to culture and refinement than that other branch which founds itself upon the rum trade; which also was a good business in those days. Naturally, some of the loudest exponents of prohibition are to be found along this stern and rock-bound shore, men of stern moral fiber and low, cultured tone when engaged in conversation, but that is to-day. Gone are the ruins of yesterday.

Having first established black slavery, New England was the first district to establish woman slavery—white woman slavery, factory slavery. Not content with this, she was the first also to establish child slavery—factory child slavery. To these institutions New England points with pride, showing how much she has done for the industrial prosperity of America, how much she has increased our highly delectable balance of trade. She shows us that we have outlived the antiquated Constitution of the United States and the Declaration of Independence, whatever that may be. Under this system of industrial progress our Government has taken leprosy; America has gone from a land of the free to a land of the agonized; but Gloucester has been saved! New England, thank God! endures.

I never knew what New England, the land of gentleness and culture, had done in our national life until I saw the virtues of the New England idea thus set forth by one who is an admitted master. Through a careful following out of these doctrines to their logical conclusions, I discovered that democracy ought never to be democratic; that the plain people are but a figment of speech; that true manhood does not consist in standing on your own feet and fighting your own battles, but in leaning heavily upon your neighbor, meantime inserting your hand in his pocket, and lifting up your voice for help!

I asked Mr. Lodge if in these days he was standing pat. At this he assumed a dignified attitude, and remarked that radicalism was no part of the present policy; all he was prepared to say was that he was near-pat. Wishing him and his theories well at the next American election, I bade him a courteous good evening.

Another of the sterling features of New England life is to be found in the person of Senator Aldrich. Personally, though not in

disposition, Senator Aldrich resembles a tarantula—he is all hair and legs. Senator Aldrich in his plain democratic way was sitting out in his front yard smoking a corn cob pipe. His chin whiskers—I have Mr. Frost's artistic warrant for the fact that all New Englanders wear chin whiskers—trembled with emotion when I introduced myself as a representative of one of the leading magazines.

"Are you David Graham Phillips?" he whispered in sudden alarm.

I assured him that I was not.

"Excuse me," said he firmly, "but you will have to prove it."

I did so.

"Senator Aldrich," I said, "do you believe in capital punishment?" He caught me by the shoulder in sudden emotion.

"My son," said he, "what do you mean? Do I believe in punishing these great Vested Interests which have done so much for the upbuilding—?"

"You misunderstand me," I interrupted. "I did not refer to the Senate. I was only about to inquire whether in your opinion we shall have rain to-morrow."

He seemed relieved. After that we chatted in low, well-bred tones upon topics of the day. I learned that a great popular misapprehension exists regarding the importance of Vested Interests. I learned also—and this I believe to be an item of considerable news interest—that Senator Aldrich, quite like his colleague, Senator Lodge, is unalterably, irrevocably, and indisputably opposed to anything in the least savoring of special privilege. In the eye of Senator Aldrich, as I am now in position to state, one corporation is no better than another, if they both entertain the same mental attitude in regard to a fair recompense for professional services. A sharp distinction is drawn in the Senate between accepting a fee, whether in cash or stocks, for services as attorney in fact and services as attorney at law. This difference has been overlooked by careless and irresponsible hirelings of the magazines to the great (though strictly dignified) grief of many senators.

Here, again, we have a New England idea at its gentlest and best. When I think of the mad haste of some of my savage tribesmen beyond the Rockies or beyond the Mississippi—those who feel discontented over the wise administration of disinterested and liberty-loving souls such as these, and who threaten to tear down their playhouse—I am op-

pressed with humiliation for the land of my origin. To be rich, one must belong to the Senate—I trust this will not be misunderstood, as I use only accepted synonyms. But if there should be no Senate to belong to—if these savage ideas of mere Western barbarians should some time set a limit to the beneficent influences of men who are real and self-sacrificing statesmen—ah, one shudders to think of the destruction which might be wrought to our national prosperity! Tears stood in my eyes as I shook hands with this much misrepresented man, who has been laboring unselfishly and on a limited salary for the welfare of humanity. I asked him if he would join me in singing the "Marseillaise"; but he choked on his fine cut, and was unable to reply; whereupon I bade him a reluctant farewell.

As I left this important spot and began to pass the processions of children bearing their little pails to the glass factories, the cotton factories, the paper factories; and as I later passed houses of glass and iron bars, behind which were rows of faces which to my distorted Western imagination resembled those of prisoners—I reflected deeply upon the words of wisdom which I had heard from these exponents of the New England idea. Dear old New England! I thought. Virtuous New England! You have been kind to the least of these! The hope of America lies in you and in your stern abjuring of the doctrine of special privileges. Surely, thought I, you, dear New England, will survive. No trump can shake these walls while the ghost of Dingley lives. Here lies the safety and the sanity of America—the hope of a revised republic and a carefully edited democracy. Ah, Dingley, Lodge, Aldrich—how great your teachings! No special privileges! No one corporation better than another corporation, unless it has the price. Emotions sacred as these ought not to be laid too bare in public, or at least not until after the elections.

Drying my tears, I set forth for further chastening and softening. Especially coming from the tribal lands as I did, I was short on Sacred Associations and Hallowed Memories; whereas New England makes a specialty of these very things. It was sweet and seemly, of course, that I should stand in the presence of Plymouth Rock. Here, as I well knew from my studies in geography, was the birthplace of American thought, of American liberty, of American tolerance, of the American hen, and of the American pants! There

are many sacred places in America, but Plymouth Rock has the pennant when it comes to sacredness. Its sacredness is 99.4 per cent pure.

Naturally in approaching a spot of this nature a son of the chaparral would entertain certain feelings of trepidation, but finally, grasping my near-Yankee bride by the hand —how I wished she could have been real Yankee—we stood at length before the iron fence which excludes this historic piece of masonry from the public. Then I admit that I turned loose—I surrendered myself to the delight of all the softening and chastening influences which cluster about this spot.

"Here," thought I, "is the birthplace of our liberties as a people. Here stood Miles Standish and Sebastian Cabot, Christopher Columbus and Cotton Mather. Within a few yards of this circumscribed locality there was inaugurated that Revolutionary War—where, by the way, New England had a Southern general to do the leading and Pennsylvania riflemen to do the shooting; but no matter, for New England has always had help—that Revolutionary War which has given us the greatest example of interlocking corporate money-making machines the world has ever witnessed. Here," thought I, "began that great democratic doctrine that all men are equal if they have the price; that the man

who practices temperance, frugality, and high tariff is destined to shine among his fellow-men. Here," I reflected, "began the art, the culture, the wisdom, the superiority of that New England the scent of whose full flowering is about us to-day. Here began our first acquaintance with a square deal, our first opportunity to trample to earth the hated doctrine of special privileges, of caste; our first opportunity to wear pants at \$4 and to stock our farms with a hen that will lay a hundred eggs a year, or eggs refunded.

"How abused have these sacred Puritan principles been in certain portions of our country. Trading upon the stern moral fiber of this stern and rock-bound shore, what wrongs have been done by non-residents! How little," I thought, "has New England (previous to this time) been understood and appreciated!" So thinking, and being now well loaded with Hallowed Memories, I turned away. Nothing remained except to have a little culture and refinement wrapped up to take to the loved ones at home.

It was Mr. William Dean Howells, of Boston, Ohio, and New York, I believe, who said that the best thing about Boston is the five o'clock train to New York. Mr. Howells is not always absolutely and literally accurate as a realist. A better thing in Boston than the five o'clock train to New York is the three o'clock. I took the three o'clock.

THE WEDDING

BY ZONA GALE

ILLUSTRATED BY PATRICK NELSON



HE garden was tiny and in a most forbidding fashion walled around with stone, though all that it had to conceal was roses. In the center was a little glassy pool for water flowers, but in its clear depths were mirrored only roses—lattices of roses and a rampart of roses atop the wall. In all the world there never were such roses, and Pelleas and I stood in their

midst with the sun, as I believe, slanting madly in every direction, and the whole world a song of delight about butterflies vanishing against the blue. At all events, that is as I soberly recall that day; and yet it is the day which Pelleas and I—whose chief pastime is to detect and foster the love stories of others—remember as our one offense against love. It was the one time in all our fifty years of happiness together that we said of two lovers, "Are we sure that they are

right?" instead of our usual, "Let them be married to-day!" And even now I can hardly credit my own effort at heartlessness.

We were but just come to the lodge at Little Rosemont, lent to us by Avis and Lawrence Knight. And the morning, as we stepped out on the white porch, was a kind of greeting. We went down the steps and across the strip of terrace with a pleasure that was like youth. We leaned above the glassy pool and set the little fountain sparkling and watched the scarlet tanagers bathing in the trickling outlet beneath the Hundred-leaved Rose from the Caucasus. And so we came at last to the arbor set in a green corner of wall, and in its low-arched doorway we stood still with a strange half-thought that we were imagining what we seemed to see.

On a bench beneath a window, where the roses made an oval, open to the garden, was a girl of twenty. I remember the blue of her eyes and the shining of her hair. She was in a street gown with a little traveling bag beside her; and also beside her was a fine, manly, troubled boy of not a day more than twenty-two. She was crying a little, just enough to make her loveliness the more appealing, and he was trying with adorable awkwardness to comfort her. Who in the world could they be, in our garden, in the rose arbor? The most reasonable explanation was that they were runaway sprites from some neighboring goblin settlement, and Pelleas and I were making a sympathetic effort to withdraw when the little maid looked up and saw me.

"Aunt Ettarre!" she cried faintly, and stood up trembling; and almost before I could recall who she might be, I ran forward and took her in my arms. In all possible affairs I firmly believe that the kiss should come first and the explanation afterwards.

"But it is Etheldreda!" I cried, remembering the little maid whom I had last seen in plaits and pinasores. "Pelleas, this is Etheldreda. Wherever have you come from, dear?"

The story came out in one burst of courage, with the tears so near—so near.

"I came from Chynmere," she said. "Uncle Dudley and I are at the Wortleys. I—I ran away from Chynmere Hall this morning. I—I eloped. This is Roger Arnold. He—he—we—"

Of course the rest was luminously clear.

"Dear heart," cried I reasonably, "then what in this world are you crying for?"

Crying! In the midst of one's elopement, on a glad morning, with the sun slanting madly in every direction and butterflies vanishing against the blue.

"At all events," said the young lover, with the most charmingly abashed smile, "I'm not crying."

Bit by bit the whole story was imparted to us, though indeed, when Etheldreda had so much as mentioned Uncle Dudley, I had guessed what was to come. For Dudley Manners, as I recalled that middle-aged friend of ours, to have charge of little Etheldreda at all was sufficiently absurd; but for him to have in keeping her love story was not to be borne. Etheldreda and Roger, it came out, had been secretly betrothed for a whole year, and Uncle Dudley's sole objection to their marriage was that Etheldreda had not yet "seen the world." Therefore he had taken passage for her and a Miss Constance Wortley, of Chynmere Hall—some one elderly and an authority on plant life in Alaska!—and they were to go abroad to see the world for two years, and Roger was of course to be left behind.

"Two years," said Etheldreda impressively, with the usual accent of "two eternities." "We were to go to the north of Africa to watch the musk roses bloom, and to the Mediterranean to look for rosemary. Uncle Dudley thinks *that* would be seeing the world. So Roger came this morning early, and I slipped down and met him before anybody was up. And we came here. I planned to do that," confessed Etheldreda, "when I heard you had come to the lodge. I thought you wouldn't remember me, but I knew how good you were to Enid and David. . . ."

"But what are you crying for, dear?" I puzzled. "You're never sorry you came?"

"Ah, but," said Etheldreda sadly, "I think Miss Wortley really wants to go to Europe and wait about for things to bloom. And now of course she can't. You know she's the governess-cousin of the Wortleys at Chynmere Hall. And then they say—she and Uncle Dudley say—that I can't make Roger happy until I know something of life."

"My dear," said I from the superiority of my seventy years, "I don't know about the rest. But that much I am positive is nonsense."

"Ah," said Etheldreda, brightening, "I said you would understand. Didn't I, Roger?"

At which Roger raptly and adoringly assented. I liked the boy. His whole mind was on Etheldreda, and yet—though from the edges of his consciousness—he had a most exquisite manner.

"At all events," said I when presently I left Etheldreda in the flowered-chintz guest room, "let us lunch first and be married afterwards! Whatever happens, you must have one of Nichola's salads."

I hurried downstairs longing to find Pelleas and to plan with him how we were to bring it all about; but Pelleas was still in conference with that young lover, and they were walking up and down the path, heads bent, brows grave, as if the matter were actually one requiring the weightiest consideration. I stood for a moment in the hall window to watch them, with all my heart longing to cry out: "Never mind the reasons. Look at the roses. It is perfectly easy to see what *they* think."

Instead I went to the kitchen to say a word about luncheon. And the day was so heavily, and the guests at luncheon were so to my liking, and my heart was so full of their story that—as well as for a more practical reason—I was obliged to tell something of it to Nichola.

Now to tell a love story to Nichola, our old servant, is, I had always considered, as if one were to confide to a beetling cliff some fancy about wind. All day the wind might go quickening with delights about a promontory, and the old rock be not the wiser. Our old Nichola is a kind of promontory, understanding rude lines, sharp distinctions, buffettings, and even sun—but the finer processes are lost before her. She knows that people are married, but I think that she does not dream of their first look into each other's eyes. I had always felt that if Nichola were to come upon a wedding party she would believe, so remote is her thought, that it was some carnival game such as they know in her native Italy.

She was washing green leaves when I went in the kitchen, and to see the tender curled green in her withered hands was as incongruous as a flush I had once detected upon her withered cheek. With her starched print gowns and her gray uncompromising hair and her weather-beaten face, Nichola is like some one cut from stiff paper.

"Nichola," said I, "I *think* we may have a wedding here this afternoon."

Nichola looked at me from the corners of her little eyes, deep-set, quick-lidded, disapproving. I sometimes fancy that Nichola's eyes are by nature disapproving, as other eyes are born blue or black.

"It is by no means certain," I pursued, "but we hope to have it here. And," I advanced delicately, "could you possibly have ready for us something frozen and delicious, Nichola? With little cakes? Then you need make no dessert at all for dinner."

She looked at me doubtfully, pulling down her brown print sleeves over her brown wrists. I had expected her usual refusals and threatenings, to which I am perfectly wonted, for Nichola has been with us for more than forty years, and the impudent old woman fancies not only that she is a free agent but that I am not. But I was not prepared for what she did answer.

"*Chel!*" said she. "If it is a runaway match I can't do this."

I looked at Nichola in amazement. I was used to her denials; they were merely the form that her emotion took. I was used to her prejudices; they were her only pastime. But I had never before heard her offer an objection that seemed to have a reason.

"Why not—but why not, Nichola?" I cried.

"I had a sister," Nichola explained unexpectedly; and in all these forty years I had never before heard her sister's name upon her lips. "She went quietly, quietly to San Rafael, and a priest married her to Beppo, and they came home for supper. But no good came. Beppo was drowned from his boat within the year, and with him a net full of fine fish. If it is a runaway match I cannot do this. No good will come."

"But, Nichola," I urged reasonably, "you would not be blamed. Though to be sure I may ask you to fetch Mr. Camp, that new young curate. But you would not be blamed. And to make cream sherbet, that would be no part of the ceremony. And little cakes—"

"No good will come!" cried Nichola shrilly. "For the love of heaven, have I not said how Beppo was drowned with all his fish? It is not holy."

"Nichola," said I with dignity, "will you be sure to have a particularly delicious luncheon to-day? And will you make for

dessert to-night a sherbet, with little cakes, and have it ready in the afternoon?"

I went away with a false majesty covering my certainty that Nichola would pay not the slightest heed to my injunction. Nichola is in everything a frightful nonconformist, from habit; if to this were really superadded a reason, I could not tell what might happen, but I felt sadly sure that Etheldreda and Roger would have for their wedding feast afternoon tea and nothing more.

"Nichola!" said I from the doorway, "what made you think that they had run away?"

"*Chel!*" said Nichola grimly, "I saw them come in the gate. Have I lived these seventy years always, always with my two eyes shut?"

As I hurried away I marveled at that. Once Nichola had unexpectedly proved to me that she has wishes, and even dreams. Was it possible that she knew a lover when she saw one? After all, that is a rare gift.

At the foot of the stairs Pelleas met me with a manner of nothing but gravity.

"Pelleas!" I cried, "isn't it delightful? Wasn't it providential that they came to us?"

"Ettarre," said Pelleas solemnly, "I'm not at all sure that we oughtn't to send them straight back to Chynmere Hall."

If Pelleas had proposed persuading Etheldreda and Roger to forget each other I could have been no more amazed. Pelleas—who always pretends enormous unconcern in all romance and secretly works with all his might on the side of the adventure—Pelleas, to speak in austere fashion of sending two lovers home! What did he mean? And did he think that a course in the flora of Europe would make anybody any happier whatever?

"Pelleas," I cried, "how can you? When we are so happy?"

"But you know we didn't elope," Pelleas argued.

"Wouldn't you have loved me if we had?" I inquired reasonably.

"Of course I would," cried Pelleas, "but—"

"Ah, well, then," I finished triumphantly, "it's the same way with them."

I recall a distinct impression that I had the better of the argument.

"But you see," Pelleas persisted gently, "after all, they are so frightfully young, Ettarre. And if Dudley Manners were to be

angry, and if he were to disinherit Etheldreda, and so on—"

"As for things going wrong," said I, "can anything be so wrong as for two who love each other to be separated?"

"No," Pelleas admitted justly, "nothing can be. All the same—"

"Pelleas!" I cried in despair, "we could have that young curate over here, and they could be married in the little round drawing-room—or in the rose arbor—or in the garden at large. Think of it—cream sherbet and little cakes afterwards, and us for parents and wedding party and all. Then you and I could go straight to Dudley Manners at Chynmere and tell him how it was, and I know he would forgive them. Pelleas! Can you really think of that dear child spending two years with an authority on plant life in Alaska?"

"Instead of going to him afterwards," said Pelleas boldly then, "suppose you and I leave here after luncheon and drive to Chynmere and make Dudley Manners consent? And bring him and Miss Constance Wortley back to the wedding!" he finished with triumphant daring.

"And not be married secretly?" I said lingeringly, as if the secret wedding were our own.

"Ah, well," said Pelleas, "at all events we won't tell him on any account where they are."

So it was settled, and when presently we four went out to our tiny dining room, courage and gayety were in the air. Our little dining room was white and dull blue, with a wreath of roses outside every window and a bowl of roses on the table. And if Nichola considered it reprehensible to assist at a "runaway match," she manifestly had no such scruple about the luncheon to precede it, for she set before us the daintiest dishes. I could see the while how her little, quick-lidded eyes were fixed disapprovingly on the young lovers; but then Nichola's eyes disapprove of the very moon in the sky. I wondered, as I looked at Etheldreda in the noon of her fresh young beauty, and at Roger, so adoringly in love, how Nichola could even pretend to disapproval at sight of them; and if she had been anyone but Nichola I would have suspected her conversion for, of her own will, she served our coffee in the rose arbor. Whereupon Pelleas and I became absorbingly interested in the progress of some slips which had been in the ground

about six hours, and we wandered away to look at them, cups in hand, and left those two to take their coffee in the arbor—in memory of a certain day when we had been left to drink our coffee alone. And when we came back we most scrupulously refrained from looking whether they had so much as sipped a thimbleful.

Then, feeling deliciously guilty, we announced to our guests that we had an errand which would keep us away for an hour. And that if it should seem best there would be ample time for the wedding on our return. And that at all events they must decide whether they would be married in the round drawing-room, or in the rose arbor, or in the garden at large. Also, not knowing what warning or summons we might wish hurriedly to send, I added, to Etheldreda:

"And if the telephone rings, dear, you would better answer it yourself. For it may be Cupid, and ministers of grace! No one can tell."

"O Aunt Ettarre," said Etheldreda prettily, "this is so perfect of you. Isn't it, Roger?"

The way that Roger shook the hand of Pelleas three times on the way to the gate might have indicated to some that he thought it was.

Yet there we were, hastening out in the world to find a possible obstacle to all that innocent joy. Never before had we been guilty of such disaffection, or even of prudence, in such a cause.

"Pelleas—O Pelleas," I said as we hurried down the lane for a carriage, "but suppose it doesn't turn out as we think? Suppose Dudley Manners is furious, suppose he guesses where they are, and suppose—?"

"Pooh," said Pelleas in splendid disdain. "Dudley Manners! Thirty years ago I took a polo championship away from him when he was looking directly at me."

And it needed no more than this and the glorious gold sun in the lane to reassure me.

From a warlike-looking farmer, a friend of ours living at the lane's end, we got a low phaeton and a tall horse which we had made occasion to use before. The drive to Chynmere occupied hardly half an hour, and when we saw the tower of the Hall above the chestnuts, and before us the high English wall of the park cutting the roadside sward, we looked at each other in sudden breathless abashment. After all, Etheldreda was Dudley Manners's ward, not ours. After all, two

years in Europe are commonly accepted as desirable for a girl of twenty. In that black hour, as we drew rein at the lordly entrance of Chynmere Hall itself, I felt myself obliged to call up the essential horror of the situation.

"Pelleas," I said, "remember; they love each other as much as ever we did. And remember; two years, with an authority on plant life in Alaska!"

"Monstrous," said Pelleas firmly.

Whereupon we went bravely up the steps.

Our enterprise was doomed to receive a blow, crushing and apparently mortal. Neither Mr. Dudley Manners nor Miss Constance Wortley was at home. They had gone away in different directions, the man thought, immediately after luncheon.

We went back tremblingly to the low phaeton and the tall horse.

"O Pelleas," I said in despair. "And whatever shall we do now? Those poor little people."

Pelleas looked at his watch.

"We can take an hour," he said. "We'll give Dudley Manners or the botanical lady an hour to get back, and we'll call again."

"O Pelleas," I said, "and if they aren't there then, let's go home and be married anyway—" quite as if the wedding were our own.

But Pelleas shook his head.

"Dear," he said, "we mustn't, you know. We really mustn't. It wouldn't do in the very least."

"Pelleas," said I irrelevantly, "we were just their age when we were married."

"So we were," said Pelleas, and drew the tall horse to a walk in the golden sun of the long green road, and we fell to remembering.

Anyone who has ever by any chance remembered, knows how sweet the pastime may be. Sometimes I think that heaven must be a place where some of the things that have been will be again. No wonder that as we drove on our delayed mission for those two who sat, expectant and adoring, in our rose garden, a throng of phantoms of delight came about us and held us very near. No wonder that the tall horse, obeying his own will, took this road and that road, leading us farther and farther in those fragrant ways until at last, where the highway ran through a little hollow at the foot of a forbidding hill, he stopped altogether, minded to take the tops of some tender green, cool

in the shade. I recall the ditches of yellow sweet clover and the drone of the sun-gold honey bees.

The hollow was on the edge of Chynmere village. Across the green we saw the parish church, white in its elms and alders. I noted absently that a smart trap and a satin horse waited outside the iron fence, and that several figures were emerging from the chapel door where the white-haired rector lingered.

"We can ask those people," suggested Pelleas, "for the shortest cut back to the Hall. I'm afraid the time is getting on."

He gathered up the lines and drove leisurely across the springing turf. A song-sparrow was pouring out its little heart from the gray marsh land beyond the church, and the sounds of the happy afternoon were growing every moment more beloved. Everything was luring to delight, and here were Pelleas and I, alone of all the world—save Dudley Manners and this Miss Wortley—seeking to postpone a great happiness.

"Dudley Manners," said I out of the fullness of my heart, "must be a kind of ogre. And as for this Miss Wortley, I dare say she is a regular Nichola."

At this Pelleas said something so softly that I did not hear, and drew rein beside the smart trap in which a man and a woman coming from the church had just taken their places. And when I looked up I saw the man turning toward us a face so smiling and so deliciously abashed that it bewildered my recognition, until—

"Dudley Manners!" cried Pelleas. "The very man I am searching the county for."

And to this Dudley Manners said:

"Bless us, Pelleas—you're a bit late—but how in the world did you guess?"

"Guess?" said Pelleas, puzzled. "Guess you?"

"Guess where—I mean guess what. Did you know I telephoned?" said Dudley Manners all at once; and then, having leaped from the trap and bent above my hand, he turned to the lady who had sat beside him—an exquisite elderly woman with a lapful of fresia. "This is Mrs. Manners," he said with charming pride. "The fact is, we've just been married in the chapel there."

At this my heart leaped to a thousand tunes all carrying one happy air.

"You see," he was explaining, looking up at us with an eagerness almost boyish in his transfigured face, "we—we decided rather suddenly. And we telephoned over to you

an hour ago to get you to come and stand by us—"

"Telephoned to us—at the lodge?" I cried in dismay. "Oh, *who* came to the telephone?"

Dudley Manners looked as if he wondered what on earth *that* had to do with his happiness.

"I really don't know," he said. "The voice was familiar. I thought at first it might have been you, Ettarre. And then they cut us off; and then a terrible voice thundered that neither of you was there. How did you know what we wanted?" he went back to his text.

But as for me I could think only of the terror of those poor little people, and I could guess that Nichola must some way have come to the rescue. I knew her voice over the telephone—like all three voices of Cerberus, saying, "Not at home."

"Dudley," said I faintly, "Pelleas—tell him. Ask him."

I gave Dudley Manners my hand and got to the ground, trembling, and crossed to the trap where the lady was so tranquilly seated, with the fresia in her lap. I said insane, unrepeatable vagaries to her, all the time listening to that murmur beside the phaeton, and knowing that the fate of our little lovers was being decided then and there. And suddenly it came to me that the face in which I was looking was uncommonly sweet and kindly, and that inasmuch as she was Mrs. Manners and a bride, I might give her my confidence and win her heart for my tender hope. But when I turned boldly to tell her something of the charming case, she was holding out to me some sprays of her fresia.

"Won't you have this?" she said. "It is a very rare species."

And then I knew her, and I marveled that I had not understood at once. This—this must be no other than Miss Constance Wortley, the botanical lady herself. And in the same instant, to quicken my assurance, Dudley Manners, laughing deliciously, called softly to her:

"Constance—Constance! It's all right. Ethel and Roger are bound to be married today, and I fancy you'll have to take me to Europe alone!"

Ah, such a moment of tender, abashed laughter and open rejoicing! And of course Pelleas and I opened our happy hearts and told them where the lovers were, and who had doubtless answered the telephone at the

lodge. And forthwith we invited them to drive with us to the wedding, and have tea in the garden. And so it was settled, and away we went down the golden road dipping between deep, deep green, and boldly past the tower of Chymere Hall, and through the gracious land of afternoon, back to Little Rosemont lodge, bearing the glad tidings to usher in the glad event. Tea or cream sherbet; what a world this is always turning out to be!

"We will go in and explain," I cried—how I love to explain when best things are true!—"and then, Pelleas, you must hurry over in the phaeton for Mr. Camp—that new young curate, and bring him back with you, no matter what. And then we will be married—in the drawing-room, or the rose arbor, or the garden at large."

I love to recall the pleasure of that alighting at the lodge gates, of going within, of looking across the roses for the two whom we were to surprise. I caught a flutter of white in the arbor and, palpitating, I led the way past the pool and the fountain and the trickling outlet where a scarlet wing flashed into flight, and past the Hundred-leaved Rose to the turn in the path that led to the arbor.

Then without warning, outside the entrance to the arbor there seemed to rise from the gravelled path the amazing figure of Nichola—Nichola in her best black gown and great white apron and an unmistakable manner of threatening us with folded arms! She stood squarely before us, looking at Pelleas and me with all the disapproval of those little, deep-set, quick-lidded eyes.

"Now, then," she said grimly, "go back. *The weddin's on.*"

In the same instant, through the low-arched doorway of the arbor, I saw Etheldreda and Roger and the questioning, distressed face of Mr. Camp, that new young curate.

Nichola followed my glance.

"It's none o' his doin'," she explained shrilly. "It's my doin'. We knew who was on the telephone, well enough. She answered it herself," she explained, with a jerk of her shoulders toward the arbor, "and near fainted in my arms. She knew him. An' we knew what was like to happen when he got here. I went quickly, quickly for the

minister, and here he is. You must not interfere. It is not holy!"

Nichola, that grim old woman as the ally and not the adversary of Love! But I had no time to marvel at the death of either prejudice or reason.

"Nichola—but Nichola!" I cried breathlessly, "we haven't come to interfere. We don't want to interfere. We were going to send for Mr. Camp ourselves."

At that Nichola drew back, but doubtfully, with mutterings. And she did not disappear until little Etheldreda, having seen the radiant faces of *our* bride and groom, suddenly understood and ran to them, perhaps because love recognizes love the world over. And as for Dudley Manners, one would have said that his dearest wish had been to see Etheldreda married to Roger Arnold; and as for Mrs. Manners, with her kind eyes, all her fresia scattered in the path as she kissed Etheldreda, and I think that she cannot even have noticed our Hundred-leaved Roses, or cared whether they came to us from their native Caucasus or her own Alaska.

I protest that I cannot now remember whether Etheldreda and Roger were married by the fountain, or in the rose arbor, or in the garden at large. But I know that it must have been out of doors, for I remember the roses and how the sun was slanting madly in every direction, and butterflies were vanishing against the blue.

And when it was over and we sat in the gracious afternoon talking joyously of what had happened, and how strangely it was come about, and how heavenly sweet the world is, there came Nichola from the house bearing to the table in the little arbor a tray unmistakably laden with her cream sherbet and with mounds of her delicate cake.

"Nichola!" I cried as I hurried to her. "You *did* make it?"

Nichola looked at me from her little deep eyes.

"I made it, yes," she said, "and that was why I went for the minister. I'd begun it, and I wasn't going to have it wasted. It would not be holy."

It is true that Nichola can use the same argument on both sides of a question. But I have never been able to see the slightest objection to that if only the question is settled properly at last.



Drawn by G. Patrick Nelson.

"The most reasonable explanation was that they were runaway sprites."



Drawn by Arthur Becher.

"As bright, iridescent, and strangely canescent as fire."

THE FIRE DANCER

By LEWIS WORTHINGTON SMITH

A RIOT of colors, the orient splendor of dawn.
The grace of a face round and sweet in the meshings of lace
Where pearly and white falls the opaline light, till the space
Is full of the filmy and fragrant effulgence of flowers
Where rose petals close through the languorous lapse of the hours,
And fancies are glances that smile in the eyes and are gone.

Then lowly and slowly,
Like winds drugged with moly,
Or blown over meadows of asphodel bloom
Where hyacinths pour out their heavy perfume,
The violins breathe, and the billowy clouds touched with fire
Break out into butterfly wings, gauzy sapphire and rose,
Brave purples and amethysts lucent as dawn in the sky
When up, like a cup that is pouring the wine of desire,
The sun rises over the hills and the singers go by
With hymns to Aurora, whose limbs catch the hues, where she goes,
Of lily and rose, and the form, sweetly rounded and warm,
Of soft, waxy petals that hide in the leaves from the storm.

Then swaying and lithe, as a spirit too blithe for the earth,
Like webs of the spider the winds toss and turn in the sun,
While over the delicate network the shimmerings run,
As bright, iridescent, and strangely canescent as fire
That plays in the blaze where a diamond or opal has birth,
She glides on the tides of the music that thrills with desire.

She sways as the fronds
Of the fern that responds
To the kiss of that rifer
Of sweets, that gay trifler,
The south wind. Her robes, soft and fine,
Drift out on the air and then twine
In mazes of happy inclosure
About her fair figure's exposure,
Protecting and draping its exquisite shaping
With luminous fold upon fold of spun gold
That trembles and faintly dissembles, escaping
Again in a flutter of sunshine unrolled,
Like noonday ablaze on the green of the summer at height.
Then lightly as winds that blow rippling over the wheat
That bends as if yielding itself to a lover's delight
And offering grace for caresses unspeakably sweet,
She flings her spread wings to the full of their emerald expanse,
And turns where the heart of joy burns in the swirl of the dance.



HYMAN THE SORROWFUL

BY M'CREADY SYKES

ILLUSTRATED BY AUGUST SPAENKUCH



HEY are a motley lot, the pushcart peddlers in New York gathered under the Williamsburgh Bridge. Not much sun drifts through the structure, but the sides are as open as the air itself. I suppose the pushcart market has its ups and downs, its ebbs and flows, just as much as its ambitious rivals uptown; and its potent industrial laws working ever as silently and innerrably as theirs.

They are very industrious, those pushcart proprietors. The city takes from them a dollar and a half a week, and most of the merchants are of that thrifty race that always insists on getting value. In that market you can buy anything from a strip of calico to a fish that is good *kosher*; competition is keen, and customers pass with fine discrimination from cart to cart.

Hyman Blaverman, dry-goods merchant, had maintained his establishment since the market was opened. At the beginning he had secured a good location, well to the west; and there with monotonous cadence he offered his wares to the passers-by. Little rolls of cotton,

remnants of gingham and gorgeous plaids—there was never very much at a time, but his stock was soon turned over, and by long study he knew the neighborhood's wants.

He was an old man, with dark cavernous eyes and a forehead wrinkled with the little worries of many years. He wore a shiny black frock coat that ended six inches above his knees, shoes that were miles too large, and a waistcoat that was too small. Summer and winter he wore a derby hat whose pristine blackness had long been streaked with rust. Personal adornment he had none, save a big seal ring with an inscription in choicest Persian, meaning, so his godfather Issachar had told him seventy years ago, "This too will pass." Issachar had told him to rub the ring when troubles oppressed him and to think of its motto and trust in the God of their fathers. Issachar himself had been gathered to his rest now sixty years ago, and Ranan, Hyman's uncle, and his father; and they all slept in the Jewish graveyard at Lodz—unless the Russian officials had perchance broken in on their sleep.

But Hyman's crowning glory was his beard. It was the finest beard in the Ghetto, known

and admired of all. It poured down in glorious fullness upon his breast, and in its patriarchal sweep it gave the old man a dignity alien to the rest of his squalid life. Hyman would take his beard in his hands, and, going into the synagogue to pray, would sweep it out grandly before the Most High

Gentiles, and, what was easiest of all, left mostly alone in the Ghetto. The old man was alone in the world, and his best friend was the widow Schlavy, from whom he rented for a dollar a week a tiny dark room in her tenement in Ridge Street. He rubbed his ring often as he traveled the downward slope



"It gave the old man a dignity alien to the rest of his squalid life."

God, and then, recalling himself, pray to be kept from arrogance. His glorious beard was his only temptation that way; for never in the desolate old man's life had there come anything to make him arrogant or aught but humble. He had been kicked about by the Russian officials at home, taxed to the bone, forsaken by the prosperous, laughed at by the

of his life; he smiled but little, and those about him in the Ghetto called him Hyman the Sorrowful.

More, perhaps, than they knew, he had to make him so. It was not alone the penury and sordidness of his life, nor that he was far from all that were left of his flesh and blood. It was ten years gone, now, since that dreadful



"There with monotonous cadence he offered his wares."

day when the Russians—soldiers, officials, God knows who—had for some trumpery reason inflicted “discipline” upon the little settlement of Jews south of Lodz. It had come on a fair October afternoon, the sudden furious attack, the villagers huddled and stamped like silly cattle in panic—and he had the ever-living memory of half a dozen Russian giants beating down his stalwart son, shooting him like a dog—and then his wife torn from him, carried away by the Russians in drunken laughter, Hyman rushing after them, falling farther and farther behind, and then as he came to the stone bridge across the little stream, long after the Russians had passed over, the dead body of his Rachel, thrown derisively from the bridge parapet, lying face downward in the rippling waters that danced in the afternoon sun. Ever since then men had called him Hyman the Sorrowful, and the name clung to him when with a body of his townsmen he fled the land of his birth, sailing far from the regions of the Great White Czar, loving father of his people.

And it was Hyman the Sorrowful that kept the pushcart under the big bridge. But in the afternoons when the sun cast the long shadows along Delancey Street and the children played much in the streets, they would come about the old man’s cart and he would show them the pretty plaids, and sometimes

give them fruit that he had saved for them. There in the cool of the late afternoons he would tell them long stories, and talk to them of Russia and of the children there; and sometimes he would read aloud from the Yiddish story books. The little Jewish children had their racial reverence for age, and indeed old Hyman, with those cavernous eyes of his and his glorious sweeping gray beard, had about him something that was venerable, however pitiful and sordid his daily struggle was.

On Saturdays he would put on his ancient silk hat, permissible in an independent merchant, and go regularly to the synagogue; there he would join with the rest of the congregation in the solemn words of the Covenant, and there would he devoutly pray for the Restoration of Israel; and the glorious Messianic prophecies would bring peace into his soul.

One September afternoon Hyman was reading a letter from his daughter. She and her husband had had some measure of worldly success. Germany had treated the refugees kindly, and Hyman’s son-in-law, Kirfna, was a merchant in a small way. With the little capital they had saved, he had long planned to follow the father to New York, and Hyman had carefully opened negotiations for acquiring from old Blymer the good will of his little shop in Stanton Street. He was beam-

ing when he came to the widow Schlavy that evening.

"Ah, good Frau Schlavy," he cried, "if I leave you this year, it will be that I will come often to see you; and you shall see my daughter Maya, and my fine son-in-law Kirfna."

"Oh, dear Hyman, and you are going to leave us?" cried Mrs. Schlavy; "is not your room yours forever? How lonesome we would all be, and little Rebecca, and my Joseph!"

So the old man was a little less sorrowful than he had been, and in the afternoons the children pressed him for more stories, and he walked about with them and took the smallest children down to the river and showed them the ships.

One day when business had been better than ordinary, he tied up his stock of merchandise and put it away in his room, and the



"Ach, Himmel, I hab no pocketbook," he cried piteously."

"Yes, Frau Schlavy, I must leave you. My son-in-law is to be a great merchant; he is to have a whole store in Stanton Street. And my daughter, she thinks of her father as greater than he is, for in all these years I have managed to send always her a little something. So is it not better that they should find me in a larger tenement living, with three rooms, or four, so that I may welcome them, and for a time they may live with me; yes? It is very good you have been to me, Frau Schlavy, and living by myself never would I move; but I must have rooms for them all. But all that will not be for a long time; they will write me before they come."

evening being fine, he walked along the streets considering afresh the problem of where he should take his tenement when the younger people should come in the spring. As he turned the corner, he saw an old woman coming down the steps of one of the tenements; she was carrying a little black bag, which she held tightly in her hand.

Three young men, loitering on the corner in front of the saloon there, noticed the old woman. A single glance passed from the tallest of them to the other two, and they all sauntered in her direction. It was just dusk.

The men reached the old lady just as she came to the bottom of the steps. The group

was some fifteen or twenty feet in front of Hyman. One of the men brushed against the woman, and almost in the same instant the other two had come upon the obstruction thus temporarily caused. Hyman at once saw what was happening.

The men gave a very good imitation of a violent altercation among themselves, with the old woman helplessly in the middle. Hyman saw a hand suddenly snatch at the bag, and open it with a quick turn; he saw for an instant a roll of bills, then the empty bag cast on the sidewalk, and then all three men taking quickly to their heels. He had come upon them just as they broke away.

"Stop! Stop!" he shouted. "Lady, dey haf stolen your pocketbook! Stop, tief!"

The woman screamed in chorus, and sprang quickly at the empty pocketbook.

"Ach, Himmel! Himmel!" she screamed, "vere is my money? Vere is mein gelt?" She caught hold of the old man, crying, "You are a tief! you are a tief! Hilfe! Hilfe!"

The ruffians were well around the corner, safely out of sight, but people came swarming

out of the tenements, from the little stores and from the near-by streets. The woman was half frantic with terror and desperation, and she clung wildly to Hyman.

"Dis man, here, he haf robbed me! Arrest him!" she cried.

It had happened so quickly that Hyman hardly realized for a moment what it all meant. Then he started to explain, but the crowd was savage. They had seen him with the bag under his feet; he had been caught red-handed. When the policeman came he seized Hyman roughly by the arm.

"Come, now, where's the pocketbook?"

"Ach, Himmel, I haf no pocketbook," he cried piteously, but they haled him along, the old woman and a varied throng following to the station house. There the sergeant duly entered the charge in the blotter, and the old man was thrust quickly into the foul station-house lockup. The sergeant asked Hyman if he could send for a bondsman, but the old man's pride rose at the thought of making his predicament known. In the morning he would declare to the judge his



"Had not God punished him for his arrogance?"

innocence, and the story of his detention might never get about. He groaned as they took down his name and address in the station blotter, where, he supposed, it would remain for all time.

In the pen the few prisoners greeted the old man with shouts of laughter, and asked him derisively if he had been robbing a synagogue. Through the night their profanity and obscene ribaldry kept him awake, and he listened perforce to their muttered denunciations of the police. He rubbed his ring and drew it over and over again through his hand: "God of my fathers, this too will pass!" Once when he caught a little sleep, one of the young jailbirds crept slyly behind him and, seizing his beard, pulled him bodily over, and the old man screamed with the sudden pain of it. Then the insult and the disgrace of it all overcame him, and he turned on his face and wept. He was faint with want of sleep, and stiff and sore with lying on the floor. Thus the long night dragged through, and the only comfort the old man had was in running his hands through his splendid patriarchal beard, rubbing the ring, and saying to himself, "This too will pass."

In the morning, when they were all rounded up in the court at Essex Market, the woman declared that she had had thirty dollars in the pocketbook; that she had felt some one brush against her hands, and a tug at her bag; that she recognized Hyman as one of the four men that had been crowded about her at the time, and that when she caught hold of his arm she had seen the bag beneath Hyman's feet.

The magistrate asked Hyman if he wished to speak through the Yiddish interpreter, but Hyman said that he well understood the English; and then he told the whole story, and how he had tried to warn the woman that she was caught among thieves, and to help her. He protested that he was an honest man, and could be found any day at his stand in the pushcart market down under the new bridge.

"But what were you doing with this woman's bag?" demanded the magistrate.

"Ach, Himmel, I touched not her bag! It fell upon the ground where I stood."

That seemed to contradict the officer, in the merest trifl, a wholly immaterial trifl at that; but it put the officer on his mettle, and he thereupon strengthened his own story. Hyman became very much confused; the thing itself had happened too quickly for him to know very clearly what had occurred, and

trying to tell it was harder yet; so the old man stammered and hesitated and was much confused, and contradicted himself.

"But as der good God is my witness, nefer, nefer, haf I robbed dis woman. So hilf mir Himmel!"

The magistrate advised the old woman to withdraw the charge of robbery, and to make the complaint one of simple assault, and when she had done this, he said to Hyman:

"This is a truthful woman, and the officer here tells a straight story. Out of pity for your age I have asked them to lessen the charge, and they have done so, for which you should be very thankful; for on the charge of robbery you would have to be tried by a jury and you would have been sent to State prison; but as it is I will only send you to the Island for two months."

Old Hyman bowed low, for the deep waters of sorrow were rushing upon him; he bent his head heavily before the judge. Then the officers led him back into the pen, and the doors of the prison opened for him once again. The mocking laughter of the prisoners fell on his ears as they greeted him with coarse shouts of ironical welcome:

"Chees't, here comes his Whiskers! Oh, look at de wind blowin' tru dem!"

The old man's frame shook, and he sank sobbing on the bench; his beautiful beard fell flowing upon his knees as he leaned forward, and he silently passed his hand over the big seal ring.

"Oi, oi, oi! du lieber Gott!" he whispered, half in prayer; "this too will pass."

Under the big bridge the children came at noon and played as before; the peddlers were droning the virtue of their wares; men and women passed in the varied activities of their little lives; the petty dealers bought and sold, and men about the market place, and good Frau Schlavy in her tenement, wondered what had become of Hyman the Sorrowful.

On the Island the warden had been having a bad day; the new convicts had been particularly surly. A dozen ugly prisoners were making the best of their initial compulsory bath. When it came Hyman's turn the deputy at the desk was ready for trouble; perhaps he was instinctively annoyed because no trouble came from the saddened old patriarchal figure before him.

"Give him his bath, there, Flaherty; an' say, cut off the old guy's whiskers; it's against the rules and regulations to wear a beard like

that. To the barber shop for his, an' be quick."

Hyman hardly realized that they were speaking of him; they had already bade him take off his coat, and now he was quickly thrust into a little room at the side.

"Here, Jerry, off wid his whiskers. Look out you don't catch cold, Moses!"

And Hyman was firmly planted in the barber's chair, and an expert hand quickly seized his splendid beard.

"Ach, God of my fathers, no, no!" he cried in terror. "Not for fifty years has he been shaven. Oh, good sir, do not touch him! You cannot. I am ready for der prison, but touch not my beard, for the love of God."

The barber laughed, and then in kindlier spirit advised Hyman to keep quiet, lest he be put in the sweat-box.

"Twon't hurt you, neither," he added, "to have a nice haircut, free, too. You'll feel ten years younger when you come out."

The old man moaned, and then, gathering himself bravely, struggled with the guards. That made it a question of preserving discipline, had there been hope for mercy otherwise; so they held him firmly, and the relentless shears cut about his chin and up his cheeks and above his white lips; then the old man became still. And they shaved him; and he stepped forth with naked face, and shame and humiliation in his heart. His glorious beard lay strewn upon the floor, and the skin of the old man's face shrank and palpitated under the glare of day; he sank down, and buried his suffering face in his hands.

"Ach, du lieber Gott! du lieber Gott! How shall I ever face them again—Frau Schlavy, and the little children, and Maya, my daughter, and Kirfna! Ach, niemals, niemals!"

They put him in the laundry to work, and there he went stolidly about it, stunned by this new disgrace. He could not eat his supper nor could he sleep. When he would catch a little broken slumber, he dreamed he was in the synagogue, and that a sudden flood of light illumined the place, and that all the congregation rushed upon him and took him up and cast him on the horns of the altar, and mocked him and flung stones upon his staring, naked face.

The next day's work was like the first; but when he thought of going back to the Ghetto he was terrified, for there he would be seen of those who knew him; for the rest of his life

he would be known as a convict—an impious convict with naked, shaven face, his glory gone forever.

It was the third day that the warden sent quickly for him at the desk; a summons had come from the court in Essex Market; he had better take his things with him, for he might not come back. The warden did not clearly understand the cause of the summons, but something had been said about a "mistake"; he smiled in a friendly way, and wished the old man good luck, and even shook hands with him; then he was bundled into the police boat, and they headed for the New York shore.

Justice in old Hyman's case had taken sudden impulse to travel swiftly, doing thus occasionally slight penance for centuries of leaden-footed progress. The young toughs who had robbed the old woman, perhaps emboldened by their success, had ventured too rashly the next day, and, being arrested, one of them had "blown" upon the gang. To advance his standing at the District Attorney's, he had made his confession ample; and the old woman of the evening's adventure being summoned to complete the investigation, the facts had come quickly out. As old Hyman's conviction had occurred only two days before, it was all fresh in the magistrate's mind. The kindly judge congratulated himself that as the old man had hardly begun to serve his sentence, little harm had been done. He sent for him quickly, and formally released him, reading him an optimistic lecture on the merciful kindness of the law, which never knowingly allows a wrong to go unrighted and which promptly reverses even its own solemn decrees if satisfied that justice demands it. He congratulated Hyman on his improved appearance and told him to go forth without fear and holding his head high in the community, and that all stigma was now removed from his name.

The desolate man staggered out upon the street, and tottered feebly through byways and obscure passages to Frau Schlavy's tenement. It seemed as though all living things, men and women and children and even dogs forlorn as himself, turned wonderingly to look at him and fastened their eyes upon his quivering naked lips. Ah, du lieber Gott! But three days ago, how proudly he had walked those streets—Hyman, father of the beautiful Maya, father-in-law of good Kirfna the merchant; Hyman of the glorious flowing beard!

Had not God punished him for his arrogance? Aye, the Almighty God had humbled him in the dust, and had made him again as he was born, naked and lowly and forever more to be as men had truly named him, Hyman the Sorrowful.

Kind Frau Schlavy met him with a cry of welcome mingled with amazed recognition:

"Ach, Hyman, Hyman, dear Hyman!" she cried. "Where haft you been, good Hyman, and what has happened to you?"

So he told her the whole wretched story, and the good woman rocked back and forth in her chair, the tears running down her brown face.

"Oh, the wretches, the wretches that they were!" She denounced them all—the old woman, the policeman, the robbers, the judge, the warden. "Oh, the wretches, the wretches! Oh, Hyman, thy beautiful beard, thy glorious beard!" She came over to the old man, and put her big arms around his neck. "There, Hyman, do not be so sorrowful. This will pass, good Hyman, and thou shalt hold thy head high among us." She fell into the *du* unconsciously as she comforted the old man. Then she busied herself about his bodily comfort, and made him some steaming broth, and rubbed his forehead, and drew the big chair to the window, where he could look far down on the little children playing in the streets; so that after a season comfort came into the old man's soul.

But the shame of it all came with waking, and it was with high-beating heart that the old man went down into the market in the morning. But his place had been taken by another, and he had to travel far downtown for a new license, so another day went by before he could resume his trade. At first the children ran from him, for they did not recognize the shrunken old man with the naked, staring skin and twitching lips. Curious looks were cast upon him by the merchants, and when the pudgy Jewish women came by with their babies in their arms, they seemed to hurry by him. Last week he had been a fine old patriarchal figure of a man; now he was a little, wizened, bent old Jewish peddler—Hyman the Sorrowful, working out the somber destiny of God.

"Oi, oi, oi!" he groaned, "the hand of the Lord is heavy upon me, and I am disgraced among men."

"Come, Hyman, here is something good for you," cried Frau Schlavy cheerfully one morning; "see, here is a big letter."

"Ah, it is from Kirschna and Maya," and the old man devoured it eagerly, though he read but slowly.

"They are coming in January, Frau Schlavy, after the New Year. We must make great welcome for them. That is three months yet. So once more I must send Maya her New Year's gift; she tells me always the things that she wants."

"What is it she would have this year, Hyman? Is it a kerchief, or a necklace, or perhaps something of the New World, that they have not at home?"

The old man had dropped the letter on the floor; he was looking vacantly far out of the window, and the big tears were starting in his eyes.

"Ach, du lieber Gott! mein bilt! It is my picture they want, my photograph. Ah, God of Israel have mercy. Not for five years have I had my picture. How shall I send them, like this?"

And the old man's hands strayed to his poor old naked chin. He was thinking of it always.

"Ach, niemals, niemals, shall they see their father so? Oi, oi! It would kill me. It is bad enough here in the Ghetto. I have not yet seen Rabbi Thomaffy, nor dare I see him; I see only you, good Frau Schlavy, and your little Rebecca, and Joseph, and the men in the market under the bridge; but my children, no. For fifty years have I been with my long beard, like the fathers, and never have my children known me without it. At home without it I should be cast out of the Congregation of the Lord. I cannot see them. It would break their hearts, as it has broken mine."

"But, Hyman, you must send Maya the picture," pressed the widow Schlavy, her brain working busily while Hyman was speaking. "And I have it," she continued, a light suddenly coming upon her. "In Grand Street there is a shop where men sell costumes of every kind, great long coats, and splendid dresses, and cloaks with swords. There they make for men all kinds of faces and hair of every sort. There they will give us a long beard. You shall wear it for the picture as men wear wigs, when by an accident they have lost their hair—why not?"

So at the costumer's in Grand Street they fitted out Hyman gloriously in a beard; a splendid, fair-flowing beard of gray, that came all about his cheeks and down upon his breast; and with invisible bands, and much working

and fitting, they made it snug upon his face. In this grand presentment he had his picture taken in the fashionable shop in Avenue A. A noble figure Hyman made, standing very erect, his shiny frock coat buttoned tightly about him, his shoes curling up grandly in front, and his arms glued stiffly to his sides. He posed three times, and only with the help of the thoughtful choice of Frau Schlavy could he finally decide which of the three grand pictures he should take. The pictures were printed large upon big white cards, and for economy's sake, the false beard having already cost so much, he bought but three. One was duly sent to Kirfna and Maya; one went, with many protestations of gratitude, to the kind Frau Schlavy, and one Hyman kept for himself, and put it on the little table in his room. Then the fine beard was returned to the costumer in Grand Street, with mingled feelings on Hyman's part, regret at parting with what had brought him comfort for a time, mingled with disgust at the cheat.

But the old man was broken, and trembled at the idea of the meeting with the children.

"Ah, Frau Schlavy, I fear you know not how it is with us at home. It is for the sins of my life that Jehovah has thus punished me and cut me off from the Congregation of the Lord."

Nor could he be comforted by all that Frau Schlavy could say, though the old man came often to her. He was "cut off from the Congregation of the Lord," and he brooded over it night and day, and went heavily to the market place; nor did the children throng about him as they used to do. At home, he would sit for hours together, sometimes mournfully looking down upon the street, sometimes slowly reading from right to left the solemn words of the Law, or the majestic glories of the Prophets of God.

They were still in December, and Kirfna and Maya were to sail the first week of the New Year. It was the time when all about them people were keeping the happiest festival of mankind, and in thousands of churches children were singing carols of peace on earth, good will to men—carols alien to the Ghetto, and a festival that the Ghetto keeps not. But some of the spirit of it always spreads over there, and there was much green in the streets, and sometimes you will even see bits of holly in the homes. There was none in Frau Schlavy's tenement, but in the little

church down the street the vesper service had begun. The widow stood for a moment to listen to the solemn tones of the organ, near enough to be heard above the hum of the streets. The snow was fresh, and there was still enough of it falling to keep most of the people indoors. Presently the children's high carol took up the air, and Frau Schlavy heard the words of the beautiful old hymn, floating across the twilight:

It came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth
To touch their harps of gold;
Peace on the earth, good will to men,
From heaven's all-gracious King;
The world in solemn stillness lay
To hear the angels sing.

The good Frau Schlavy wiped her moistened glasses. She had been thinking of her Bertha, born and lost before Rebecca or Joseph came, and lying now under the snow in the Jewish Cemetery beyond Brooklyn. It occurred to her that old Hyman might like to hear the singing. It was all so peaceful and soothing, and the sorrowful old man had kept to himself so much of late.

She opened the door softly, and the fading twilight from his own window fell upon him at the table. He sat with his head bowed on his hands on the table before him. Facing him stood the brave old picture whose counterpart he had sent across the ocean with its kindly cheat—Hyman the Sorrowful, benign of aspect, venerable in the glory of his splendid flowing beard. On the table before the bowed figure was the Book of the Law; it was opened at Isaiah, and Frau Schlavy read the solemn words that had brought majestic inspiration into the lowly lives of so many generations of men—lives as lowly and petty and unimportant as that of poor old Hyman himself:

The spirit of the Lord God is upon me; because the Lord hath appointed me to bring good tidings unto the meek; he hath sent me to bind up the broken-hearted, to proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound;

To proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord, and the day of vengeance of our God; to comfort all that mourn;

To appoint unto them that mourn in Zion, to give unto them beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness; that they might be called trees of righteousness, the planting of the Word, that it might be glorified.

And they shall build the old wastes, they shall raise up the former desolations, and they shall repair the waste cities, the desolations of many generations.

From across the street, in unconscious antiphonal response, came the clear carol on the frosty air:

O ye, beneath life's crushing load,
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way
With painful steps and slow!
Look now, for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing;
Oh, rest beside the weary road,
And hear the angels sing.

"Ach, Hyman!" cried Frau Schlavy, "you will catch cold. And you must wake up, and hear the music; it is so schön, so beauti-

ful. Wake, Hyman, and hear the little Christian children singing."

But the old man did not move, and Frau Schlavy bent down quickly, and took his face between her hands. The naked lips were smiling; it was the first time they had smiled in many weary weeks.

"Ach, du lieber Gott! Ach, Hyman, Hyman!" and Frau Schlavy fell reverently on her knees and bowed her head upon the wonderful Book of the Law. "Du lieber Gott! du lieber Gott!"

Hyman the Sorrowful had entered into the Congregation of the Lord.

HOW CALDWELL "MADE GOOD"

BY HUGH S. JOHNSON

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY LEONARD



HEN Caldwell joined his regiment at Fort Sam Houston, he had never seen a soldier in his life.

He met the Adjutant on the sidewalk and imparted his identity with an expectant air—they had toasted Caldwell as a general of the near future, that last night at home.

"I suppose you will want to show me around the place a little now," said Caldwell with a note of resignation in his voice.

The Adjutant, however, had no such wish; and brand-new lieutenants who did not stand at "attention" were a source of the greatest annoyance to him; so Caldwell received his first dash of cold water, and it was as though the sidewalk had flown up and struck him in the face. The Adjutant sent him to the Colonel's office with his shoulders squared.

Now the Colonel is a landmark of the Old Army. In his day commanding officers used to mark the linen of aspiring young subalterns in a way that was as facile as it was alarming—with a Colt's revolver—at least they tell that. Also the Colonel had been at the mess until very late on the preceding

evening, and under such conditions gray-haired captains of the line thought twice before going in, but Caldwell had decided on a new tack; he fairly wafted up to the desk. It was really too bad; Brainbridge, of the Sixteenth, who happened to be in the Adjutant's office, said that he addressed the old man as "Col." while he was explaining whose son he was—in the first sentence. I think that was a lie. Brainbridge is great on effects; but everyone knows that the Colonel spoke for half an hour, and that when he came out he was hoarse and blue in the face; and also everyone knows that Caldwell came out, "bracing" like a new plebe at the Point.

He emerged from it as fresh as a mountain daisy, and some one collared him half an hour afterwards, cracking jokes with a recruit. It was patently a case for concerted action, and the youngsters took it up at once. Officially, they were as polite as Lucifer, but otherwise, they noticed him no more than if he had not been. It is a good system, generally speaking, and it usually works wonders.

I watched Caldwell for a week, and he was taking it pretty hard. I felt so sorry for him that I sneaked up to his room one night.

Every officer in the post had called officially, but not this way, and I had to do it like a thief; I hadn't been in myself long enough to compromise with sin.

"I don't know why dad ever got the commission," he confided. "I was never cut out for a soldier. Why, I can't take a corporal's squad around a corner."

I told him that he would learn and that it would all be a lot more enjoyable after a while,

and all these things made his case almost hopeless.

About a month after his arrival he ventured into the mess, and they allowed him to sit on the edge of a couch and read a last month's magazine; but he progressed, and one day some Artillery, who were playing a game of bottle pool and who needed an extra man to fix up some kind of a wager, asked him to take a cue, which he chalked contin-



"Caldwell winced under the spasmodic grip of the dying man's fingers."

that everybody had to go through that polishing process, and that they treated him that way just to get him imbued with the proper spirit of obedience, which is a soldier's first lesson, et cetera, et cetera; which was all very true, but he couldn't see it; and I had to cut it short just as tattoo was sounding, because I heard Matthews in the lower hall and I didn't care to be caught red-handed.

Caldwell was the only son of rich and doting parents, and he showed it in almost everything he did or said. Then he was a tutored boy, and he showed that too. He hadn't been with men enough in his life to be a good fellow, and he had an unfortunate manner;

usually but made no points with. Then there was a perennial game of majors that after a while began to allow him to sit at the same table, where they gave him cards, which he did not know how to play, and took his money, which he did not know how to keep; but they did this very reluctantly, and Caldwell was properly impressed.

All this while he was very lonely, for though the talk at the majors' table—when there was any—was interesting in contrast to the silence, it was no meat for a boy just in his twenties, and he grew a little sour, and chafed under it all. Everyone carried it out in a studied gentlemanly manner, and Heaven

knows he needed it; but I thought it had gone about far enough. They called him *Mister Caldwell* always, except that when he wasn't there they referred to him as *Willie Pippin*, and they politely excluded him from everything. There was just one man—as there always is—who was downright mean about it, and he happened to be Caldwell's troop commander. His name was Burdock, and he was coarse metal. He carried the thing a little farther all the time than anyone else ever went, and some of the things he said were positively insulting, though he didn't have finesse enough to know it, for those things wouldn't have insulted him in the least.

I don't know that they ever would have taken Caldwell in, except as a kind of pill, if things hadn't happened just as they did, for he didn't seem to be able to "make good"; but just about this time Burdock's troop was ordered "down the river."

You don't know what that means, do you? In the first place, it means one of the little border posts on the Rio Grande, and *that* means—well, the next time you come back from California over the Southern Pacific, just look out of one car window for six hours at a stretch—six ought to do it—and the train doesn't have to be standing; it's all alike. Then just imagine that you are out in that place where the thorny, dusty mesquite never ends, and where there is hot sand and no water underfoot and a hot sun and no clouds overhead, and where the stupefying heat of summer begins on the first of January and ends on the thirty-first of December, without cessation except when the tail of some norther whips down and chills you to the marrow with its uncanny cold. Just imagine that you are out in that with only one man to speak to, and that he is not necessarily congenial and perhaps very repulsive. And imagine that the mail comes but once a week, and that the railroad is a hundred and fifty miles away, and that you must stay there for two years, and that there is nothing to do by way of diversion, because no beast or bird or fish with spunk enough to be *game* would live in such a place. Imagine that it never rains, and that the glare from the desolate white earth blinds you by day, and that the rising heat from it keeps you awake at night. Then imagine that any man in your troop is likely to "go loco" at any moment, and that probably a fourth of them are a bit daffy all the time; and then in

your mind's eye you have been "down the river," but it won't be one-tenth part as bad as the real thing, even if you have the imagination of a Dante. The only redeeming feature about the place is that it is a man-sifter. You may go into it an unformed boy and come out of it a *seasoned man*, as Caldwell did, or you may go in in the image of a man and come out an unmasked wretch, as Burdock did.

The bright particular Seventh Circle, to which Burdock's troop was ordered, was Fort Stinson; and if there were enough of those posts for everybody, from the Chief of Staff to the company cook's yellow dog, to have a choice, the yellow dog would get Stinson as sure as reveille.

What happened down there leaked out, as such things always do; some captain's striker told it to the captain's cook and the cook, of course, told it to the housemaid and the housemaid told it to the captain's wife and the captain's wife told it to the captain and he took it to the mess and everybody knew it; which, by the way, is the proper channel between the barracks and the line coming and going, and you can hear anything that way from the cost of Mrs. C. O.'s new dress to the reasons for Private McCarthy's desertion.

Burdock's troop marched down, and when it got there, Burdock turned them all out to make him comfortable, and then he told them to do what they could for themselves—just be sure that he wasn't losing any sleep about that. When all this was done, there wasn't much left for Caldwell but a little adobe tarantula trap about the size of a hen-coop and built pretty true to the specifications of a poor one.

Burdock commenced to "exercise command" at once. He shifted every particle of work on Caldwell's shoulders, which was really a blessing in disguise, though Burdock hadn't thought of it in that light. Especially was this true when Burdock turned over the troop, for the boy learned more about his work as an officer in that first year than he will in all the rest of his army life. In the meantime Burdock sat on the wide veranda of the only decent house in Fort Stinson, and sent orderlies with insulting messages to worry Caldwell.

The end of the year came and Burdock took a month's leave, and when he returned Caldwell modestly applied for one, which he did not get. Burdock attended to that in

the first office, for he knew that if Caldwell left he would have something more to do than to drink whisky. As it was, he stayed about as drunk as a man can and not fall out of a Morris chair with particularly high side-arms. That made life at Stinson a little easier; but a former photograph wasn't necessary to notice the effect it was having on Burdock.

"Some kind of fever, I should say, sir, but he seemed to be getting all well until this morning, and when I went out to see him he was dead. Kind've curious though, he didn't seem so very sick any day, but don't look at his face, sir, that's awful." That was the way Caldwell's first sergeant told him about it. Caldwell went down to the shack where some of the men of like faith



"A frightful nightmare which remains hazy and indistinct."

Stinson isn't so far from the river that an occasional Mexican sheep herder doesn't prowl into the post to see what there is to steal, but even a sheep herder may create a diversion in the desert, and when a disreputable peon rode up to the barracks in early fall, he was royally received. The men fed him and allowed him to sleep in the store-room, but when they went to waken him in the morning he was ill. He received what attention they could give, but on the sixth day he died.

had composed the tense limbs and placed candles at the head and feet. He looked a moment, without raising the handkerchief from the man's face, and went back to his quarters, much saddened, to watch the burying squad carry the body out to the shallow grave beyond the barracks.

That afternoon when the sergeant reported for orders, Caldwell noticed that the man's eyes were sunken deep in his haggard face and lined with wide black circles.

"What's the matter with you, sergeant?

You aren't looking very well yourself. Better not try to do all the work in the troop in one day. Give some of these young bucks a chance."

"I was feeling a little shaky a day or two ago, sir, but I've been perkin' up right along till this morning, but—I guess—I'm all—ri—"

Caldwell was on his feet in an instant, for the sergeant had fallen forward across the table. From his mouth the clotted blood was pouring sluggishly, and it was as black as his hair.

Did you know Yellow Jack in the days before the "medicos" throttled him? He used to descend on a community like a thief in the night. He attacked men in the morning of their strength and crumpled them as paper is crumpled. His final blow was horrible and his death was more ghastly than shrapnel's. Worst of all, he came in a misasma of fear that entered the marrow of men's bones and turned it to water, and those that were stricken, often wanted for a cup of cool water, while men who could ride roughshod through a sheet of screaming canister, sulked in their rooms with the fear at their throats.

Caldwell carried the sergeant to his bunk and winced under the spasmodic grip of the dying man's fingers. When it was over he reported it to Burdock, whom he found in the Morris chair, slightly drunker than usual. The man looked at him through the blear in his eyes and laughed a thick, rummy laugh.

"Syello' feber, say? Oh, come off, Willie Pippin. You're drunk. Tha's wha's matter with you, Willie Pippin, you're drunk—awful drunk—spferfeckly dishgraceful, Willie, when your sh'perier officer's so dishgustin'ly sober—pferfeckly dishgraceful. Le's hear you say 'pferfeckly dishgraceful,' Willie Pippin; 'f you c'n say that, yain't drunk. Come on now—pferfeckly dishgraceful—"

But "Willie Pippin" had been all burnt out in the fire, and the man that was left looked Burdock squarely between the eyes and said without a thought of his audacity:

"Don't be an ass, Burdock. We're up against it and you've got to sober up—d'y you understand?—sober up." He had picked the half-empty bottle of Scotch from the table and he checked Burdock, who was making a stumbling effort to get to his feet in a frenzy of drunken rage.

"Smutiny, you damn young cub, you.

I'll show you— You drop that bottle—Ah—" For Caldwell had already dropped it and it lay in a hundred fragments at his feet. Inside in the filthy disorder of Burdock's bedroom he found the leather liquor case that he was searching for, and a box of siphon bottles. These he carried to the squad room that he had cleared for a hospital. When he passed through the door, Burdock was back in the Morris chair cursing him mumblyngly for a thief.

Two soldiers were taken that night, and Caldwell worked with them till he fell asleep from sheer exhaustion in the first light of dawn. Burdock came down late in the morning, pale and nervous and partially sobered. He glanced at the men in the bunks for an instant and his pallor heightened.

"Great God, Caldwell," he faltered, "it is yellow fever. I've seen it in Cuba. And there isn't a doctor in five hundred miles. What do you think we can do? We can't do anything—that's all. We're done for."

"We'll have to sit tight and send for help. That's all we can do."

Caldwell had sent a man out just after reveille.

"Help?" said Burdock. "Help? Hell, you infant. Help's not going to do yellow fever any good, and you couldn't get it anyway. You couldn't get within ten miles of the telegraph station if they knew what was going on out here. Help? Why, you great oaf—" but Burdock stopped short, for something had occurred to him; and it was in his voice when he spoke again and it caused Caldwell to look at him closely, but his eyes were fixed on the distant hills toward the railroad.

"Help?" he said again. "Maybe that is a good idea, but we'd have to send a rattling good man to engineer that—the best in the troop. Yes, I'll think about that. You go ahead here and do the best you can and I'll straighten this thing out." He turned and walked slowly toward his quarters, and it was early evening when Caldwell saw him again. He was standing on the steps in full field kit, booted and spurred. An orderly was trotting up the road from the stables, leading Burdock's big roan and a pack animal. It was all so evident that Caldwell did not wait to see him mount, and he tore his note in two unread, when it came. As he turned into the hospital, a word crossed his lips for the first time that would have startled the folks at home.

The days that followed seem as the memory of a nightmare to Caldwell now—a frightful nightmare which remains hazy and indistinct with, just before dawn, a queer jumble of smoldering red fires and indistinct visions as fantastically wild as the dreams of a maniac.

ice over their bodies. At night he slept in a tent outside the door, and he arose twenty times between taps and reveille in response to respectful requests for the "Lootenant." He was everything to the sufferers, and those that remained begged him to rest; but the appeals from the hospital were unanswered,



"In his miserable flight from it, the fever had overtaken him."

The adobe shack was a heat trap, and in the interminable afternoons Caldwell sweltered in the confined atmosphere where the men of his troop were dying. He cajoled, bantered, and cheered with an amount of discretion that would have seemed miraculous in him a year before. He sat by them when they died and he read the burial serv-

and he did the work of a corps and a clergy. They bared their hearts to him in the silent, weakening hours of the morning, and he learned things of life that he had never dreamed. Had he been a strong man and had the work been quartered, it would have worn him out. As it was, his muscles lost their ease of motion and he moved about, a

machine of bone and sinew propelled by a motive power of will.

One night, toward the end, a horse whinnied on the parade, and the sentinel at the barracks brought him into the light of the hospital lanterns. His trappings were caked with the white dust of the trail, and he limped painfully on three legs; but lying forward on his neck, with rigid hands twined in the thick, dusty mane, was a half-naked, gibbering, demoniac Thing. It was Burdock, and some place in his miserable flight from it the fever had overtaken him. Caldwell carried him in and bathed him and placed him on a bunk, and when it was done he sank in a heap on the floor.

The men on the cots saw it and gave up hope, for it was the fall of the Last Reserve.

The next day the doctor came with his nurses. He was a kindly little man who had grown white in the service, and his twinkling gray eyes took in things that were, at a glance.

"You will have to save this one, sergeant," he said to his best man. "The other one? Oh, we'll do the best we can; but this fellow is a Medal-of-Honor man, that's what he is. It'll be a hard pull. Worn to the last nerve and not an ounce of flesh left between; but look at that chin. *He'll* never die this way. They'll have to blow the top of *his* head off."

It was two months afterwards that Caldwell came into the mess at Fort Sam. He

was as yellow as the stripes of his trousers, and his cheek bones seemed on the point of breaking through the skin. He nodded to us and started to pass on into the reading room. We did not know all this that I have told you, and in that ignorance some one called him over. He sat with us for perhaps half an hour, speaking of his work, but very modestly, and the pronoun was always "we," though to this day I don't know to whom else the "we" referred. The surprise came when Burdock entered. He was almost as emaciated as Caldwell, and the two of them looked pathetically grotesque. Burdock came straight over and placed his hand on Caldwell's shoulder and said with a sheepish leer:

"I hope we can shake hands and call all the old scores square now, Caldwell."

Knowing what I now do, I should have struck him in the face for the patronizing tone, but Caldwell only lowered his shoulder so that Burdock's hand slipped off, and he looked at it as though it were some poisonous spider. Then with his own hands clasped behind his back he said, and I am sure it was all done unconsciously:

"Oh, very well. I don't mind. Just drop it."

Without knowing why, we all felt relieved. The positions had so evidently changed completely. A significant little glance passed around the group, for we all knew that somehow, out there in the desert, Caldwell had "made good."

LOVE'S ALCHEMY

By THOMAS SPEED MOSBY

WHEN I was young, and met the wingèd god
Upon the primrose pathway flecked with gold,
The while adown the gala way we trod,
He slyly crushed my heart, and made it old.

I struggled onward o'er a rugged way
Across the desert moor and sedgy fen,
And when I met him, at the close of day,
He touched my heart and made it young again.

CHANTEMERLE

BY EDITH BARNARD

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR BECHER



HE singing fêtes of Forcalquier were over. As the pink petals of the almond blossoms fell on the tender grass beneath the trees, so through the orchard lightly sounded ladies' laughter, sweet, inharmonious notes of lutes held carelessly, the rustling of silks, and plaintive airs hummed softly by those whose ears had been entranced by them.

"Again he won!" exclaimed the lady Aliénor.

"Aye, victor always," said the lord du Gart. "Victor in minstrelsy, conqueror of hearts!"

"Nay," cried Esclarmonde the fair, "he conquers not hearts, my lord! He conquers not hearts! What need to conquer what are his? Not so, Aelis?"

She laughed at Aelis, who blushed rosy red. The lord du Gart looked sulky.

"'Tis true," affirmed the lady Aliénor, "all hearts are his, and yet not his. He might wear my heart on his sleeve, or my sleeve on his heart, but—dame!—he forgets from day to day, I do believe, that I am living!"

She laughed, gathered a handful of the almond blossoms, and pelted the lord des Ambeaux with them.

"Aye," said Esclarmonde. "He comes each year unto this court of love, where he might reign as prince if he but cared to. He comes and sings his songs and wins the golden violet; sets all hearts aflutter, and—departs!"

Du Gart smote one hand with the other, crying:

"And the songs he sings! By heaven, I am old in minstrelsy, yet I never heard their like. I can make canzons, and you, too, des Ambeaux; but the melody of these! Ah!"

The gentle Aelis spoke:

"They hold the music of the world in spring, when song birds voice their love, and flowers lift their heads toward their sun." Esclarmonde kissed her cheek.

"He is a modest victor, too," said Aliénor. "He vows the song that won the golden violet to-day is not of his own making! His lady made it—so he says—and who his lady is he knows not!"

"A pretty tale," des Ambeaux cried, "a tale to move the princess unto pity, the easier to win the prize!"

"Nay, nay, des Ambeaux," said du Gart. "The prize was fairly won; therein lies our hurt, my friend."

"What! Think you a woman wrote the canzon? That canzon? A woman?"

"My lord!" said Aliénor. All laughed; des Ambeaux bent to one knee before her.

Leaving the orchard, they mounted to the higher terrace, loitering beside the balustrade. The lady Esclarmonde, leaning upon the coping, cried:

"Ah, see, my ladies and my lords! Here is the boy who brought the verses to my lord de Trie!"

A slender lad was sauntering along the path below them. Dressed in black, he wore his black hair to his shoulders, and held a cluster of the almond blossoms to his lips. He would have passed them without looking up had not the lady Esclarmonde called to him:

"What, boy, have you no word of greeting for us?"

The boy doffed his cap and bowed low, still without looking up.

"Hé!" des Ambeaux laughed. "He fears to see the sun, ma dame!"

The boy sent him a quick, sidelong glance, a smile made up of a light of blue eyes, a flash

of small white teeth through red lips, and a something that made des Ambeaux start. The lady Aliénor saw both smile and start.

"But 'tis a pretty boy!" she said. "Come up, my child, and tell us of the verses that you brought your lord to-day! Come up!"

The boy's cap swept the ground. "I dare not mount unto your level, lady!" The others laughed.

"But if I give permission?"

"I do not ask it, lady!"

Aliénor stood back, pouting. The lady Esclarmonde said:

"Come, tell us of your lady, boy! We care not for the verses; but your mistress—tell us of her!"

"I have no lady," said the boy, his head thrown back, his chin tip-tilted. "I but came to-day upon a friendly service, and I go back as I came. I have no master and no mistress, I!"

He strode along the path, they following above, dancing, laughing, until they reached the steps that went down to the orchard from the terrace. Here the merry company met the lad; the lords des Ambeaux and du Gart captured him, with great show of force, and held him prisoner before the ladies. The sprightly Esclarmonde stood on the steps, and asked, with mock severity:

"What is thy name?"

The lad replied, he laughing too, "Chantemerle."

"Chantemerle!" she cried. "Well named, indeed! Chantemerle! A singing blackbird! Blackbird thou art, save where the sky has left its kisses in thine eyes; but dost thou sing?"

"Not to your playing, lady!"

The others laughed at her, but Esclarmonde came down a step or two. "For a kiss, then?" she asked.

The lord du Gart frowned, and the gentlemen released the boy. He gave a shrug, an exaggerated gesture of repugnance, a mock horror.

"Nay, rather to escape it!" he cried.

"Ah! Young Adonis!" laughed du Gart.

Aelis came forward. "Tell us, I pray you, of the lady who sent you hither," she besought him.

"Ma dame, ask the lord Regnault de Trie," the boy replied. "He is here."

They all turned quickly toward the château. The lord de Trie, seigneur and chevalier, three times victor in the singing contests, foremost among all troubadours, was

there indeed, and with him the Princess Marguerite herself, and all her company.

"This is the lad, ma dame," de Trie said.

The Princess held her hand toward the boy; he mounted the steps, and kneeling before her kissed her hand.

"Thou art a pretty child," the Princess said. "What is thy name?"

"Chantemerle, ma dame," the boy replied.

"Chantemerle! It suits thee well, in truth! The lady sent thee with her verses to my lord de Trie?"

"Aye, ma dame," replied the boy. "She was riding in the forest, on a great black horse. She thought that I should be a faithful messenger, and I have been."

"Last year she sent the verses by a deaf old man," de Trie said, "and the year before that by an arrow, which I found within my courtyard. Now this year comes this black-haired boy, yet even he can tell me nothing of my lady!"

"Aye," said the boy, "I can. She rode upon a great black horse!"

Those around laughed; the boy looked demurely down. The Princess, smiling, asked:

"And you, my lord Regnault, will seek this unknown lady?"

"Ah, ma dame, I must! The verses that she sent me have made all the poetry of my life for these two years, and the music of her canzons throbs in my ears with every heartbeat. Her name, Ytace, is all I know of her, and yet I know that she is fair and pure and noble, and my lady! Her name, Ytace, is to me as the password that your soldiers use; I know that if I can but speak it to her, it will open wide for me the door of paradise. Ma dame, I must seek her!"

The lady Aelis turned pale, and shrank back at the lady Esclarmonde. The Princess asked:

"How will you know her, Regnault?"

"I shall ride throughout the kingdom, ma dame, singing her songs, and calling her by name. All men shall hear of her, and when I meet her I shall know her."

"By the great black horse," the boy Chantemerle said.

The men around laughed loudly, and de Trie turned toward the lad, flushing angrily; but the boy seemed to have spoken with no intent of malice.

"Take the child with you, Regnault," said Princess Marguerite. "He has seen your lady, and perhaps can lead you to her!"

De Trie looked with new interest at the startled boy. "Thank you, ma dame; a happy thought! I will take him with me! Will you come, Blackbird?"

Chantemerle stood flushing, paling, looking from one face to another—at the Princess, at de Trie, and back again; then, lastly, at the lady Aelis.

"I will go with you!" he said.

Aelis called the boy to her, kissed him, and threw a riband of blue around his neck, saying, "Thou art a sweet boy!" Chantemerle took the favor with no good grace.

That was the manner of their going together on the quest for Regnault's love, Ytace. When, on the evening of the first day, they stopped for rest, and Regnault, leaning against a tree trunk, playing his lute, sang softly the melody of the prize song, the boy Chantemerle stood before him. Regnault, still playing, looked at him, and Chantemerle drew the blue band from around his neck, tossed it to Regnault, and said:

"This was meant for you! 'Tis your love token, lord Regnault, not mine!" and then stood frowning, chin in air as was his wont, half turned away.

Regnault, thinking of his lady, caught the riband, crying, "Whence came this, boy? From Ytace?"

"From her they called Aelis," the lad replied, in scorn. "I hate your blue-eyed, fair-haired women!"

Regnault stared, then laughed.

"What may be the color you prefer, fine sir?" he asked mockingly.

"All women are alike to me, and all their eyes. I will have naught of them."

"What! Have you never loved one? Or is it that your love was cruel?"

"I have not yet loved one, and by Saint Etienne I swear I never shall! I swear it!"

"Hé!" mocked Regnault, "but you are young, boy, younger than I thought!"

"'Tis not my youth speaks, but my wisdom!"

"Then, of your wisdom, sir, tell me, I pray you, the color of my lady's eyes."

"I have said that I can tell you nothing of your lady, save that she rode a great white horse."

Regnault sprang at the lad and took him roughly by the shoulder.

"What, boy!" he exclaimed. "What is this? Before, you said the horse was black!"

"Oh! Aye, 'twas black! I had forgot,"

said Chantemerle, and walked off through the forest.

Whenever, on their journeying, they came to a castle, Regnault sent within and asked whether the lady Ytace dwelt there. The first day he bade Chantemerle be his herald, but the boy replied, his face red with anger:

"Nay, I will not do your wooing for you, lord de Trie!"

Regnault, angry too, asked why, then, he had come. Chantemerle recalled the words of Princess Marguerite, and said that he was neither page nor jongleur, but had come for comradeship, and so that, when they met the lady Ytace, Regnault might be made aware of it. When Chantemerle spoke the name Ytace, Regnault's anger melted, and thereafter he sent other messenger.

The bruit of their quest preceded them; they were made welcome in each castle and each hovel where they stopped. One would have thought the birds carried the news of how the greatest of all troubadours so loved an unknown lady and was seeking her. Every knight who had a love of minstrelsy—and who had not?—urged Regnault, prince of song, winner of three golden violets, to grace his castle; every lady, whether or not her name was sung already by some other troubadour, made herself beautiful and gay at Regnault's coming. The gentlemen would talk with him of verses and music, or of makers of lutes; the ladies, more wise, would speak of Ytace, and the more they spoke of her the longer Regnault stayed to listen. Sometimes days passed in such pleasant companies, and then the boy Chantemerle, reserved and shy at first, would look into the ladies' eyes, and sigh, and gaze at them with dreamy questionings, until their hearts were more moved by the young lad's beauty than by the sight of Regnault's passion for another. When this came to pass, and Regnault began to feel himself eclipsed, Chantemerle would laugh and jeer at him, twit him for a laggard o' love, and so they would take up their journeying.

From Forcalquier to Les Baux, from Beaucire to Carcassonne, up to Le Puy and St. Rambert, to Rémuzat, to Die, they traveled; down to the sunny valley of the Rhône, up to the mountains, and back again unto the viny hillsides. They left the spring in Provence; they met the first flush of early summer in the valley; later they were up among the mountains; and autumn found them, like the other song birds, going southward.

So they journeyed through all Languedoc and back to Provence, counting not the days, but letting the passing of the seasons mark for them the flight of time. In the spring Regnault had gone forth filled with love's ecstasy, certain of finding his beloved, eager, alert, the song in his heart ever on his lips. When they reached the valley, and the blossoms had begun to form themselves into young fruit, Regnault became more pensive, less sure of his success. It was in this season that he came to watch the boy Chantemerle, to talk with him, and even at last to rely on him for cheering. He found a growing interest in the boy. As day by day he saw him more, so day by day he knew him less. He was a gay companion, fond of laughter, yet prone to sudden flashes of anger which Regnault never understood. These came not while they journeyed along the roads, but only on their days of loitering in the castles. Then he was gloomy, reserved, saucy, angry, all by turns. In the open he was like his little feathered namesakes — a creature of swift flights, soft chATTERINGS, of curious pryings into thickets—and he seemed to know the meaning of all nature's signs. The timid, wild things of the forest loved him. Regnault would often watch him with his mates, the birds; these would come to him at his call, would play around him, and echo his soft, whistled notes. Squirrels would descend from sheltering oaks to nestle in his hands.

They awoke one morning from their roadside sleep to find a little homeless dog curled close to Chantemerle, and thereafter for many days the little dog went with them. True to its sense of the need of foraging, it one day caught a half-grown hare, and laid it bleeding, still palpitating, at Chantemerle's feet, with all the pride accompanying a noble deed well done. The boy took the wounded creature to his breast, and in a passion kicked the dog, stormed at it, called it murderer, sobbed, and tended the hare until it died. Then, with quick remorse, he opened his arms to the little sorry dog, wept over it, kissed and fondled it.

With all this Regnault had small sympathy, but he marveled at it. So full was his own heart of his lady that the life around him would have passed him by, he heeding not, save for the boy. Chantemerle well knew his need, and often, in their hours of resting, spoke of it. One day when Regnault lay upon the grass, his arms beneath his head,

and Chantemerle sat, with chin on knees, beside him, the boy asked:

"My lord Regnault, why do we not return?"

At something in the boy's voice Regnault moved his head to look at him.

"And why return, boy?" he asked. "We have not found my lady!"

"I know that," said the boy, speaking slowly, thoughtfully. "But I—but—I have heard, my lord, that a great love stays at home, flies not afield."

"First it must find its home."

"Aye; but it may be that your love's home is near your own. An arrow brought your verses once, my lord. An arrow does not fly far."

"You babbling boy! Do you imagine that I came this journey without first searching in all the country near La Trie?" Chantemerle looked crestfallen, but Regnault was roused, and went on: "Whom do you think could write such verses and such music? My mother, perhaps, who loves me as a flower loves the frost? Or Eustasie? Or one of the kitchen maids? Or even the steward's daughter of the crooked eyes—Saint Anthony keep off the evil! Which, think you, wrote the song that moved Princess Marguerite to tears?"

"Who is Eustasie?" asked Chantemerle.

Regnault stared. "A child," he said, "under my mother's care—Christ pity her! The daughter of my mother's cousin. A little black thing, whom I try not to see. For five years now I have succeeded—God be thanked!"

Chantemerle was nibbling at a blade of grass. "Was the arrow found beneath her window?"

Regnault laughed. "You boy! You fool! Could a child be a master minstrel?"

"No," admitted Chantemerle. "But I am weary of this journeying, all the same!"

Another day the boy left Regnault resting beside a spring, and blithely ran off into the woods for berries. Later Regnault, grown anxious at his lingering, and perhaps lonely without him, went to seek him, and found him fallen in a huddled heap, his forehead bleeding. He carried him back to the spring, tenderly laid him on the moss, bathed his forehead and his hands, and ministered to his needs as best he could, though clumsily. When at last his eyes opened again to the world of consciousness and beheld Regnault's anxious face bending above him, the boy

smiled. Regnault, rejoiced, stooped and would have kissed his face, but Chantemerle rolled away, struggled to his feet, and cried out:

"Nay, nay, Regnault!"

He tried to walk away, caught at a tree, and fell. Regnault sat beside him through the night, tended him, and thereafter had a new affection for him, such as a man has for a helpless child or woman whom he has befriended.

For some days they journeyed slowly, till the lad grew stronger. They were days filled with perplexity for Regnault, for hour by hour the boy grew more whimsical. He snubbed Regnault for all his care and courtesy, declaring himself as strong as any; yet Regnault found him one day sobbing, and to his questioning the lad replied that an old hurt was aching. Another day he found Chantemerle stretched on a great flat rock beside a brook, leaning over its edge and crooning to his image in the water.

"Hé, Blackbird," Regnault said, kneeling beside the boy, "are you singing to your mate there? Truly, the face is beautiful enough to be a woman's."

Chantemerle drew back quickly, and mocked at him.

"A woman's! With what blindness are you stricken, lord de Trie! Next you will serenade the faces in the clouds, make verses to the lady in the moon, and raise an altar to the next cow you meet, because her eyes are soft and tender, like a woman's!"

Regnault laughed, and vowed that for his sauciness he would throw him into the brook to find his image; but Chantemerle ran the faster, and escaped.

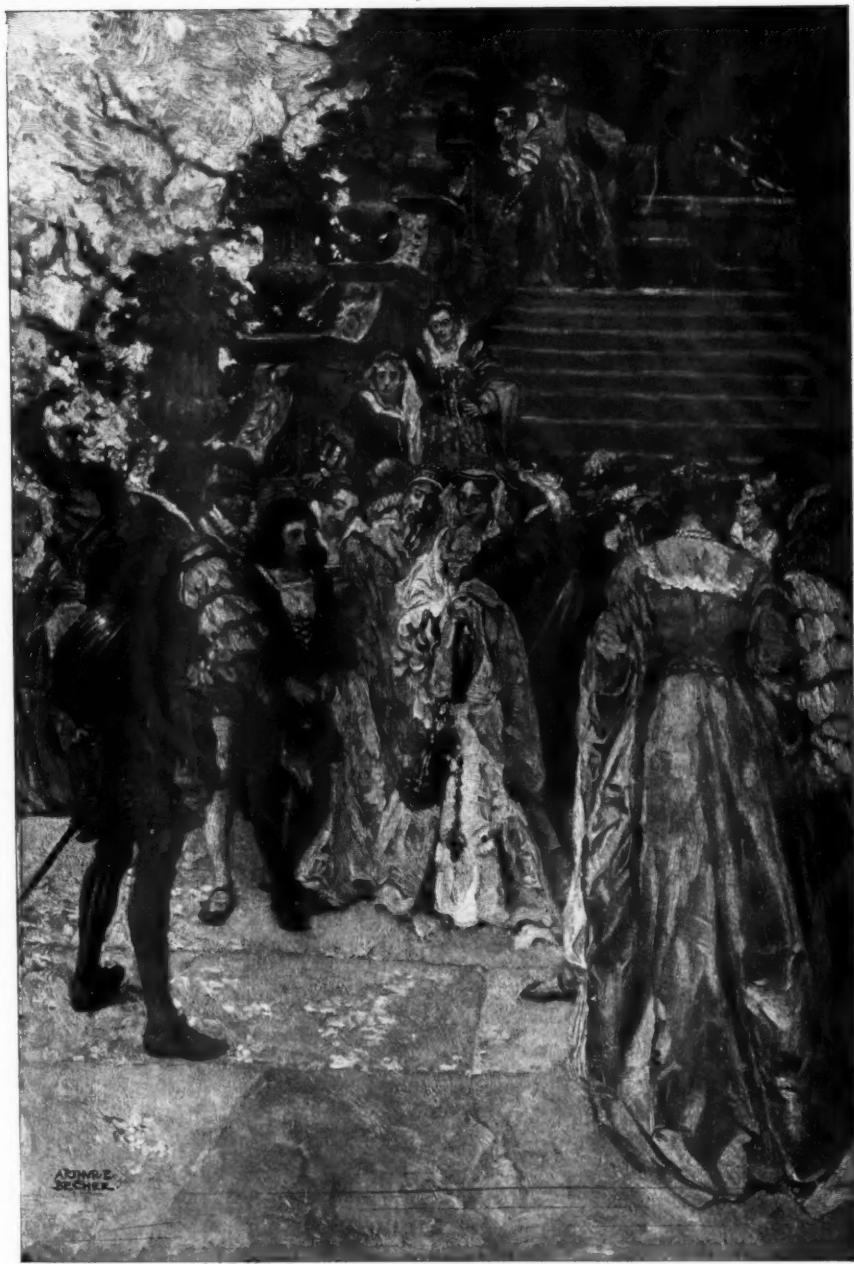
So through the heat of late summer, when Regnault's passion, unsatisfied, smoldered like a sullen fire, the boy came to fill his thoughts more and more. One night he dreamed that the lovely face he had seen mirrored in the brook was indeed a woman's; that the woman was his love, Ytace; he awoke half sobbing, and turned upon his arm to watch the sleeping boy. Chantemerle lay with parted lips, and eyes a little open, too; he seemed at once aware of Regnault's gaze, awoke, and lay for a moment staring at the other. Then his face changed into a laughing elf's, and he began to twit Regnault, declaring that he had moon madness, that love had mounted to his brain, finding his heart a tiresome dwelling place. Regnault,

angry, turned away and slept; but the lad lay counting the stars until they melted in the dawn.

For many days thereafter Regnault's heart was heavy, but Chantemerle's mood was wild. He rode ahead, then lagged behind Regnault, only to pass him waving and shouting. He would call out taunting words, sing love ditties in a mocking voice, dance in the moonlight like a thing bewitched; he would jeer at Regnault, ask him how he wooed; then, at a distance safe from Regnault's palm that itched to smite him, he would take upon himself the woman's part, make his soft boy's voice low with tenderness, or thrilling and deep with passion, and call to Regnault all the new-old words of love—until Regnault, white and maddened at the empty mockery of it, could endure no more. After such naughtiness Chantemerle's repentance would be quick and tender, and gone within the hour. Sometimes he would tend Regnault, serving him with their simple viands as a prince is served. Often he knelt before the other, tendering his draught of water from the spring near by as ceremoniously as if it were a goblet of spiced wine. When Regnault, weary and sick at heart, would lie for hours with his face turned to the ground, Chantemerle would sit beside him singing, as young David unto Saul, or with caressing hand smooth Regnault's head; and one day, when it burned with fever, he took it upon his lap, and eased it with his cool, soft palms, until his comrade slept.

It was soon after this, when all the flowers were withered, and the leaves of trees had gone to make a soft rustling carpet for their horses' feet, that they came to the place where dwelt the queen of minstrels. The Countess Die knew of their coming, as others had known, and received them with a welcome meet for any prince, or even for the winner of three golden violets. Chantemerle at once detested her, and vowed to Regnault that not even her gray hairs could command his liking. Regnault, however, was glad of her hospitality, and coming at last to a place of accustomed ease, after his vain search for Ytace, his long, weary, disappointing miles of travel, he fell ill.

The Countess and her people gave him most tender care, but Chantemerle, jealous of all others, sat beside him night and day, or for long hours knelt beside his bed, praying, or else watching Regnault's face. Day by day



Drawn by Arthyr Becher.

"I will go with you," he said."

the fire of fever burned his strength away, until one night it seemed that the last flickering spark of life was flaring up only to go out forever. Chantemerle and the Countess Die watched its wavering life across the bed whereon he lay. Regnault, seeing the boy's white face bending over him, called him Ytace, babble of love, of a search rewarded, and with thin, feeble arms drew the lad's head down to his own. Chantemerle held his soft cheek against the sick man's rough one, kissed him on eyes and lips and forehead, pillow'd his head upon his arm, and whispered in his ear, soothing him as a mother soothes a sick child, until at last Regnault, with quiet breathing, slept.

Chantemerle kept his place beside him lest, moving his arm, the life sleep might be broken; but in the early morning the Countess Die, watching them both, saw the lad's lips blanch and his form relax. Then, while the lady lifted Regnault's head, attendants drew away the helpless boy, and carried him into the Countess's own room. When, later, she came to him there, she did a strange thing. She spoke no word, but took the lad's face between both her hands, looked deep and straight into his eyes, and smiled a low, sweet, understanding smile. Chantemerle's white face crimsoned, and, as the Countess looked, his eyes brimmed up with tears. He threw himself upon her bosom, sobbing there unrebuked. Thereafter they were friends.

After that night Regnault gained steadily in strength, and soon began to wonder why Chantemerle came so seldom. He would ask the people about him, fretfully, for the boy. They would answer, "He is riding with the Countess," "He is singing to my lady," "My lady and the boy sit before the fire."

One day when he had sent for Chantemerle, who had been long in coming and was going soon, Regnault held his hand, and tried to draw the boy to him.

"Tell me, boy," he said, "has it come at last?"

Chantemerle drew back and tried to laugh.

"Winter has come, my lord, and you must be well soon!"

"Nay," said Regnault, "do not jest. Tell me the truth. Do you know your heart at last, boy?"

"Aye," said Chantemerle.

"You love the Countess Die?"

"Aye," said Chantemerle, smiling.

"Better than me?" asked Regnault, with a sick man's childishness. The boy hesitated.

Regnault said, "Her you have known but lately; with me you have weathered storms, and watched the seasons grow and die, and slept beneath the stars. Would you leave me for her? How can you love her better?"

"Love for woman, lord Regnault, my friend, and love for man, are made of different substances."

"True," said Regnault. "Then, indeed, you have found your love?"

"Aye," said Chantemerle, smiling again.

Regnault, feeling himself forsaken and forlorn, turned on his side, and Chantemerle heard him moan:

"Ytace! Ytace!"

At length the day came when Regnault was strong enough to mount his horse once more, and, with Chantemerle, he bade the Countess Die adieu, and rode off toward La Trie. Still weak in body, sick at heart, discouraged, lonely, Regnault would not loiter on the way, but made straight for his own domain. Chantemerle rode with him, wearing a new dignity, not singing nor playing as before, yet foreseeing Regnault's needs, and supplying them with gentle courtesy.

When they reached Château La Trie, its seigneur said: "The end!" Chantemerle's face was white and grave.

His people, staring, met them in the courtyard, but Regnault would have no rejoicing. He went at once to the great hall above, where supper and a fire waited. His mother was at court, for which mercy Regnault said a secret prayer of thanks. Sending away the serving people, he bade his steward wait on Chantemerle and himself. The steward, filling a goblet for his master, looked for the first time at the boy opposite. He started, and the wine streamed across the table. Chantemerle held up his hand, and when Regnault turned on his steward angrily, the old man excused himself:

"My lord, I thought, in truth, I saw the spirit of one departed!"

Regnault shrugged his shoulders, the old man poured the rest of the wine steadily, and Chantemerle smiled.

After supper Regnault folded his arms upon the board and buried his face in them; then Chantemerle left his place, came to Regnault's side, and put his hand upon the other's shoulder.

"Regnault, my lord Regnault," he said.

But Regnault rose abruptly, shook off the boy's hand, strode to the chimney place, and stared into the fire. Chantemerle perched on



Drawn by Arthur Becher.

"He would jeer at Regnault, ask him how he wooed."

the arm of the chair, and presently Regnault spoke, with bitterness:

"Thus ends my quest!"

Chantemerle made no answer, but sat swinging one foot, playing with the lacing of his sleeve. Regnault turned to him.

"You do not listen to me, boy!" he exclaimed petulantly.

"Oh! Is it ended?" asked Chantemerle, still busy with the cord.

"Is it not ended?" echoed Regnault. "Have I not journeyed far and wide, gone up and down the land, all but given my life to find her? And have I found her?"

Chantemerle made no answer.

"Aye," cried Regnault, "I have sought indeed, and I have suffered! Had I not the right to think she loved me? She sent me songs, marvelous songs; her songs made me monarch of singers. Would a woman do that, only to hide herself forever? Had I not the right to believe she would crown the king she made? Should not the maker of those songs be noble, pure, gentle, and tender? Yet does she hide herself from me—Ytace!—lets me return alone, without her, the laughing butt of all!"

"Nay, not alone, my lord de Trie," said Chantemerle quietly.

"Why not alone?" asked Regnault. "You are here now, 'tis true, but for how long? You have your love!"

"True," said Chantemerle, "I have my love!"

"You see!" said Regnault. "Even you will leave me, laugh at me, perhaps!"

Chantemerle did not lift his head, but his eyes met Regnault's. Something in their blue depths drew the man toward them; he stood before the boy.

"Ah, Blackbird, little singing Blackbird, you were to lead me to her!" he reproached him tenderly. But the lad's eyes would not now meet his; instead, Chantemerle sprang lightly from his perch on the chair's arm, and went to the deep, curtained window.

"Come, see, my lord Regnault," he called; "here is a little baby moon, a wishing moon!"

Regnault came and looked, but would not be won from his black humor.

"I have no wish but one, boy, and that no moon can give me, nor can you!"

The boy not answering, Regnault turned toward him. "Can you?" he persisted idly.

Chantemerle was standing close beside him, his face upturned, looking out at the winter's stars. His black hair hung dark against the paleness of his cheek.

Regnault was moved with something that he thought affection toward a gentle, fragile comrade; carelessly, with a man's rough caress to another man, he threw an arm across the boy's shoulder, and with his other hand turned the pale face up toward his own.

"You are a precious boy," he said, "and beautiful enough to be a woman."

Then Chantemerle's face went whiter still, a blue white, even to the lips. He sprang away from Regnault, back into the window's farthest recess. For a long breathless space the two looked steadfastly at one another; then Regnault, beginning to breathe heavily, withdrew his gaze from Chantemerle's face, and let his eyes travel downward over the boyish form. Chantemerle, with a little frightened gasp, reached for the curtain of the window, swung its heavy folds around him, and, his boyish garments hidden, stood there revealed—a woman.

Regnault, still mute, looked slowly up again to Chantemerle's face. It was no longer white, indeed, but flushing, blooming, glowing, dimpling; the blue eyes that met his were proud and gentle, laughing and tender, brightened with tears, and greatly frightened withal.

Regnault fell upon his knees before her, but still looked into her face.

"Ytace!" he whispered.

The woman's answer that she gave left no doubt of her identity. "I told you that love dwelt at home, my lord!"

Still Regnault knelt, and found no word to say but "Ytace! Ytace!"

She whom he named looked down at him, and raised her brows, then turned her rosy face aside.

"Well?" she said timidly, half questioning.

Then Regnault, with a laugh of joy, sprang up and took her quickly, closely to his heart.



MR. BORGLUM IN HIS STUDIO

THE SCULPTURE OF GUTZON BORGLUM

BY RUPERT HUGHES



Y G M A L I O N assailing his beloved Galatea with an ax; it is a strange conceit; but it has come to pass, and that recently. Nearly everybody remembers the circumstances.

A certain churchman, inspecting the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, in New York, was shocked to observe that some of the sculptured angels were of that feminine persuasion which we should all have liked to meet in heaven had the Scriptures not been so ominously silent in the matter; possibly because heaven is promised us as a place of eternal peace, while the mere presence of women would undoubtedly—but it would be ungallant to go on.

In any case, the American nation resolved itself into a debating society on the highly

important question: Are there, or are there not, lady angels in heaven? After a deal of argument the question was passed along, unsolved, to posterity, together with the equally vexing mediæval problem in physics: How many angels can dance on a needle?

There was one man, however, who took the question seriously and answered it with a directness that stunned. This was Gutzon Borglum, the sculptor of the angels that started the whole question. He took a long look at the graceful shapes; they meant much labor to him; they immarbled many of his dreams. But, like another Japheth or a Brutus, he devoted his children to destruction. He did not pause to defend his statues by referring to the countless woman angels of ecclesiastical art; he showed an almost superhuman superiority to the temptation to theological argument. He simply took a sledge hammer and knocked them to pieces.

The sufferings he must have undergone as he saw them crumble into thudding fragments, can be partly imagined by anybody,



THE MARES OF DIOMEDES

but can be fully understood only by those who have actually watched some face and figure blooming through the clay, or those who, like Michael Angelo, have fairly be-

labored some block of marble in frantic haste to deliver the imprisoned genius.

It is given to few artists to go through so strenuous a moment as this. It appealed to America's highly developed newspaper sense; and the story made Mr. Borglum and his angels a nine days' wonder.

Public attention, however, was centered too much on this incident, and too little on the rest of his work. As a matter of fact his fame is secure without these angels; he had done big work before he attempted them, and he has done big work since he destroyed them. The act, however, was characteristic of him, his vigor, his resolution and his fearlessness.

When I told him that I was going to write him up, he said: "I ask only one favor: for God's sake don't cover me with the twaddle and gush that are usually written about artists. I want to be placed where I belong."

But, much as I should like to oblige Mr. Borglum, I cannot honestly hang him up like a Marsyas and flay him. Yet, as a sop to his hunger for punishment, I will say that I am glad he gave up painting for sculpture, and that, so far as I can judge from their photographs, his shattered angels could have been much better spared than many of his less proclaimed creations. And yet, even as I write this and look again at the photographs



DETAIL OF THE "DIOMEDES" GROUP



THE MARES OF DIOMEDES

of the serene and lily-like figures, I regret the harshness of the implication; and as I recall some of his brush work, I am glad that he has not altogether given up painting.

It was as a painter that he began. He was born out West, in the sixties. His father was from Denmark, and gave him that curious name of his, hard to grasp and hard to forget, and as vigorous as one of his own sculptures. This father made his living by the allied arts of wood carving and surgery.

The boy was tempted to paint from the first, and scratched designs on his slate in the Jesuit school where he first studied books. Art, he began to study later in the San Francisco Art Association. Virgil Williams was his earliest teacher; William Keith, the painter of California landscapes, his chief influence. He was so well schooled, that when he went to Paris, he found immediate recognition. After six months' residence, he had a painting accepted by the old Salon and a statuette by the new. And he was at once elected to the Société Nationale des Beaux-Arts. The successful painting represented a mare protecting her colt; the statuette represented a dejected horse standing near its dead Indian master. This interest in the horse was a foreshadowing of his highest achievement in sculpture.

He exhibited once more, both as painter and sculptor, then went to Spain, where he gave two years to a large historical canvas, "The Conquest of Mexico," which he had



THE CENTAURS



THE DESTROYED ANGELS AND THEIR SUBSTITUTES

planned at the age of sixteen, and has never yet finished. In 1893 he returned to California and set up a studio with his younger brother, Solon Borglum, who has also done notable sculpture.

In 1895 he went to England with the fruits of his toil in the Sierra Madre Mountains, and exhibited his works at the Hanover Galleries. He received praise from the critics, orders from the nobility, and from the queen, a command to send three of his paintings to Osborn for inspection.

During the Boer War he did some illustrations, and was inspired to one of his most thoughtful statuettes, "The Boer," a sad little group which is full of pathos without mawkishness; it is composed with perfect rhythm, without a sacrifice of homely realism.

In 1898 he received

a commission to make a series of mural decorations for the Queen's Hotel at Leeds. He chose the great god Pan and his adventures for his theme, turning for a time from his favorite subject, which had been the old school stage driver lashing his teams through wild mountain roads or across the broad prairies of his native West. These pictures had pleased Californians especially, for they have a Grecian way of making demigods of their pioneers.

When Mr. Borglum received a commission to execute several mural decorations for the Midland Railway Concert Hall at Manchester, he came to America in 1902 and finished them in New York where he has since lived in an unusually spacious and inspiring studio.

His paintings include a dozen panels illustrating "A Midsummer Night's



THE DEATH OF NERO

Dream," a series of Shakespearean characters, and a touching picture called "Abandoned," representing a dreary level prairie under a sad sky; in the foreground is a smoldering camp fire, and near it stands in pitiful dejection a wornout cow pony abandoned to its fate. I cannot speak of its color, having seen only a black-and-white reproduction.

Sculpture has tended more and more to exclude, or postpone, painting in Mr. Borglum's

which strange conglomerate man-beasts gape like nightmares petrified; others are caricatures of contemporary types; one is an ape who is incidentally a camera fiend, or a camera fiend who is incidentally an ape; another wears a monocle; a third is proto-Irish.

In entire contrast is an ideal group with an elusive meaning and a confusing title. Mr. Borglum had an anonymous inspiration which he embodied in a group exhibited at the Pennsylvania Academy in 1905. Some



JOHN RUSKIN

attention. His sculptures have ranged from gargoyles to the most abstruse symbolism.

Gargoyles are the burlesque outbursts of sculpture. As the ancient writers of Greek tragedy wrote afterpieces in which fauns and satyrs and nymphs caroused in unrestrained antics, and whacked each other with whatever came handiest—so the solemnest architect or sculptor likes to break out into gargoyles now and then. Those of Mr. Borglum's have attracted much attention by their up-to-dateness; and the overworked student, hastening along the campus at Princeton to the class room or the earnest rites of the football field, cannot but relax into a beneficial smile when he looks up at some of these shapes leaning out and leering at him. Certain of them are hilarious grotesques in

friend suggested as a title: "I have piped to you and ye have not danced." It has been very prettily explained that the standing woman is "gazing in mute rebuke at the man who has lain at her feet oblivious until now when her song is done. While it lasted he was heedless; now that it has passed he is arousing half-stupefied and perplexed. It epitomizes a great human experience and sets it forth with much dramatic feeling."

This is very fine explaining, only it is *ex post facto* and it is no more Mr. Borglum's title than "Moonlight Sonata" was Beethoven's. Still it sticks by a certain compatibility and for lack of a better.

The composition of the group inevitably suggests George Grey Barnard's "I feel two natures struggling within me." Yet it differs



JAMES SMITHSON

in many vital points. It is a work that never quite satisfies you and never quite lets you go. From certain viewpoints it composes like a soaring melody; from others it is disconnected. It contains details of modeling and expression that are of the highest power, and yet—perhaps the best phrase for it is one that somebody applied to Tennyson's "The Princess": it is a "sublime failure."

The opposite of this phrase might be coined for another work of his; his "Nero" might be called an "ignoble triumph." The figure is tiny, yet it bulks large in effect. It shows the bloated monster confronting in terror that death to which he had so gayly

dispatched others. The pose is full of grotesque horror. It is a fine embodiment of obesity and tragedy.

Wide versatility is implied in the hand that could succeed with both Nero and Ruskin. Both reveal the same bigness in the small; but one is in majestic repose, the other trembles with cowardice. The flow of lines of the Ruskin and the breadth of simple surface are beyond praise. It is as graceful as such nobility could be. Mr. Borglum has also made a highly impressive drawing of Ruskin.

The statue of Smithson, the founder of the Smithsonian Institution, is another complete success in characterization and technic. The same qualities give value to various other portraits in marble or bronze. His latest work, just completed, is a statue of the gold finder Mackay, whose descendants have



THE BOER

wisely chosen to have their *novus homo* presented at the exalted moment when he unearths the first nugget that was to found the fortunes of his dynasty. He stands erect in all the ecstasy of the gold finder; in one hand is his pickax, the other clutches the treasure trove.

But Mr. Borglum's highest reach has surely been in his treatment of horses. I have noted his early fondness for them and the successes they brought him in painting as well as in statuary. Living as he has among cowboys and Indians, he has learned to know the horse psychologically as well as physically. A lively work is a statuette called "Pursued," showing two Apaches in wild flight. Another is a splendidly imagined group showing the primeval struggle of an amorous centaur with his wild love.

Best of all by far, however, is his master work, "The Mares of Diomedes." Years ago he wished to present a horse in full flight. The stolidity of marble, however, could not give him the effect of many-twinkling feet. It occurred to him that, by clustering several horses together he could get that effect through variety of pose. He decided to show a cowboy stampeding a bunch of bronchos.

Western experience had taught him that the cowboy governs a herd of wild horses by riding in the lead and guiding them where he wants them to go, then steering them round

and round in a great circle till they are tamed by exhaustion.

After working for some time, the costume of the cowboy annoyed him, so he discarded him for an Indian, whose half-nakedness permitted a study of muscles and lines. Still unsatisfied, he threw modernity aside and went to Greece for inspiration. He found the story of "The Mares of Diomedes" and it fitted his purposes to perfection.

You may not object to being reminded that these fabulous steeds belonged to a king who fed them on human flesh. Hercules was given, as his eighth labor, the task of carrying them off. This he did with much adventure by the classic device of stampeding them. He was pursued, but escaped, and later fed Diomedes to his own mares, then released them and allowed the wolves to feed on them.

The group shows Hercules riding the foremost horse, and guiding the herd on the arc of a circle. He lies far over on the side of his steed to escape both the arrows of the pursuers and the teeth of the rav-

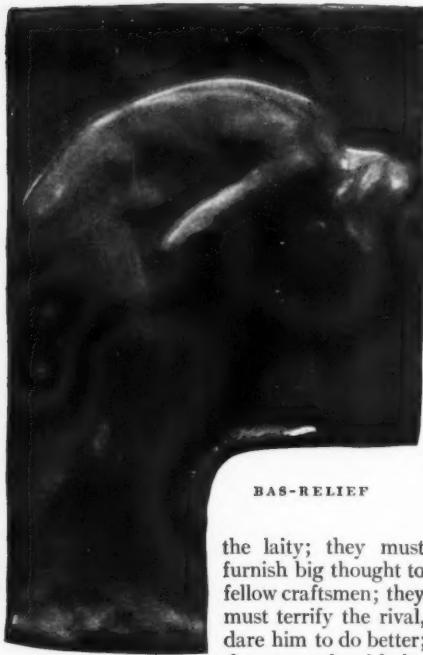
ening horses that follow pell-mell.

"The Mares of Diomedes" belongs already among the classics, for the true classics always seize and convince the layman as well as the connoisseur. They overpower the casual observer with some big conception, some story or idea that is too apt to be dismissed as merely "literary" by the technician.

But truly great works must not stop with



"I HAVE PIPED AND YE HAVE NOT DANCED"



BAS-RELIEF

the laity; they must furnish big thought to fellow craftsmen; they must terrify the rival, dare him to do better; they must furnish instances of inspired mechanics, of personal touch, idiosyncrasy—the dialect of art.

They must show the initiated some higher phase, some new thing, or some old thing, newly done. They must show cunning fingers, and a gift of derring-do; they must show technic concealed with subtlety or revealed with pride.

The engineering—for the construction of a heroic group of the size of "The Mares of Diomedes" is a sort of engineering—is here a superb feat superbly achieved. Given a theme of stamped horses, the average artist would have made us a procession; a series of detached or semidetached animals. The Frieze of the Parthenon was frankly a procession and a glorious one; but, in the first place, it was a frieze; and, in the second, it represented a procession. It is the only thing I know of in art to compare Borglum's horses with. And that was in relief and this in the round; that was tiny and this huge.

The triumph of Mr. Borglum's group is in the composition, the unity. The choice of that hillock over which the bloodthirsty mares come thundering, was not merely for dramatic purposes. It was to knit the whole

group together. Big and varied as it is, you can mentally grip the whole herd in your fist. The management of detail is also so studied as to concentrate the focus, and give you the whole effect in one *coup d'ail*.

The hillock has another effect, heightened by the posing of the horses. It gives climax; the majesty of progressive line.

The stampede swoops upward like the eternal billow at the whirlpool in Niagara, forever rushing, forever at rest. One mad purpose unites all into a unity of motion. The effect of the arrangement is cumulative. They pile up and subside like a tidal wave.

The movements of the horses are scientifically correct. The Greeks knew how horses managed their legs. Later artists forgot how, and for centuries we had horses using their legs like two wings, not like four members. The instantaneous camera brought us back to reason. Mr. Borglum has shown himself fully informed, fully equipped, and he has made no stint of labor. The task of



JOHN W. MACKAY



TABLET FOR THE SUBWAY

executing such a group might have appalled Hercules himself. In the large and in the small, it presented riddle on riddle. Each problem has been met and turned into a victory. I know nothing like this group or greater of its sort, in all sculpture.

The only thing I know against it, the one thing that troubles my confidence in its immortal renown is the immediateness of its recognition. Still, this must happen once in an era, to form the exception that proves the rule.

It was no sooner finished than its fame began to be rumored abroad. The Academy of Design paid it the unusual compliment of sending a committee to see it instead of waiting for the mountain to be brought to Ma-

homet. It was then purchased for the Metropolitan Museum and given a place of honor there. The French Government, alert to enrich its treasures, also sent to purchase a replica of the horse carrying Hercules, to be added to the permanent collection at the Luxembourg.

Thus, for probably the first time, an American artist has executed a great and elaborate sculpture in New York City, seen it cast in bronze, and purchased at once for the Pantheon of American art without delay or foreign travel. Mr. Borglum's group initiated this history. It has never been out of the city limits of New York. This is an indication that at last we are becoming artistically self-sustaining.



SOME OF THE GARGOYLES FOR PRINCETON UNIVERSITY

Thoughts of a Child

By Josephine Welles Richardson
Illustrations by Ruth Mary Hallock

Perspective

THE big, straight road, that leads to town,
Has walks on either side,
And when I go a long way down
The street is just as wide;
But if I stand and look, instead,
The sidewalks seem to meet,
And somehow, I can't understand
What happens to the street.



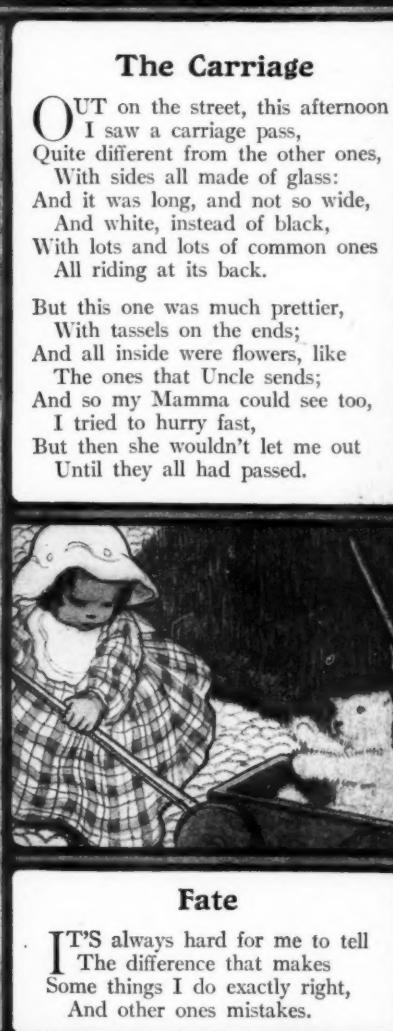
Going to Town

WHEN I am good, and Mamma really has to go to town,
She lets me wear my best new shoes, and Sunday hat and gown,
And takes me with her on the train that goes along so fast
I scarcely have a chance to see the trees as they fly past.

If I will promise to sit still, and not look out too far,
Why, Mamma lets me have the window open in the car,
And then the wind comes blowing in, and ruffles up my hair
Until I feel I'd almost rather not be sitting there.

And when we get way into town, I love to hear the noise
And hurry fast, across the streets, and watch the men and boys
That drive the teams and sell the fruit, and run around and shout.
I wonder where their homes all are, and what they think about.

But when we've walked about all day, and gone from store to store,
Somehow I have a feeling that I didn't have before
About the town, and I am glad that home is out so far
And I can play out in the grass, where other children are.



The Carriage

OUT on the street, this afternoon
I saw a carriage pass,
Quite different from the other ones,
With sides all made of glass:
And it was long, and not so wide,
And white, instead of black,
With lots and lots of common ones
All riding at its back.

But this one was much prettier,
With tassels on the ends;
And all inside were flowers, like
The ones that Uncle sends;
And so my Mamma could see too,
I tried to hurry fast,
But then she wouldn't let me out
Until they all had passed.

Fate

IT'S always hard for me to tell
The difference that makes
Some things I do exactly right,
And other ones mistakes.

Mamma Dear

WHEN Mamma lays me in my bed,
And covers me up tight,
And waits until my prayers are said,
And then puts out the light,
I think how very glad I am, how glad I ought to be,
That I belong to Mamma dear, and she belongs to me.





Drawn by S. de Ivanovski.

"With somber faces, their muscles stiff from insufficient sleep."

MOTHER*

A NOVEL

BY MAXIM GORKY

CHAPTER I

IN THE ASHES



EVERY day the factory whistle bellowed forth its shrill, roaring, trembling noises into the smoke-begrimmed and greasy atmosphere of the workingmen's suburb; and obedient to the summons of the power of steam, people poured out of little gray houses into the street. With somber faces they hastened forward like frightened roaches, their muscles stiff from insufficient sleep. In the chill morning twilight they walked through the narrow, unpaved street to the tall stone cage that waited for them with cold assurance, illuminating their muddy road with scores of greasy, yellow, square eyes. The mud plashed under their feet as if in mocking commiseration. Hoarse exclamations of sleepy voices were heard; irritated, peevish, abusive language rent the air with malice; and to welcome the people, deafening sounds floated about—the heavy whir of machinery, the dissatisfied snort of steam. Stern and somber, the black chimneys stretched their huge, thick sticks high above the village.

In the evening, when the sun was setting, and red rays languidly glimmered upon the windows of the houses, the factory ejected its people like burnt-out ashes, and again they walked through the streets, with black, smoke-covered faces, radiating the sticky odor of machine oil, and showing the gleam of hungry teeth. But now there was animation in their voices, and even gladness. The servitude of hard toil was over for the day. Supper awaited them at home, and respite.

The day was swallowed up by the factory; the machine sucked out of men's muscles as much vigor as it needed. The day was blotted out from life, not a trace of it left. Man made another imperceptible step toward his grave; but he saw close before him the delights of rest, the joys of the odorous tavern, and he was satisfied.

On holidays the workers slept until about ten o'clock. Then the staid and married people dressed themselves in their best clothes and, after duly scolding the young folks for their indifference to church, went to hear mass. When they returned from church, they ate pirogs, the Russian national pastry, and again lay down to sleep until the evening. The accumulated exhaustion of years had robbed them of their appetites, and to be able to eat they drank, long and deep, goading on their feeble stomachs with the biting, burning lash of vodka.

In the evening they amused themselves idly on the street; and those who had overshoes put them on, even if it was dry, and those who had umbrellas carried them, even if the sun was shining. Not everybody has overshoes and an umbrella, but everybody desires in some way, however small, to appear more important than his neighbor.

Meeting one another they spoke about the factory and the machines, had their fling against their foreman, conversed and thought only of matters closely and manifestly connected with their work. Only rarely, and then but faintly, did solitary sparks of impotent thought glimmer in the wearisome monotony of their talk. Returning home they quarreled with their wives, and often beat them, unsparing of their fists. The young people sat in the taverns, or enjoyed evening parties at one another's houses, played the accordion,

sang vulgar songs devoid of beauty, danced, talked ribaldry, and drank.

Exhausted with toil, men drank swiftly, and in every heart there awoke and grew an incomprehensible, sickly irritation. It demanded an outlet. And clutching tenaciously at every pretext for unloading themselves of this disquieting sensation, they fell on one another for mere trifles, with the spiteful ferocity of beasts, breaking into bloody quarrels, which sometimes ended in serious injury and on rare occasions even in murder.

This lurking malice steadily increased, inveterate as the incurable weariness in their muscles. They were born with this disease of the soul inherited from their fathers. Like a black shadow it accompanied them to their graves, spurring on their lives to crime, hideous in its aimless cruelty and brutality.

On holidays the young people came home late at night with torn clothes, dirty and dusty, with bruised faces; boasting maliciously of the blows they had struck their companions, or the insults they had inflicted upon them; enraged or in tears over the indignities they themselves had suffered; drunken and piteous, unfortunate and repulsive. Sometimes the boys would be brought home by the mother or father, who had picked them up in the street or in a tavern, drunk to insensibility. The parents scolded and swore at them peevishly, and beat at their spongelike bodies, soaked with liquor; then more or less systematically put them to bed, in order to rouse them to work early next morning, when the bellow of the whistle should sullenly course through the air.

They scolded and beat the children soundly notwithstanding the fact that drunkenness and brawls among young folk appeared perfectly legitimate to the old people. When they were young they, too, had drunk and fought, they, too, had been beaten by their mothers and fathers. Life had always been like that. It flowed on monotonously and slowly somewhere down the muddy, turbid stream, year after year; and it was all bound up in strong ancient customs and habits that led them to do one and the same thing day in and day out. None of them, it seemed, had either the time or the desire to attempt to change this state of life.

Once in a long while a stranger would come to the village. At first he attracted attention merely because he was a stranger. Then he aroused a light, superficial interest by the stories of the places where he had worked.

Afterwards the novelty wore off, the people got used to him, and he remained unnoticed. From his stories it was clear that the life of the workingmen was the same everywhere. And if so, then what was there to talk about?

Occasionally, however, some stranger spoke curious things never heard of in the suburb. The men did not argue with him, but listened to his odd speeches with incredulity. His words aroused blind irritation in some, perplexed alarm in others, while still others were disturbed by a feeble, shadowy glimmer of the hope of something, they knew not what. And they all began to drink more in order to drive away the unnecessary, meddlesome excitement.

Noticing in the stranger something unusual, the villagers cherished it long against him and treated the man who was not like them with unaccountable apprehension. It was as if they feared he would throw something into their life which would disturb its straight, dismal course. Sad and difficult, it was yet even in its tenor. People were accustomed to the fact that life always oppressed them with the same power. Unhopeful of any turn for the better, they regarded every change as capable only of increasing their burden.

And the workingmen of the suburb tacitly avoided people who spoke unusual things to them. Then these people disappeared again, going off elsewhere, and those who remained in the factory lived apart, if they could not blend and make one whole with the monotonous mass in the village.

Living a life like that for some fifty years, a workman died.

Thus also lived Michael Vlasov, a gloomy, sullen man, with little eyes which looked at everybody from under his thick eyebrows suspiciously, with a mistrustful, evil smile. He was the best locksmith in the factory, and the strongest man in the village. But he was insolent and disrespectful toward the foremen and the superintendent, and therefore earned little; every holiday he beat somebody, and everyone disliked and feared him.

More than one attempt was made to beat him in turn, but without success. When Vlasov found himself threatened with attack, he caught a stone in his hand, or a piece of wood or iron, and spreading out his legs stood waiting in silence for the enemy. His face overgrown with a dark beard from his eyes to his neck, and his hands thickly covered with woolly hair, inspired everybody with fear.

People were especially afraid of his eyes. Small and keen, they seemed to bore through a man like steel gimlets, and everyone who met their gaze felt he was confronting a beast, a savage power, inaccessible to fear, ready to strike unmercifully.

"Well, pack off, dirty vermin!" he said gruffly. His coarse, yellow teeth glistened terribly through the thick hair on his face. The men walked off uttering coward abuse.

"Dirty vermin!" he snapped at them, and his eyes gleamed with a smile sharp as an awl. Then holding his head in an attitude of direct challenge, with a short, thick pipe between his teeth, he walked behind them, and now and then called out: "Well, who wants death?"

No one wanted it.

He spoke little, and "dirty vermin" was his favorite expression. It was the name he used for the authorities of the factory, and the police, and it was the epithet with which he addressed his wife: "Say, you dirty vermin, don't you see my clothes are torn?"

When Pavel, his son, was a boy of fourteen, Vlasov was one day seized with the desire to pull him by the hair once more. But Pavel grasped a heavy hammer, and said shortly: "Don't touch me!"

"What?" demanded his father, bending over the tall, slender figure of his son like a shadow on a birch tree.

"Enough!" said Pavel. "I am not going to give myself up any more."

And opening his dark eyes wide, he waved the hammer in the air.

His father looked at him, folded his shaggy hands on his back, and, smiling, said: "All right."

Then he drew a heavy breath and added: "Ah, you dirty vermin!"

Shortly after this, he said to his wife: "Don't ask me for money any more. Pasha will feed you now."

"And you will drink up everything?" she ventured to ask.

"None of your business, dirty vermin!" From that time until his death, for three years, he did not notice, and did not speak to his son.

Vlasov had a dog as big and shaggy as himself. She accompanied him to the factory every morning, and every evening she waited for him at the gate. On holidays Vlasov started off on his round of the taverns. He walked in silence, and stared into people's faces as if looking for somebody. His dog

trotted after him the whole day long. Returning home drunk he sat down to supper, and gave his dog to eat from his own bowl. He never beat her, never scolded, and never petted her. After supper he flung the dishes from the table—if his wife was not quick enough to remove them in time—put a bottle of whisky before him, and leaning his back against the wall, began in a hoarse voice that spread anguish about him to bawl a song, his mouth wide open and his eyes closed. The doleful sounds got entangled in his mustache, knocking off the crumbs of bread. He smoothed down the hair of his beard and mustache with his thick fingers and sang—sang unintelligible words, long drawn out. The melody recalled the wintry howl of wolves. He sang as long as there was whisky in the bottle, then he dropped on his side onto the bench, or let his head down on the table, and slept in this way until the whistle began to blow. The dog lay at his side.

When he died, he died hard. For five days, turned all black, he rolled in his bed, gnashing his teeth, his eyes tightly closed. Sometimes he would say to his wife: "Give me arsenic. Poison me."

She called a physician. He ordered hot poultices, but said an operation was necessary and the patient must be taken at once to the hospital.

"Go to the devil. I will die by myself, dirty vermin!" said Michael.

And when the physician had left, and his wife with tears in her eyes began to insist on an operation, he clinched his fists and announced threateningly: "Don't you dare! It will be worse for you if I get well."

He died in the morning at the moment when the whistle called the men to work. He lay in the coffin with open mouth, his eyebrows knit as if in a scowl. He was buried by his wife, his son, the dog, an old drunkard and thief, Daniel Vyesovshchikov, a discharged smelter, and a few beggars of the suburb. His wife wept a little and quietly; Pavel did not weep at all. The villagers who came across the funeral in the street stopped, crossed themselves, and said to one another:

"Guess Pelagueya is glad he died!"

And some corrected: "He didn't die; he rotted away like a beast."

When the body was put in the ground, the people went away, but the dog remained for a long time, and sitting silently on the fresh soil, she sniffed at the grave.

CHAPTER II

THE AWAKENING OF AN EMBER

Two weeks after the death of his father, on a Sunday, Pavel came home very drunk. Staggering he crawled to a corner in the front of the room, and striking his fist on the table as his father used to do, shouted to his mother: "Supper!"

The mother walked up to him, sat down at his side, and with her arm around her son, drew his head upon her breast. With his hand on her shoulder he pushed her away and shouted: "Mother, quick!"

"You foolish boy!" said the mother in a sad and affectionate voice, trying to overcome his resistance.

"I am going to smoke, too. Give me father's pipe," mumbled Pavel indistinctly, wagging his tongue heavily.

It was the first time he had been drunk. The alcohol weakened his body, but it did not quench his consciousness, and the question knocked at his brain: "Drunk? Drunk?"

The fondling of his mother troubled him, and he was touched by the sadness in her eyes. He wanted to weep, and in order to overcome this desire he endeavored to appear more drunk than he actually was.

The mother stroked his tangled hair, and said in a low voice: "Why did you do it? You oughtn't to have done it."

He began to feel sick, and after a violent attack of nausea the mother put him to bed, and laid a wet towel over his pale forehead. He sobered a little, but under and around him everything seemed to be rocking; his eyelids grew heavy; he felt a bad, sour taste in his mouth; he looked through his eyelashes on his mother's large face, and thought disjointedly: "It seems it's too early for me. Others drink and nothing happens—and I feel sick."

Somewhere from a distance came the mother's soft voice: "What sort of a bread-giver will you be to me if you begin to drink?"

He shut his eyes tightly and answered: "Everybody drinks."

The mother sighed. He was right. She herself knew that besides the tavern there was no place where people could enjoy themselves; besides the taste of whisky there was no other gratification. Nevertheless she said: "But don't you drink. Your father drank for both of you. And he made enough misery for me. Take pity on your mother, then, will you not?"

Listening to the soft, pitiful words of his mother, Pavel remembered that in his father's lifetime she had remained unnoticed in the house. She had been silent and always lived in anxious expectation of blows. Desiring to avoid his father, he had been home very little of late; he had become almost unaccustomed to his mother, and now as he gradually sobered up, he looked at her fixedly.

She was tall and somewhat stooping. Her heavy body, broken down with long years of toil and the beatings of her husband, moved about noiselessly and inclined to one side, as if she were in constant fear of knocking up against something. Her broad oval face, wrinkled and puffy, was lighted up with a pair of dark eyes, troubled and melancholy as those of most of the women in the village. On her right eyebrow was a deep scar, which turned the eyebrow upward a little; her right ear, too, seemed to be higher than the left, which gave her face the appearance of alarmed listening. Gray locks glistened in her thick, dark hair, like the imprints of heavy blows. Altogether she was soft, melancholy, and submissive.

Tears slowly trickled down her cheeks.

"Wait, don't cry!" begged the son in a soft voice. "Give me a drink."

She rose and said, "I'll give you some ice water."

But when she returned he was already asleep. She stood over him for a minute, trying to breathe lightly. The cup in her hand trembled, and the ice knocked against the tin. Then setting the cup on the table, she knelt before the sacred image upon the wall, and began to pray in silence. The sounds of dark, drunken life beat against the windowpanes; an accordion screeched in the misty darkness of the autumn night; some one sang a loud song; some one was swearing with ugly, vile oaths, and the excited sounds of women's irritated, weary voices cut the air.

Life in the little house of the Vlasovs flowed on monotonously, but more calmly and undisturbed than before, and somewhat different from everywhere else in the suburb.

The house stood at the edge of the village, by a low but steep and muddy declivity. A third of the house was occupied by the kitchen and a small room used for the mother's bedroom, separated from the kitchen by a partition reaching partially to the ceiling. The other two-thirds formed a square room with two windows. In one corner stood

Pavel's bed, in front a table and two benches. Some chairs, a washstand with a small looking-glass over it, a trunk with clothes, a clock on the wall, and two ikons—this was the entire outfit of the household.

Pavel tried to live like the rest. He did all a young lad should do—bought himself an accordion, a shirt with a starched front, a loud-colored necktie; overshoes, a cane, and externally became like all the other youth of his age. He went to evening parties and learned to dance a quadrille and a polka. But on holidays he came home drunk, and always suffered greatly from the effects of liquor. In the morning his head ached, he was tormented by heartburns, his face was pale and dull.

Once his mother asked him: "Well, did you have a good time yesterday?"

He answered dismally and with irritation: "Oh, dreary as a graveyard! Everybody is like a machine. I'd better go fishing or buy myself a gun."

He worked faithfully, without intermission and without incurring fines. He was taciturn, and his eyes, blue and large like his mother's, looked out discontentedly. He did not buy a gun, nor did he go a-fishing; but he gradually began to avoid the beaten path trodden by all. His attendance at parties became less and less frequent, and although he went out somewhere on holidays, he always returned home sober. His mother watched him unobtrusively but closely, and saw the tawny face of her son grow keener and keener, and his eyes more serious. She noticed that his lips were compressed in a peculiar manner, imparting an odd expression of austerity to his face. It seemed as if he were always angry at something, or as if a canker gnawed at him. At first his friends came to visit him, but never finding him at home, they remained away.

The mother was glad to see her son turning out different from all the other factory youth; but a feeling of anxiety and apprehension stirred in her heart when she observed that he was obstinately and resolutely directing his life into obscure paths leading away from the routine existence about him—that he turned in his career neither to the right nor the left.

He began to bring books home with him. At first he tried to escape attention when reading them; and after he had finished a book, he hid it. Sometimes he copied a passage on a piece of paper, and hid that also.

"Aren't you well, Pavlusha?" the mother asked once.

"No, I'm all right," he answered.

"You are so thin," said the mother with a sigh.

He was silent.

They spoke infrequently, and saw each other very little. In the morning he drank tea in silence, and went off to work; at noon he came for dinner, a few insignificant remarks were passed at the table, and he again disappeared until the evening. And in the evening, the day's work ended, he washed himself, took supper, and then fell to his books, and read for a long time. On holidays he left home in the morning and returned late at night. She knew he went to the city and the theater; but nobody from the city ever came to visit him. It seemed to her that with the lapse of time her son spoke less and less; and at the same time she noticed that occasionally and with increasing frequency he used new words unintelligible to her, and that the coarse, rude, and hard expressions dropped from his speech. In his general conduct, also, certain traits appeared, forcing themselves upon his mother's attention. He ceased to affect the dandy, but became more attentive to the cleanliness of his body and dress, and moved more freely and alertly. The increasing softness and simplicity of his manner aroused a disquieting interest in his mother.

Once he brought a picture and hung it on the wall. It represented three persons walking lightly and boldly, and conversing.

"This is Christ risen from the dead, and going to Emmaus," explained Pavel.

The mother liked the picture, but she thought: "You respect Christ, and yet you do not go to church."

Then more pictures appeared on the walls, and the number of books increased on the shelves, neatly made for him by one of his carpenter friends. The room began to look like a home.

He addressed his mother with the reverential plural "you," and called her "mother" instead of "mamma." But sometimes he turned to her suddenly, and briefly used the simple and familiar form of the singular: "Mamma, please be not thou disturbed if I come home late to-night."

This pleased her; in such words she felt something serious and strong.

But her uneasiness increased. Since her son's strangeness was not clarified with time, her heart became more and more sharply troubled with a foreboding of something

unusual. Every now and then she felt a certain dissatisfaction with him, and she thought: "All people are like people, and he is like a monk. He is so stern. It's not according to his years."

At other times she thought: "Maybe he has become interested in some sort of a girl down there."

But to go about with girls, money is needed, and he gave almost all his earnings to her.

Thus weeks and months elapsed; and imperceptibly two years slipped by, two years of a strange, silent life, full of disquieting thoughts and anxieties that kept continually increasing.

Once, when after supper Pavel drew the curtain over the window, sat down in a corner, and began to read, his tin lamp hanging on the wall over his head, the mother, after removing the dishes, came out from the kitchen and carefully walked up to him. He raised his head, and without speaking looked at her with a questioning expression.

"Nothing, Pasha, just so!" she said hastily, and walked away, moving her eyebrows agitatedly. But after standing in the kitchen for a moment, motionless, thoughtful, deeply preoccupied, she washed her hands and approached her son again.

"I want to ask you," she said in a low, soft voice, "what you read all the time."

He put his book aside and said to her: "Sit down, mother."

The mother sat down heavily at his side, and straightening herself in an attitude of intense, painful expectation waited for something momentous.

Without looking at her, Pavel spoke not loudly, but for some reason very sternly:

"I am reading forbidden books. They are forbidden to be read because they tell the truth about our, about the workingmen's life. They are printed in secrecy, and if I am found with them, I will be put in prison—I will be put in prison because I want to know the truth."

Breathing suddenly became difficult for her. Opening her eyes wide she looked at her son, and he seemed to her new, as if a stranger. His voice was different, lower, deeper, more sonorous. He pinched his thin, downy mustache, and looked oddly aslant into the corner. She grew anxious for her son and pitied him.

"Why do you do this, Pasha?"

He raised his head, looked at her, and said

in a low, calm voice: "I want to know the truth."

His voice sounded placid, but firm; and his eyes flashed resolution. She understood with her heart that her son had consecrated himself forever to something mysterious and awful. Everything in life had always appeared to her inevitable; she was accustomed to submit without thought, and now, too, she only wept softly, finding no words, but in her heart oppressed with sorrow and distress.

"Don't cry," said Pavel kindly and softly; and it seemed to her that he was bidding her farewell.

"Think what kind of a life you are leading. You are forty years old, and have you lived? Father beat you. I understand now that he avenged his wretchedness on your body, the wretchedness of his life. It pressed upon him, and he did not know whence it came. He worked for thirty years; he began to work when the whole factory occupied but two buildings; now there are seven of them. The mills grow, and people die, working for them."

She listened to him eagerly and awe-struck. His eyes burned with a beautiful radiance. Leaning forward on the table he moved nearer to his mother, and looking straight into her face, wet with tears, he delivered his first speech to her about the truth which he had now come to understand. With the *naïveté* of youth, and the ardor of a young student proud of his knowledge, religiously confiding in its truth, he spoke about everything that was clear to him, and spoke not so much for his mother as to verify and strengthen his own opinions. At times he halted, finding no words, and then he saw before him a disturbed face, in which dimly shone a pair of kind eyes clouded with tears. They looked on with awe and perplexity. He was sorry for his mother, and began to speak again, about herself and her life.

"What joys did you know?" he asked. "What sort of a past can you recall?"

She listened and shook her head dolefully, feeling something new, unknown to her, both sorrowful and gladsome, like a caress to her troubled and aching heart. It was the first time she had heard such language about herself, her own life. It awakened in her, misty, dim thoughts, long dormant; gently roused an almost extinct feeling of rebellion, perplexed dissatisfaction—thoughts and feelings of a remote youth. She often discussed life with her neighbors, spoke a great deal about every-

thing; but all, herself included, only complained; no one explained why life was so hard and burdensome.

And now her son sits before her; and what he says about her—his eyes, his face, his words—it all clutches at her heart, filling her with a sense of pride for her son, who truly understands the life of his mother, and speaks the truth about her and her sufferings, and pities her.

Mothers are not pitied. She knew it. She did not understand Pavel when speaking about matters not pertaining to herself, but all he said about her own woman's existence was bitterly familiar and true. Hence it seemed to her that every word of his was perfectly true, and her bosom throbbed with a gentle sensation which warmed it more and more with an unknown, kindly caress.

"What do you want to do, then?" she asked, interrupting his speech.

"Study and then teach others. We workingmen must study. We must learn, we must understand why life is so hard for us."

It was sweet to her to see that his blue eyes, always so serious and stern, now glowed with warmth, softly illuminating something new within him. A soft, contented smile played around her lips, although the tears still trembled in the wrinkles of her face. She wavered between two feelings: pride in her son who desired the good of all people, had pity for all, and understood the sorrow and affliction of life; and the involuntary regret for his youth, because he did not speak like everybody else, because he resolved to enter alone into a fight against the life to which all, including herself, were accustomed.

She wanted to say to him: "My dear, what can you do? People will crush you. You will perish."

But it was pleasant to her to listen to his speeches, and she feared to disturb her delight in her son, who suddenly revealed himself so new and wise, even if somewhat strange.

Pavel saw the smile around his mother's lips, the attention in her face, the love in her eyes; and it seemed to him that he compelled her to understand his truth; and youthful pride in the power of the word heightened his faith in himself. Seized with enthusiasm, he continued to talk, now smiling, now frowning. Occasionally hatred sounded in his words; and when his mother heard its bitter, harsh accents she shook her head, frightened, and asked in a low voice: "Is it so, Pasha?"

"It is so!" he answered firmly. And he

told her about people who wanted the good of men, and who sowed truth among them; and because of this the enemies of life hunted them down like beasts, thrust them into prisons, and exiled them, and set them to hard labor.

"I have seen such people!" he exclaimed passionately. "They are the best people on earth!"

These people filled the mother with terror, and she wanted to ask her son: "Is it so, Pasha?"

But she hesitated, and leaning back she listened to the stories of people incomprehensible to her, who taught her son to speak and think words and thoughts so dangerous to him. Finally she said: "It will soon be daylight. You ought to go to bed. You've got to go to work."

"Yes, I'll go to bed at once," he assented. "Did you understand me?"

"I did," she said, drawing a deep breath. Tears rolled down from her eyes again, and breaking into sobs she added: "You will perish, my son!"

Pavel walked up and down the room.

"Well, now you know what I am doing and where I am going. I told you all. I beg of you, mother, if you love me, do not hinder me!"

"My darling, my beloved!" she cried, "maybe it would be better for me not to have known anything!"

He took her hand and pressed it firmly in his. The word "mother," pronounced by him with feverish emphasis, and that clasp of the hand so new and strange, moved her.

"I will do nothing!" she said in a broken voice. "Only be on your guard! Be on your guard!"

Not knowing what he should be on his guard against, nor how to warn him, she added mournfully: "You are getting so thin."

And with a look of affectionate warmth, which seemed to embrace his firm, well-shaped body, she said hastily, and in a low voice: "God be with you! Live as you want to. I will not hinder you. One thing only I beg of you—do not speak to people unguardedly! You must be on the watch with people; they all hate one another. They live in greed and envy; all are glad to do injury; people persecute out of sheer amusement. When you begin to accuse them and to judge them, they will hate you, and will hound you to destruction!"

Pavel stood in the doorway listening to the

melancholy speech, and when the mother had finished he said with a smile: "Yes, people are sorry creatures; but when I came to recognize that there is truth in the world, people became better."

He smiled again and added: "I do not know how it happened myself! From childhood I feared everybody; as I grew up I began to hate everybody, some for their meanness, others—well, I do not know why—just so! And now I see all the people in a different way. I am grieved for them all! I cannot understand it; but my heart turned softer when I recognized that there is truth in men, and that not all are to blame for their foulness and filth."

He was silent as if listening to something within himself. Then he said in a low voice and thoughtfully: "That's how truth lives."

She looked at him tenderly.

"May God protect you!" she sighed. "It is a dangerous change that has come upon you."

When he had fallen asleep, the mother rose carefully from her bed and came gently into her son's room. Pavel's swarthy, resolute, stern face was clearly outlined against the white pillow. Pressing her hand to her bosom, the mother stood at his bedside. Her lips moved mutely, and great tears rolled down her cheeks.

CHAPTER III

THE LIGHT OF THE HEARTH

Again they lived in silence, distant and yet near to each other. Once, in the middle of the week, on a holiday, as he was preparing to leave the house he said to his mother: "I expect some people here on Saturday."

"What people?" she asked.

"Some people from our village, and others from the city."

"From the city?" repeated the mother, shaking her head. And suddenly she broke into sobs.

"Now, mother, why this?" cried Pavel resentfully. "What for?"

Drying her face with her apron, she answered quietly: "I don't know, but it is the way I feel."

He paced up and down the room, and halting before her, said:

"Are you afraid?"

"I am afraid," she acknowledged. "Those people from the city—who knows them?"

He bent down to look in her face, and said in an offended tone, and, it seemed to her, angrily, like his father: "This fear is what is the ruin of us all. And some dominate us; they take advantage of our fear and frighten us still more. Mark this: as long as people are afraid, they will rot like the birches in the marsh. We must grow bold; it is time!"

"It's all the same," he said, as he turned from her; "they'll meet in my house anyway."

"Don't be angry with me!" the mother begged sadly. "How can I help being afraid? All my life I have lived in fear!"

"Forgive me!" was his gentler reply, "but I cannot do otherwise," and he walked away.

For three days her heart was in a tremble, sinking in fright each time she remembered that strange people were soon to come to her house. She could not picture them to herself, but it seemed to her they were terrible people. It was they who had shown her son the road he was going.

On Saturday night Pavel came from the factory, washed himself, put on clean clothes, and when walking out of the house said to his mother without looking at her: "When they come, tell them I'll be back soon. Let them wait a while. And please don't be afraid. They are people like all other people."

She sank into her seat almost fainting.

Her son looked at her soberly. "Maybe you'd better go away somewhere," he suggested.

The thought offended her. Shaking her head in dissent, she said: "No, it's all the same. What for?"

It was the end of November. During the day a dry, fine snow had fallen upon the frozen earth, and now she heard it crunching outside the window under her son's feet as he walked away. A dense crust of darkness settled immovably upon the windowpanes, and seemed to lie in hostile watch for something. Supporting herself on the bench, the mother sat and waited, looking at the door.

It seemed to her that people were stealthily and watchfully walking about the house in the darkness, stooping and looking about on all sides, strangely attired and silent. There around the house some one was already coming, fumbling with his hands along the wall.

A whistle was heard. It circled around like the notes of a fine chord, sad and melodious, and wandered musingly into the wilderness of darkness, and seemed to be searching for something, and came nearer. Suddenly it died away under the window, as if

it had entered into the wood of the wall. The noise of feet was heard on the porch. The mother started, and rose with a strained, frightened look in her eyes.

The door opened. At first a head with a big, shaggy hat thrust itself into the room; then a slender, bending body crawled in, straightened itself out, deliberately raised its right hand.

"Good evening!" said the man, in a thick, bass voice, breathing heavily.

The mother bowed in silence.

"Pavel is not at home yet?"

The stranger leisurely removed his short fur jacket, raised one foot, whipped the snow from his boot with his hat, then did the same with the other foot, flung his hat into a corner, and rocking on his thin legs walked into the room, looking back at the imprints he left on the floor. He approached the table, examined it as if to satisfy himself of its solidity, and finally sat down and, covering his mouth with his hand, yawned. His head was perfectly round and close-cropped, his face shaven except for a thin mustache, the ends of which pointed downward.

After carefully scrutinizing the room with his large, gray, protuberant eyes, he crossed his legs, and leaning his head over the table inquired: "Is this your own house, or do you rent it?"

The mother, sitting opposite him, answered: "We rent it."

"Not a very fine house," he remarked.

"Pasha will soon be here; wait," said the mother quietly.

"Why, yes, I am waiting," said the man.

His calmness, his deep, sympathetic voice, and the candor and simplicity of his face encouraged the mother. He looked at her openly and kindly, and a merry sparkle played in the depths of his transparent eyes. In the entire angular, stooping figure, with its thin legs, there was something comical, yet winning. He was dressed in a blue shirt, and dark, loose trousers thrust into his boots. She was seized with the desire to ask him who he was, whence he came, and whether he had known her son long. But suddenly he himself put a question, leaning forward with a swing of his whole body.

"Who made that hole in your forehead, mother?"

His question was uttered in a kind voice and with a noticeable smile in his eyes; but the woman was offended by the sally. She pressed her lips together tightly, and after a

pause rejoined with cold civility: "And what business is it of yours, sir?"

With the same swing of his whole body toward her, he said: "Now, don't get angry! I ask because my foster mother had her head smashed just exactly like yours. It was her man who did it for her once, with a boot-tree—he was a shoemaker, you see. She was a washerwoman and he was a shoemaker. It was after she had taken me as her son that she found him somewhere, a drunkard, and married him, to her great misfortune. He beat her—I tell you, my skin almost burst with terror."

The mother felt herself disarmed by his openness. Moreover, it occurred to her that perhaps her son would be displeased with her harsh reply to this odd personage. Smiling guiltily she said:

"I am not angry, but—you see—you asked so very soon. It was my good man, God rest his soul! who treated me to the cut. Are you a Tartar?"

The stranger stretched out his feet, and smiled so broad a smile that the ends of his mustache traveled to the nape of his neck. Then he said seriously: "Not yet. I'm not a Tartar yet."

"I asked because I rather thought the way you spoke was not exactly Russian," she explained, catching his joke.

"I am better than a Russian, I am!" said the guest laughingly. "I am a Little Russian from the city of Kanyev."

"And have you been here long?"

"I lived in the city about a month, and I came to your factory about a month ago. I found some good people, your son and a few others. I will live here for a while," he said, twirling his mustache.

The man pleased the mother, and yielding to the impulse to repay him in some way for his kind words about her son, she questioned again:

"Maybe you'd like to have a glass of tea?"

"What! An entertainment all to myself!" he answered, raising his shoulders. "I'll wait for the honor until we are all here."

This allusion to the coming of others recalled her fear to her.

"If they all are only like this one!" was her ardent wish.

Again steps were heard on the porch. The door opened quickly, and the mother rose. This time she was taken completely aback by the newcomer in her kitchen—a poorly and lightly dressed girl of medium height,

with the simple face of a peasant woman, and a head of thick, dark hair. Smiling she said in a low voice: "Am I late?"

"Why, no!" answered the Little Russian, looking out of the living room. "Come on foot?"

"Of course! Are you the mother of Pavel Vlasov? Good evening! My name is Natasha."

"And your patronymic?" inquired the mother.

"Vasilyevna. And yours?"

"Pelagueya Nilovna."

"So here we are all acquainted."

"Yes," said the mother, breathing more easily, as if relieved, and looking at the girl with a smile.

The Little Russian helped her off with her cloak, and inquired: "Is it cold?"

"Out in the open, very! The wind!—goodness!"

Her voice was musical and clear, her mouth small and smiling, her body round and vigorous. Removing her wraps, she rubbed her ruddy cheeks briskly with her little hands, red with the cold, and walking lightly and quickly she passed into the room, the heels of her shoes rapping sharply on the floor.

"She goes without overshoes," the mother noted silently.

"Indeed it is cold," repeated the girl. "I'm frozen through—ooh!"

"I'll warm up the samovar for you!" the mother said, bustling and solicitous. "Ready in a moment," she called from the kitchen.

Somehow it seemed to her she had known the girl long, and even loved her with the tender, compassionate love of a mother. She was glad to see her; and recalling her guest's bright blue eyes, she smiled contentedly, as she prepared the samovar and listened to the conversation in the room.

"Why so gloomy, Nakhodka?" asked the girl.

"The widow has good eyes," answered the Little Russian. "I was thinking maybe my mother has such eyes. You know, I keep thinking of her as alive."

"You said she was dead?"

"That's my adopted mother. I am speaking now of my real mother. It seems to me that perhaps she may be somewhere in Kiev begging alms and drinking whisky."

"Why do you think such awful things?"

"I don't know. And the policemen pick her up on the street drunk and beat her."

"Oh, you poor soul," thought the mother, and sighed.

Natasha muttered something hotly and rapidly; and again the sonorous voice of the Little Russian was heard.

"Ah, you are young yet, comrade," he said. "You haven't eaten enough onions yet. Everyone has a mother, none the less people are bad. For although it is hard to rear children, it is still harder to teach a man to be good."

"What strange ideas he has," the mother thought, and for a moment she felt like contradicting the Little Russian and telling him that here was she who would have been glad to teach her son good, but knew nothing herself. The door, however, opened and in came Nikolay Vyesovshchikov, the son of the old thief Daniel, known in the village as a misanthrope. He always kept at a sullen distance from people, who retaliated by making sport of him.

"You, Nikolay! How's that?" she asked in surprise.

Without replying he merely looked at the mother with his little gray eyes, and wiped his pock-marked, high-cheeked face with the broad palm of his hand.

"Is Pavel at home?" he asked hoarsely.

"No."

He looked into the room and said: "Good evening, comrades."

"He, too. Is it possible?" wondered the mother resentfully, and was greatly surprised to see Natasha put her hand out to him in a kind, glad welcome.

The next to come were two young men, scarcely more than boys. One of them the mother knew. He was Jacob, the son of the factory watchman, Somov. The other, with a sharp-featured face, high forehead, and curly hair, was unknown to her; but he, too, was not terrible.

Finally Pavel appeared, and with him two men, both of whose faces she recognized as those of workmen in the factory.

"You've prepared the samovar! That's fine. Thank you!" said Pavel as he saw what his mother had done.

"Perhaps I should get some vodka," she suggested, not knowing how to express her gratitude to him for something which as yet she did not understand.

"No, we don't need it!" he responded, removing his coat and smiling affectionately at her.

It suddenly occurred to her that her son,

by way of jest, had purposely exaggerated the danger of the gathering.

"Are these the ones they call illegal people?" she whispered.

"The very ones!" answered Pavel, and passed into the room.

She looked lovingly after him and thought to herself condescendingly: "Mere children!"

When the samovar boiled, and she brought it into the room, she found the guests sitting in a close circle around the table, and Natasha installed in the corner under the lamp with a book in her hands.

"In order to understand why people live so badly," said Natasha.

"And why they are themselves so bad," put in the Little Russian.

"It is necessary to see how they began to live—"

"See, my dears, see!" mumbled the mother, making the tea.

They all stopped talking.

"What is the matter, mother?" asked Pavel, knitting his brows.

"What?" She looked around, and seeing the eyes of all upon her she explained with embarrassment, "I was just speaking to myself."

Natasha laughed and Pavel smiled, but the Little Russian said: "Thank you for the tea, mother."

"Hasn't drunk it yet and thanks me already," she commented inwardly. Looking at her son, she asked: "I am not in your way?"

"How can the hostess in her own home be in the way of her guests?" replied Natasha, and then continuing with childish plaintiveness: "Mother dear, give me tea quick! I am shivering with cold; my feet are all frozen."

"In a moment, in a moment!" exclaimed the mother, hurrying.

Having drunk a cup of tea, Natasha drew a long breath, brushed her hair back from her forehead, and began to read from a large yellow-covered book with pictures. The mother, careful not to make a noise with the dishes, poured tea into the glasses, and strained her untrained mind to listen to the girl's fluent reading. The melodious voice blended with the thin, musical hum of the samovar. The clear, simple narrative of savage people who lived in caves and killed the beasts with stones floated and quivered like a dainty ribbon in the room. It sounded

like a tale, and the mother looked up to her son occasionally, wishing to ask him what was illegal in the story about wild men. But she soon ceased to follow the narrative and began to scrutinize the guests, unnoticed by them or her son.

Pavel sat at Natasha's side. He was the handsomest of them all. Natasha bent down very low over the book. At times she tossed back the thin curls that kept running down over her forehead, and lowered her voice to say something not in the book, with a kind look at the faces of her auditors. The Little Russian bent his broad chest over a corner of the table, and squinted his eyes in the effort to see the worn ends of his mustache, which he constantly twirled. Vyesovshchikov sat on his chair straight as a pole, his palms resting on his knees, and his pock-marked face, browless and thin-lipped, immobile as a mask. He kept his narrow-eyed gaze stubbornly fixed upon the reflection of his face in the glittering brass of the samovar. He seemed not even to breathe. Little Somov moved his lips mutely, as if repeating to himself the words in the book; and his curly-haired companion, with bent body, elbows on knees, his face supported on his hands, smiled abstractedly. One of the men who had entered at the same time as Pavel, a slender young chap with red, curly hair and merry green eyes, apparently wanted to say something; for he kept turning around impatiently. The other, light-haired and closely cropped, stroked his head with his hand and looked down on the floor so that his face remained invisible.

It was warm in the room, and the atmosphere was genial. The mother responded to this peculiar charm, which she had never before felt. She was affected by the purling of Natasha's voice, mingled with the quavering hum of the samovar, and recalled the noisy evening parties of her youth—the coarseness of the young men, whose breath always smelt of vodka—their cynical jokes. She remembered all this, and an oppressive sense of pity for her own self gently stirred her worn, outraged heart.

Before her rose the scene of the wooing of her husband. At one of the parties he had seized her in a dark porch, and pressing her with his whole body to the wall asked in a gruff, vexed voice: "Will you marry me?"

She had been pained and had felt offended; but he rudely dug his fingers into her flesh, snorted heavily, and breathed his hot, humid

breath into her face. She struggled to tear herself out of his grasp.

"Hold on!" he roared. "Answer me! Well?"

Out of breath, shamed and insulted, she remained silent.

"Don't put on airs now, you fool! I know your kind. You are mighty pleased."

Some one opened the door. He let her go leisurely, saying: "I will send a matchmaker to you next Sunday."

And he did.

The mother covered her eyes and heaved a deep sigh.

"I do not want to know how people used to live, but how they ought to live!" The dull, dissatisfied voice of Vyesovshchikov was heard in the room.

"That's it!" corroborated the red-headed man, rising.

"And I disagree!" cried Somov. "If we are to go forward, we must know everything."

"True, true!" said the curly-headed youth in a low tone.

A heated discussion ensued; and the words flashed like tongues of fire in a wood pile. The mother did not understand what they were shouting about. All faces glowed in an aureole of animation, but none grew angry, no one spoke the harsh, offensive words so familiar to her.

"They restrain themselves on account of a woman's presence," she concluded.

The serious face of Natasha pleased her. The young woman looked at all these young men so considerately, with the air of an elder person toward children.

"Wait, comrades," she broke out suddenly. And they all grew silent and turned their eyes upon her.

"Those who say that we ought to know everything are right. We ought to illumine ourselves with the light of reason, so that the people in the dark may see us; we ought to be able to answer every question honestly and truly. We must know all the truth, all the falsehood."

The Little Russian listened and nodded his head in accompaniment to her words. Vyesovshchikov, the red-haired fellow, and the other factory worker, who had come with Pavel, stood in a close circle of three. For some reason the mother did not like them.

When Natasha ceased talking, Pavel arose and asked calmly: "Is filling our stomachs the only thing we want?"

"No!" he answered himself, looking hard in the direction of the three. "We want to be people. We must show those who sit on our necks, and cover up our eyes, that we see everything, that we are not foolish, we are not animals, and that we do not want merely to eat, but also to live like decent human beings. We must show our enemies that our life of servitude, of hard toil which they impose upon us, does not hinder us from measuring up to them in intellect, and as to spirit, that we rise far above them!"

The mother listened to his words, and a feeling of pride in her son stirred her bosom —how eloquently he spoke!

"People with well-filled stomachs are, after all, not a few, but honest people there are none," said the Little Russian. "We ought to build a bridge across the bog of this rotten life to a future of soulful goodness. That's our task, that's what we have to do, comrades!"

"When the time is come to fight, it's not the time to cure the finger," said Vyesovshchikov dully.

"There will be enough breaking of our bones before we get to fighting!" the Little Russian put in merrily.

It was already past midnight when the group began to break up. The first to go were Vyesovshchikov and the red-haired man —which again displeased the mother.

"Hm! How they hurry!" she thought, nodding them a not very friendly farewell.

"Will you see me home, Natasha?" asked Natasha.

"Why, of course," answered the Little Russian.

When Natasha put on her wraps in the kitchen, the mother said to her: "Your stockings are too thin for this time of the year. Let me knit some woolen ones for you, will you, please?"

"Thank you, Pelagueya Nilovna. Woolen stockings scratch," Natasha answered, smiling.

"I'll make them so they won't scratch."

Natasha looked at her rather perplexed and her fixed, serious glance offended the mother.

"Pardon me my stupidity; like my good will, it's from my heart, you know," she added in a low voice.

"How kind you are!" Natasha answered in the same voice, giving her a hasty pressure of the hand and walking out.

"Good night, mother!" said the Little

Russian, looking into her eyes. His bending body followed Natasha out onto the porch.

The mother looked at her son. He stood in the room at the door and smiled.

"The evening was fine," he declared, nodding his head energetically. "It was fine! But now I think you'd better go to bed; it's time."

"And it's time for you, too. I'm going in a minute."

She busied herself about the table gathering the dishes together, satisfied and even glowing with a pleasurable agitation. She was glad that everything had gone so well and had ended peacefully.

"You arranged it nicely, Pavlusha. They certainly are good people. The Little Russian is such a hearty fellow. And the young lady, what a bright, wise girl she is! Who is she?"

"A teacher," answered Pavel, pacing up and down the room.

"Ah! Such a poor thing! Dressed so poorly! Ah, so poorly! It doesn't take long to catch a cold. And where are her relatives?"

"In Moscow," said Pavel, stopping before his mother. "Look! her father is a rich man; he is in the hardware business, and owns much property. He drove her out of the house because she got into this movement. She grew up in comfort and warmth, she was coddled and indulged in everything she desired—and now she walks four miles on foot at night all by herself."

The mother was shocked. She stood in the middle of the room, and looked mutely at her son. Then she asked quietly: "Is she going to the city?"

"Yes."

"And is she not afraid?"

"No," said Pavel smiling.

"Why did she go? She could have stayed here overnight, and slept with me."

"That wouldn't do. She might have been seen here to-morrow morning, and we don't want that; nor does she."

The mother recollected her previous anxieties, looked thoughtfully through the window, and asked: "I cannot understand, Pasha, what there is dangerous in all this, or illegal. Why, you are not doing anything bad, are you?"

She was not quite assured of the safety and propriety of his conduct, and was eager for a confirmative answer from her son. But he looked calmly into her eyes, and declared in

a firm voice: "There is nothing bad in what we're doing, and there's not going to be. And yet the prison is awaiting us all. You may as well know it."

Her hands trembled. "Maybe God will grant you escape somehow," she said with sunken voice.

"No," said the son kindly, but decidedly. "I cannot lie to you. We will not escape." He smiled. "Now go to bed. You are tired. Good night."

Left alone, she walked up to the window, and stood there looking into the street. Outside it was cold and cheerless. The wind howled, blowing the snow from the roofs of the little sleeping houses. Striking against the walls and whispering something, quickly it fell upon the ground and drifted the white clouds of dry snowflakes across the street.

"O Christ in heaven, have mercy upon us!" prayed the mother.

The tears began to gather in her eyes, as fear returned persistently to her heart, and like a moth in the night she seemed to see fluttering the woe of which her son spoke with such composure and assurance.

Before her eyes as she gazes, a smooth plain of snow spreads out in the distance. The wind, carrying white, shaggy masses, races over the plain, piping cold, shrill whistles. Across the snowy expanse moves a girl's figure, dark and solitary, rocking to and fro. The wind flutters her dress, clogs her footsteps, and drives pricking snowflakes into her face. Walking is difficult; the little feet sink into the snow. Cold and fearful the girl bends forward, like a blade of grass, the sport of the wanton wind. To the right of her on the marsh stands the dark wall of the forest; the bare birches and aspens quiver and rustle with a mournful cry. Yonder in the distance, before her, the lights of the city glimmer dimly.

"Lord in heaven, have mercy!" the mother muttered again, shuddering with the cold and horror of an unformed fear.

CHAPTER IV

THE TERRIBLE WORD

The days glided by one after the other, like the beads of a rosary, and grew into weeks and months. Every Saturday Pavel's friends gathered in his house; and each meeting formed a step up a long stairway, which led

somewhere into the distance, gradually lifting the people higher and higher. But its top remained invisible.

New people kept coming. The small room of the Vlasovs became crowded and close. Natasha arrived every Saturday night, cold and tired, but always fresh and lively, in inexhaustible good spirits. The mother made stockings, and herself put them on the little feet. Natasha laughed at first; but suddenly grew silent and thoughtful, and said in a low voice to the mother:

"I had a nurse who was also ever so kind. How strange, Pelagueya Nilovna! The workingmen live such a hard, outraged life, and yet there is more heart, more goodness in them than in—those!" And she waved her hand, pointing somewhere far, very far from herself.

"See what sort of a person you are," the older woman answered. "You have left your own family and everything—" She was unable to finish her thought, and heaving a sigh looked silently into Natasha's face with a feeling of gratitude to the girl for she knew not what. She sat on the floor before Natasha, who smiled and fell to musing.

"I have abandoned my family?" she repeated, bending her head down. "That's nothing. My father is a stupid, coarse man—my brother also—and a drunkard, besides. My oldest sister—unhappy, wretched thing—married a man much older than herself, very rich, a bore and greedy. But my mother I am sorry for! She's a simple woman like you, a beaten-down, frightened creature, so tiny, like a little mouse—she runs so quickly and is afraid of everybody. And sometimes I want to see her so—my mother!"

"My poor thing!" said the mother sadly, shaking her head.

The girl quickly threw up her head and cried out: "Oh, no! At times I feel such joy, such happiness!"

Her face paled and her blue eyes gleamed. Placing her hands on the mother's shoulders she said with a deep voice issuing from her very heart, quietly as if in an ecstasy: "If you knew—if you but understood what a great, joyous work we are doing! You will come to feel it!" she exclaimed with conviction.

A feeling akin to envy touched the heart of the mother. Rising from the floor she said plaintively: "I am too old for that—ignorant and old."

Pavel spoke more and more often and at greater length, discussed more and more hotly, and—grew thinner and thinner. It seemed to his mother that when he spoke to Natasha or looked at her, his eyes turned softer, his voice sounded fonder, and his entire bearing became simpler.

"Heaven grant!" she thought; and imagining Natasha as her daughter-in-law, she smiled inwardly.

Whenever at the meetings the disputes waxed too hot and stormy, the Little Russian stood up, and rocking himself to and fro like the tongue of a bell, he spoke in his sonorous, resonant voice, simple and good words which allayed their excitement and recalled them to their purpose. Vyesovshchikov always kept hurrying everybody on somewhere. He and the red-haired youth called Samoylov were the first to begin all disputes. On their side were always Ivan Bukin, with the round head and the white eyebrows and lashes, who looked as if he had been hung out to dry, or washed out with lye; and the curly-headed, lofty-browed Fedyu Mazin. Modest Yacov-Somov, always smoothly combed and clean, spoke little and briefly, with a quiet, serious voice, and always took sides with Pavel and the Little Russian.

Sometimes, instead of Natasha, Alexey Ivanovich, a native of some remote government, came from the city. He wore eyeglasses, his beard was shiny, and he spoke with a peculiar singing voice. He produced the impression of a stranger from a far-distant land. He spoke about simple matters—about family life, about children, about commerce, the police, the price of bread and meat—about everything by which people live from day to day; and in everything he discovered fraud, confusion, and stupidity, sometimes setting these matters in a humorous light, but always showing their decided disadvantage to the people.

To the mother, too, it seemed that he had come from far away, from another country, where all the people lived a simple, honest, easy life, and that here everything was strange to him, that he could not get accustomed to this life and accept it as inevitable, that it displeased him, and that it aroused in him a calm determination to rearrange it after his own model. His face was yellowish with thin, radiate wrinkles around his eyes, his voice low, and his hands always warm. In greeting the mother he would infold her entire hand in his long powerful fingers; and

after such a vigorous handclasp she felt more at ease and lighter of heart.

Other people came from the city, oftenest among them a tall, well-built young girl with large eyes set in a thin, pale face. She was called Sashenka. There was something manly in her walk and movements; she knit her thick, dark eyebrows in a frown, and when she spoke the thin nostrils of her straight nose quivered.

She was the first to say "We are socialists!" Her voice when she said it was loud and strident.

When the mother heard this word, she stared in dumb fright into the girl's face. But Sashenka, half closing her eyes, said sternly and resolutely: "We must give up all our forces to the cause of the regeneration of life; we must realize that we will receive no recompense."

The mother understood that the socialists had killed the Czar. It had happened in the days of her youth; and people had then said that the landlords, wishing to revenge themselves on the Czar for liberating the peasant serfs, had vowed not to cut their hair until the Czar should be killed. These were the persons who had been called socialists. And now she could not understand why it was that her son and his friends were socialists.

When they had all departed, she asked Pavel: "Pavlusha, are you a socialist?"

"Yes," he said, standing before her, straight and stalwart as always. "Why?"

The mother heaved a heavy sigh, and lowering her eyes, said: "So, Pavlusha? Why, they are against the Czar; they killed one."

Pavel walked up and down the room, ran his hand across his face, and, smiling, said: "We don't need to do that!"

He spoke to her for a long while in a low, serious voice. She looked into his face and thought: "He will do nothing bad; he is incapable of doing bad!"

And thereafter the terrible word was repeated with increasing frequency; its sharpness wore off, and it became as familiar to her ear as scores of other words unintelligible to her. But Sashenka did not please her, and when she came, the mother felt troubled and ill at ease.

Once she said to the Little Russian, with an expression of dissatisfaction about the mouth: "What a stern person this Sashenka is! Flings her commands around! — You must do this and you must do that!"

The Little Russian laughed aloud.

"Well said, mother! You struck the nail right on the head! Hey, Pavel?"

And with a wink to the mother, he said with a jovial gleam in his eyes: "You can't drain the blue blood out of a person even with a pump!"

Pavel remarked dryly, "She is a good woman!" and his face glowered.

"And that's true, too!" the Little Russian corroborated. "Only she does not understand that she ought to—"

They started up an argument about something the mother did not understand. The mother noticed, also, that Sashenka was most stern with Pavel, and that sometimes she even scolded him. Pavel smiled, was silent, and looked in the girl's face with that soft look he had formerly given Natasha. This likewise displeased the mother.

The gatherings increased in number, and began to be held twice a week; and when the mother observed with what avidity the young people listened to the speeches of her son and the Little Russian, to the interesting stories of Sashenka, Natasha, Alexey Ivanovich, and the other people from the city, she forgot her fears and shook her head sadly as she recalled the days of her youth.

Sometimes they sang songs, the simple, familiar melodies, aloud and merrily. But often they sang new songs, the words and music in perfect accord, sad and quaint in tune. These they sang in an undertone, pensively and seriously as church hymns are chanted. Their faces grew pale, yet hot, and a mighty force made itself felt in their ringing words.

"It is time for us to sing these songs in the street," said Vyesovshchikov somberly.

On occasions when his father had stolen something again and was in prison, Nickolay would announce to his comrades: "Now we can hold our meetings at our house. The police will think us thieves, and they love thieves!"

Almost every evening after work, one of Pavel's comrades came to his house, read with him, and copied something from the books. So greatly occupied were they that they hardly even took the time to wash. They ate their supper and drank tea with the books in their hands; and their talks became less and less intelligible to the mother.

"We must have a newspaper!" Pavel said frequently.

Life grew ever more hurried and feverish; there was a constant rushing from house to

house, a passing from one book to another, like the flirting of bees from flower to flower.

"They are talking about us!" said Yevoshchikov once. "We must get away soon."

"What's a quail for but to be caught in the snare?" retorted the Little Russian.

Vlasova liked the Little Russian more and more. When he called her "mother," it was like a child's hand patting her on the cheek. On Sunday, if Pavel had no time, he chopped wood for her; once he came with a board on his shoulder, and quickly and skillfully replaced the rotten step on the porch. Another time he repaired the tottering fence with just as little ado. He whistled as he worked. It was a beautifully sad and wistful whistle.

Once the mother said to the son: "Suppose

we take the Little Russian in as a boarder. It will be better for both of you. You won't have to run to each other so much!"

"Why need you trouble and crowd yourself?" asked Pavel, shrugging his shoulders.

"There you have it! All my life I've had trouble for I don't know what. For a good person it's worth the while."

"Do as you please. If he comes I'll be glad."

And the Little Russian moved into their home.

The little house at the edge of the village aroused attention. Its walls already felt the regard of scores of suspecting eyes. The motley wings of rumor hovered restlessly above them.

(To be continued.)

GLORY OF WINTER

By CURTIS HIDDEN PAGE

WHAT joy to face the sting of the air, to feel
 The hard and hale and hearty buffeting air,
 To meet the rush of the rollicking winds a-reel,
 To call to the cold in his caves and fling him a dare!

Shout loud to the spirit of snow and challenge him forth,
 Beg of the sleet to bite and the frost to be bold.
 Hail to the winds of Winter, come down from the North!
 Thrill body and nerve and brain with the sting of the cold!

Bathe all thy being deep in the stream of the storm,
 And drink long draughts, lung-full, of its free-flung flood,
 Till every vein is aglow and throbbing and warm,
 Thrilled through and through with the health of the leaping blood.

So bathe thy soul in the joy of unyielding strife,
 A bitter cordial to sweeten the taste of life.



LEGISLATING IN PARLIAMENT AND CONGRESS

BY A. MAURICE LOW

I. THE AUTOCRATIC COMMONS



EVERY newborn republic studies the Constitution of the United States and its workings, when the fundamental plan of government is to be determined. But when the governing scheme of our own republic was formulating, we had no elder brothers in democracy whose precedents might guide us, and our constitution makers were compelled to turn to classic models, to monarchies, or their own logic, as sources of information. It is a recognized fact that our constitution makers frankly modeled the American Congress on the British Parliament, house for house; the House of Representatives standing as a parallel to the House of Commons, while the Senate was intended to serve many of the functions of the House of Lords. This is true, in spite of the fundamental differences between the powers of the two legislatures, and the narrower limitation and definition of the authority of the American Congress.

In the light of this historical fact, it is significant to observe that in republican America, the House of Representatives, which directly represents the people and is therefore supposed to be the controlling force in legislation, has fallen from its once high estate,

and has permitted the Senate, more remote from the people and therefore less immediately its representative, to encroach upon its proper province and become the real governing body of the country; while in monarchical England the House of Commons is, in fact although not in name, Parliament, and the House of Lords, that house which at one time dominated all legislation, is of distinctly secondary importance and virtually powerless in the event of divergence on vital questions.

The broad difference between Congress and Parliament—which is amazingly suggestive as showing how the power of the people of England has grown during the last two centuries and how the power of the people of America has diminished—is that in Congress the Senate, at its creation patterned after the English House of Lords, possesses equally with the House of Representatives the control over the public purse and the right to impose taxation. In England the House of Lords cannot vote money out of the treasury or amend a taxing bill. This in a sentence explains why the Commons is the real government of England. So long as the people retain in their own hands the power to raise money and to determine how that money shall be expended, so long as they are able, by withholding money, to disband the army, to

make the navy "as idle as a painted ship upon a painted ocean," to render the functions of government impotent, they need have no fear of king or lords, for government begins and ends with the purse. In the United States, the executive and legislative functions are divided between the President and the two Houses of Congress. In England they are consolidated in Parliament, and the Prime Minister is the potentate who embodies in himself the application of those functions.

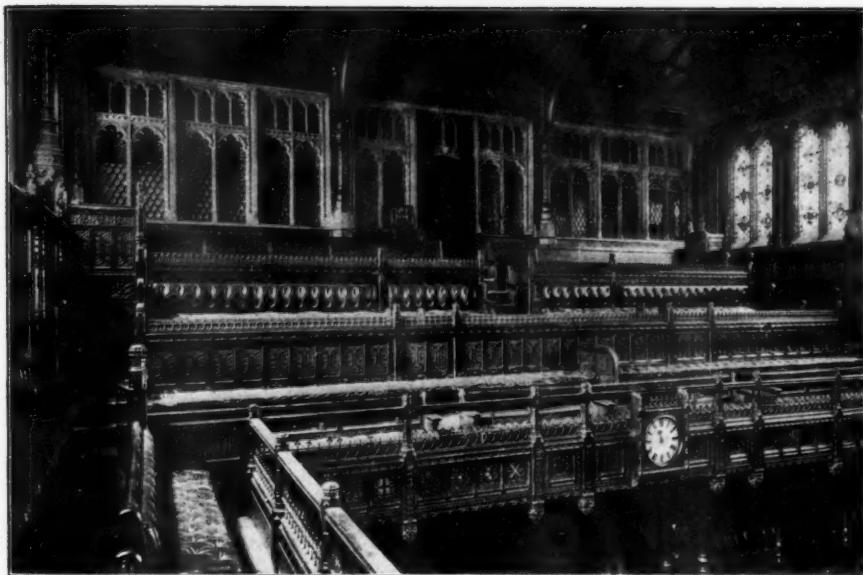
If the President of the United States had the power to appoint the committees of both Houses of Congress as well as the members of his cabinet; if the Senate were prohibited by the Constitution from discussing or amending any bill appropriating money or raising revenue passed by the House of Representatives; if the Speaker of the House were a non-partisan official whose sole duty were to preside over the deliberations of the House, act as its official mouthpiece, and hold the scales level between the contending parties; if furthermore it were the prerogative of the President to make war or peace and determine the rate of taxation Congress should impose upon the country, the power of the President would be no greater than that of the Prime Minister of Great Britain.

The greatest autocrat in the world is not that imaginary embodiment of all autocracy, the Czar of the Russias, but is England's Prime Minister, so long as he is backed by his majority in the House of Commons; but it is a benevolent and constitutional autocracy, although based on no written constitution and existing solely by the strength of tradition and with the free will of the British people.

The most British and at the same time the most un-British institution in Britain, if I may be allowed the paradox, is the House of Commons. For it is here that national characteristics most loudly assert themselves, and one learns with surprise that, in a democratic monarchy, it is the people and not the nobles who are more royalist than the king. England is a democracy and the House of Commons is an autocracy. Individually the Englishman is not a stickler for form, and is frank, unsuspicious, and genial. The House of Commons is made up of all classes of society, but when the elements are fused in the parliamentary alembic, the product is that intense conservatism, that veneration for form and family name and blood that so marks the Englishman who, a thoroughgoing repub-

lican at heart, dearly loves a lord and is not ashamed to confess it. And the most striking thing about Parliament to the outsider is that the Commons puts on more airs than the House of Lords, which the uninitiated imagine keeps itself almost as jealously aloof from contact with the people as royalty itself. But compared with the Commons the House of Lords is a free and informal body, in many ways strangely like the Senate but with not a tithe of its great power; hedged in with fewer restrictions than the Lower House, and freer of access to the general public.

The American visitor to London always goes first to the Commons; believing from his knowledge of Congress and State legislatures that he has but to appear and the doors will swing open to him. He enters, or rather he attempts to enter, through a courtyard which is obviously the approach to the main entrance; only to be halted at the gate by a policeman who politely, but yet with an air of decisive authority, waves him down the street and says, "Strangers' Entrance." That settles his status. It makes no difference whether he is an American doing Europe for the first time, an Englishman loyal to the crown, a colonial even more loyal, or a foreigner; he is generically a "Stranger." He is neither a visitor nor a guest. He is an alien, an outsider, a person to be looked upon with suspicion because he is not a member of the parliamentary tribe; and the primitive instincts of suspicion and protection are the law of the tribe. You are a Stranger. If perchance your millions are so many that their fame has spread across the Atlantic, or if you are fortunate enough to be a peripatetic presidential candidate, you may rise to the dignity of "A Distinguished Stranger" and sit in a gallery apart from the common order of mankind; but if you can command neither millions nor votes you must be content with being just an ordinary Stranger, and to be treated accordingly. The reader will notice that in my vocabulary Stranger is a male noun, singular in number. This is not due to any want of chivalry on my part or ignorance of the fact that the tourist transformed for the nonce into a Stranger is usually plural and of common gender, but because the House of Commons refuses to recognize the woman Stranger. She is as jealously screened from the parliamentary gaze as the woman of the harem is veiled from all eyes except those of her husband; unless the blood of the parliamentary tribe, by con-



STRANGERS' GALLERY, HOUSE OF COMMONS

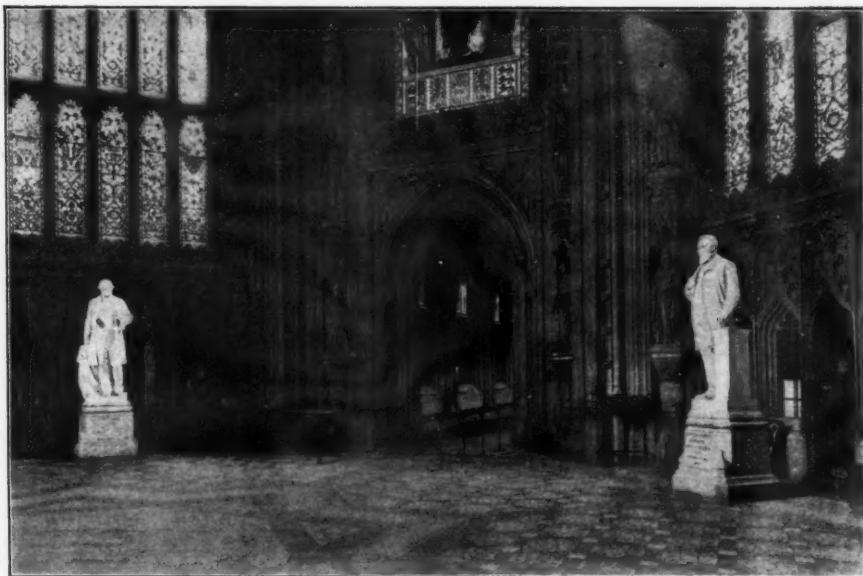
sanguinity or adoption, be in her, and then she is much in evidence.

Anxious as you are to see the inside you are irresistibly and almost unconsciously held for a moment by the outside. The imposing Gothic façade is symbolic. It typifies antiquity, tradition, established order; observance of form and ceremonial. The stones mellowed by age, softened by the grime of years, more beautiful in the ripened tones of maturity (which suggest the wisdom and poise of experience) than the garish freshness and crudeness of youth, picture rugged strength. The stones are old, the façade is history; it is the past and not the present that rises like a vision as one beholds where the Mother of Parliaments has been cradled. And yet it is no anachronism that the centuries should be bridged by the policeman at the door, Constable Smith of the "Y" division, type of the far-famed "Bobby," himself typical of the law that Parliament represents, satisfied to do his duty for \$6 a week!

Up a flight of steps, through a vaulted stone corridor to a door, where a constable throws his suspicious glance, and you pass into the rotunda—the heart of the British Empire, the most marvelous Empire the world has known. And here are the living and the dead

who have made and kept the Empire. The history of England is written in the marble effigies, in the pictures of sovereigns and nobles and commoners. The very stones are eloquent with the stories of their legendary past, and the arched corridors echo to the tread of the great, who keep ghostly vigil.

It is the afternoon of a June day, one of those rare June days in London when the sky is blue and a soft breeze tempers the heat. The sun is hot, but inside these thick walls of the parliament house it is pleasantly cool. Outside the sun is dazzling, but here it filters through innumerable stained-glass and mullioned windows and is softened to a grateful gray that is restful and is a fitting atmosphere for the dignity of the place. The rotunda is buzzing with its crowd of chattering men and women; the men in tweeds with ruddy cheeks, so unmistakably country squires on a visit to London that they are as readily singled out of the throng as is the Mississippi planter with his broad slouch hat and frock coat and white tie when he comes to Washington for the first time in his life and stands in awe at the door of the House, waiting for the member from his "destrict." And there is the well-set-up, smartly groomed man with a monocle, whose profession of the



CENTRAL HALL, HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT

army is no more loudly written over him than that of the man standing next to him, whose black coat and knee breeches proclaim him the rural dean. And the women! There are the dean's daughters, whose hats and frocks tell of the "making over" struggle of genteel poverty, who stand side by side with some of the smartest and best-groomed women in London, so lovely to look upon and so stunningly dressed that perhaps after all the House of Commons is wise not to permit its deliberations to be disturbed by these dazzling visions; and near them, encompassing them, frequently outnumbering them, are Americans, men and women, whose Mecca is London in the season, and whose attraction is always Parliament. Standing here, very much interested in all that is going on around you, you have for the moment forgotten that you are a Stranger because there is little formality, but you shall soon be reminded of your lowly estate.

"Hats off, Strangers, for the Speaker," the constables standing at the lobby entrance cry, as they come to attention.

"Hats off! Way for the Speaker!" is the command given by the police inspector in the so-called lobby, which is really the antechamber of the House.

At once, as when the muezzin calls the faithful to prayer, there is silence and respect and heads are bared. The Speaker is about to leave his palace adjoining the House, to take his seat. "Mr. Speaker" is a very great dignitary. By law he is "The First Commoner," and is given official precedence over every other commoner in the kingdom. During his term of office he receives a salary of \$25,000 a year, the only member of Parliament not a member of the government who is in receipt of a salary. He is provided with an official residence which is maintained at public expense. To keep him in the straight and narrow way spiritually he has his private chaplain. To enable him to walk in the devious ways of the law he has his private counsel. To minister to his comfort and convenience and dignity he has a private secretary, a trainbearer, and a messenger. And when he retires he is raised to the peerage with a pension of \$20,000 a year for life.

Mr. Speaker has now left his residence, and in stately and picturesque procession is entering the corridor that leads to the House. He is preceded by an usher, then comes the sergeant-at-arms in a black coat open at the breast to show the daintiest of white cambric ruffles, knee breeches, black silk stockings,

and shoes with silver buckles, with a rapier on his hip. The sergeant-at-arms, who is appointed by the King personally, although he is an officer of the House of Commons, is paid a salary of \$6,000 a year and has an official residence. He carries the great glittering mace on his shoulder and is followed by two doorkeepers who wear knee breeches, silk stockings, and coats and waistcoats of the conventional evening cut; their wide expanse of shirt-front partly covered by a gold chain suspended around the neck and meeting in a large gold badge. Then comes the Speaker in a huge wig and silk gown, which is held up by his trainbearer, followed by the gowned figure of the chaplain, with two doorkeepers to close the procession. The staff of doorkeepers range themselves around the walls of the antechamber—a room with wonderful oak carving and stained-glass windows—and make respectful and deep obeisance as the Speaker passes, while the members stand with bared heads and in silence until the procession has entered the House. Then the members crowd in, the doors are locked, and again the voice of the muezzin is heard crying to the faithful: "Speaker at prayers."

The doors are locked against us because we are men, but—O, most illogical of legis-

latures!—women, who may see but must not be seen, are permitted to look down upon the members while engaged in their devotions. High above the Speaker's chair is a gallery, the front of which from its floor line to the roof is walled in by a wide-spaced metal screen or grille. This is the ladies' gallery of the House of Commons, and "behind the grille" is a recognized socio-parliamentary phrase of meaning to the initiated, signifying, of course, the women in the gallery. There is only one place in the House from which you, a male Stranger, can see the grille, and that is from a seat "Under the Clock," of which you shall be told later.

It is very curious from our seat under the clock to look up at the grille. When first coming into that softened gloom from the brighter light of the antechamber, you can see nothing, but as you look you will discover through one of the interstices of the grille an eye, a single eye, a living eye, you know, because it moves and flashes; but an eye seemingly suspended in space and without the corporeal attachments to which it belongs. By concentrating your own two eyes, you are gradually able to piece out other eyes, but they are so inextricably jumbled together that in searching for the other brown eye, you



SCULPTURE HALL, CAPITOL AT WASHINGTON

mate it to a blue eye, and you catch a glimpse of a black head calmly appropriating a green eye, which is inconsistent. Really this grille has all the fascination of piecing together a block puzzle, and when you are looking for your own particular pair of brown or blue eyes, it has all the excitement of a game of chance.

Men may not enter the House until after prayers are said, but women may. From their place behind the grille they can see the Speaker walk up the main aisle of the House, bowing low to the empty chair, and accompanied by the sergeant-at-arms and the chaplain, the trainbearer and the doorkeepers remaining at the bar. The Speaker does not take the chair but stands at the table, a real table, covered with books and dispatch boxes, on which the mace is placed when the House is in session, and is carefully put out of sight under the table when the Speaker leaves the chair. Standing by the side of the Speaker is the chaplain. Three prayers are said, one for the King, another for the royal family, and the third for Parliament. While the prayers are being said the members stand in their places facing each other. At the conclusion of prayer a collect is recited, when the members turn and face the walls of the chamber. Service over, the Speaker takes the chair and the chaplain retires, bowing every few steps until he reaches the bar, when he makes a final and more sweeping reverence and disappears through the now unlocked doors of the House.

Now the Stranger may enter. If he has a gallery order, he will—to a limited number under the watchful eye of a Bobby—ascend a winding stair until he reaches a small stone gallery between the gallery proper and the massive outer walls of the building, where he will be halted at a turnstile and an attendant will leisurely take his order, look at it closely, hand him a quill pen, and, indicating a line in a big book, tell him to write his name and address and the name of the member who stands his sponsor. Then he passes through the turnstile and into the gallery, where he is given a copy of the orders of the day, which in congressional language is the Calendar. This he may read when time hangs heavy. But woe befall him if he should attempt to read anything else. He would be turned out of the gallery, of course, but that would be the least of his punishments. He would no doubt be found guilty of having violated some musty old statute of Edward I, involving some dire penalty.

But the Stranger may console himself with one very pleasing reflection. He is enjoying a privilege that is denied to the King of England. The Houses of Parliament, officially known as the Palace of Westminster, is a royal palace, but it is a palace in which the sovereign, by the force of tradition and the unwritten constitution, may never set foot. The last King of England to enter the House of Commons was Charles I, and he died on the scaffold. King Edward, as Prince of Wales, has been many times in the House of Commons, but since he ascended the throne the privilege is denied him. Nor may he enter the House of Lords except to open or prorogue Parliament; the theory being of course that the presence of the sovereign might influence the deliberations of Parliament and prevent it from exercising, untrammeled, its free will. Since the time of Charles I, no crowned head has set foot on the floor of the Commons until the visit of the King of Spain to London last year. Under the escort of the Earl of Denbigh, one of the King's lords in waiting, he was shown the sights of Westminster, and he reached the House just as the Speaker had left the chair. The House not being in session, Lord Denbigh was permitted to take his distinguished guest on the floor.

Here tradition is writ large. It is easier for a rich man to rid himself of his tainted money than it is to disturb by the transposition of a single letter a tradition of Parliament. Last year when I was in London, as an active member of the press on both sides of the Atlantic, I wanted to visit the press gallery. Tickets to the gallery are made out in the name of the reporter and are not transferable; but in the more democratic Lords, the gallery ticket is in the name of the newspaper and can be used by any member of the staff. Application on my behalf was made to the sergeant-at-arms, who was asked to extend the courtesy of the gallery to a visiting journalist. Regretfully the request was denied. It was explained that some time before a similar request had been made on account of a distinguished French journalist, and that the precedents had been carefully examined to ascertain if there was any warrant for this departure from the established rules. There was no precedent to sanction such a startling innovation, and the French journalist had to view the proceedings from the Strangers' gallery; and of course that settled it so far as I was concerned. If the



TEA ON THE TERRACE, HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT

British Empire ever goes to smash, it will be because at the critical moment there is no precedent to save emergency from colliding with tradition.

This respect for tradition, this awe of the majesty of Parliament, is felt by everybody who in any way is connected with that body. A few years ago there was a full-dress debate in the Commons, for which I had been fortunate enough to secure a gallery order for the afternoon session and an "Under the Clock" order for the evening sitting, beginning after the dinner recess. While waiting to be admitted, I was joined by the member

who had issued the order, and we entered the lobby, where he introduced me to the doorkeeper, who at the end of the session, after a long period of service, was to retire on a pension. My friend mentioned this to make conversation, and I suggested to the doorkeeper that of course he had never permitted any unauthorized person to go on the floor. He replied with modest pride that he had not, but, he added, his predecessor had. "What happened to him?" I asked, and to my shame be it said I asked the question in a flippant and almost jocular tone. "Well, of course, you know," the doorkeeper said

in a solemn voice as if the mere memory was painful, "they couldn't stand for *that*. He *had* to go." And then after an eloquent pause which showed that he was struggling with his emotions he added: "Yes, he had to go." He said it as an old man tells of a wayward son who has brought his brilliant career to an untimely end, and he sighed.

But at Westminster everything which seems grotesque and archaic has its origin in a past day when there was excellent reason for it. From the gallery the visitor will notice a clearly defined line upon the floor a few inches from the front row of benches on both sides, and it is out of order for a "front bench man" (those benches being reserved for ministers and ex-ministers) addressing the House, to put his foot outside the line. The distance from the line to the opposite bench is just the distance that can be reached at arm's length by a drawn rapier, and although the members no longer wear swords, and there is no danger of a member in the heat of debate pinking his opponent, the line still remains to give an Old World touch of romance.

To console me for my exclusion from the press gallery I am given an order for "Under the Clock." This is a little pew with a single bench holding about half a dozen persons, raised a few inches above the level of the floor, cut off from it by an iron railing, but practically forming part of it. Technically you are not in the House because your seat is behind the bar, but to all intents and purposes you are as much on the floor as is a member, especially one who has to sit in a rear bench next to the wall; you face the Speaker, you can see the entire House, and you can hear excellently.

The first impression of the House is disappointing. It is smaller than one expected; the limited gallery space, with room for only 120 strangers, is noticeable and explains why members to secure orders must wait their regular turn; and the floor proper is clearly inadequate to seat the 670 members. As a matter of fact there are seats for only 340, who must be present at prayers to secure a seat for the day. The remainder must either stand or sit in the two side galleries, from which members have been known to ask a question, but never to make a speech. It is only on very rare occasions, however, that the seating capacity of the floor is taxed. But the House is very beautiful with its walls and ceiling of paneled and carved oak, and to one who is familiar with Congress or a

State legislature, the dignity, the decorum, the ceremonial is impressive. The Speaker in his high, canopied chair surmounted by the arms of Great Britain, in wig and gown; the clerks below him in wigs and gowns; the table covered with books and the two famous brass-bound dispatch boxes; the great mace glistening like gold; the sergeant-at-arms with his small sword; the doorkeepers and messengers in evening dress and their badges of office, who bow to the chair every time they approach the bar—are exactly the personnel and the *mise en scène* so appropriate that one would be disappointed if the smallest item were missing.

And then one looks at the members and rubs his eyes in astonishment, for in this august assemblage, in the presence of the Speaker in all the majesty of wig and gown, undeterred by the sergeant-at-arms and his sword, fully half the members are wearing their hats! And they wear them in the most devil-may-care sort of way; not at all as if they were ashamed, but rather as if it was a matter of pride with them to have cultivated the most acute angle at which a hat could be worn and still remain on the head. They wear them almost touching their noses; they wear them almost touching their necks; they wear them tilted far back on their heads; they wear them well over their ears; and they loll back against the benches and fold their arms and in quiet times gently slumber; but the hat is always there. It is very peculiar.

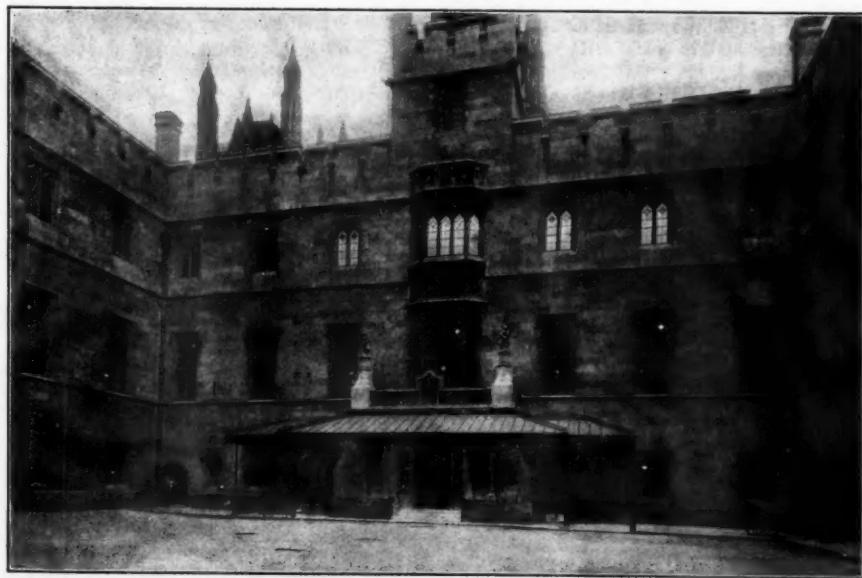
A member may wear his hat in the House so long as he is sitting, but the moment he rises he must uncover; and of course no one remains covered when he addresses the chair. But here is one of those paradoxes that make the House always so delightfully interesting and its rules so unlike those of any other legislative body. When the House is dividing and a member desires to raise a point of order, the rules require that he must "speak sitting and covered." On one occasion Mr. Gladstone raised a point of order and for the moment forgot the rule. No sooner did he begin to speak than the House shouted at him "Hat! hat!" Every cabinet member has a private room where he leaves his hat, and Mr. Gladstone as usual entered the House hatless, and so had all the other ministers around him. There was a frantic search for a hat, much to the malicious delight of the opposition, and finally a hat was snatched up and Gladstone put it on his head. But Gladstone's head was the largest in the

House and the hat belonged to a member with a very small head, and it perched on his head like a vaudeville artist's "tile." Gladstone was always a man of tremendous energy in speaking, and as he spoke the little hat wabbled all over his crown and was in danger of falling off. To prevent this catastrophe a member sitting behind leaned over him and carefully held the hat in place until Mr. Gladstone had stated his point of order. Last summer a member raised a point of order and, like Mr. Gladstone, found himself without a hat. A fellow-member quickly folded up his order paper into a cocked hat, such as children wear when playing soldier, and offered it to his friend, who gravely wore it, much to the amusement of the House, and thus complied with the technical requirement of the rule of being "covered."

The House likewise has its own code in regard to the partaking of liquid and solid refreshments. A member making a long speech may take a drink, and the House is liberal enough not to care whether the color of the contents of the glass is white or brown or black, whether, in fact, the glass holds water or whisky or beer. Mr. Gladstone's egg flips, which his wife carefully compounded for him and he brought to the House in a bottle, are classic. But woe betide the man

who scorns drink and must have meat. Contemporary recollection only recalls one member rash enough to disregard this rule. It was about fifteen years ago in the stormy time of the home-rule debates, that an Irish member, in the small hours of the morning, produced from his pocket a paper bag and drew out a bun, which he proceeded calmly to eat. The House was instantly in an uproar, there were loud cries of "Order! Order!" and that bun was never finished.

No member may read a newspaper in the House. If he had the temerity to smoke, the sergeant-at-arms would quickly place him under lock and key. This is no jest. Few members of Parliament are aware of the fact that there is a prison, a very comfortable prison it must be admitted, but nevertheless a prison especially built for the incarceration of members and strangers who have offended against the privileges or violated the decorum of the House. This place of confinement is in the clock tower, which is surmounted by "Big Ben," perhaps the most celebrated clock in the world. Access to the prison is obtained only through the residence of the sergeant-at-arms, who is held personally responsible for the safe custody of a prisoner of Parliament. The last commoner committed to the care of the sergeant-at-arms was in



SPEAKER'S HOUSE, HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT

1880, when Mr. Bradlaugh, the member for Northampton, a professed atheist, refused to take the oath of allegiance with the formula "So help me God," and for his contumacy was placed in confinement for twenty-four hours. In the old days the prison was one of the perquisites of the sergeant-at-arms, since before the prisoner could obtain his freedom he was compelled to pay a substantial fee to his jailer.

In the past the offender was not only punished but he was humiliated. The prisoner at the bar had to receive his sentence kneeling, but that indignity is no longer inflicted. Toward the end of the eighteenth century the proprietor of a London newspaper was brought to the bar of the House and severely censured for the heinous crime of having published a report of the proceedings of the House. As he rose from his knees he brushed the dust from his clothes with the contemptuous remark: "What a damned dirty House!" And ever since, perhaps because the House did not want to run the risk of having casual remarks made about its house-keeping, the prisoner at the bar is allowed to receive his sentence standing. Many persons have been brought to the bar of the House, as the Commons have always been jealous of their dignity. A man named Hyde was jostled by a policeman detailed for duty at the House, and Hyde summonsed him for assault. For this he was arrested by the sergeant-at-arms and arraigned at the bar and committed to prison for a breach of privilege in having attempted to bring an officer of the House before the ordinary legal tribunals. The most amusing case of breach of privilege was in the early years of the last century, when Dick Martin, a well-known Irish member, brought an Irish reporter to the bar for having misrepresented him in a report of his speech. The reporter pleaded that the publication was absolutely correct. "It may be," Martin replied, "but I defy the gentleman to prove that I spoke in italics." The House roared, and the reporter was allowed to go.

Technically it is a violation of the rules for a member to read a speech, although the rule is not strictly enforced, and is frequently violated. The congressional practice of sending books and reports to the clerk's desk and having that official read voluminous extracts is unknown. So also is the American custom of "leave to print," because there is no English publication corresponding to the *Congressional Record*. Its nearest approach

is *Hansard*, which, unlike the *Congressional Record*, is not a verbatim report but is merely an abridgment of the proceedings. The speeches of cabinet ministers in both Houses and the rulings of the Speaker are reported verbatim; the remarks of other members are summarized, and the space allotted to them is a matter entirely within the judgment of the editor, who, perhaps it is unnecessary to add, is guided by precedent. A new and untried hand must be content with a line or two, a man of longer years is given a paragraph, and so the scale ascends until a man has arrived and reaches the dignity of being stenographically reported. *Hansard* is supposed to appear two days after the sitting, but as Parliament is a leisurely body, nobody makes a fuss if there is a delay of four or five days. Members are given the privilege of revising their remarks, but they may not extend them.

To a person familiar with Congress, the air of the House of Commons is almost solemn and impressively dignified. There are no page boys in knickerbockers dashing up the aisles or playing marbles on the steps of the Speaker's chair, but in their place are these sedate, clerical-looking messengers in their dress suits and chains of office, quietly moving about with their soft tread and respectful air, never daring to pass in front of members as messengers do in Congress, and never forgetting to bow to the chair as they enter the House. This ceremony of acknowledging the presence of the Speaker becomes in a little while a fixed habit; it is similar to the lesson inculcated on the youth when he first enters the navy, always as he sets foot on deck in the morning to turn to the flag and salute it. And the pose of the messengers is the keynote of the assembly. At Westminster, unlike Washington, members do not look upon the chamber as their club. They do not read or write, because they are not provided with desks, but sit on benches running at right angles to the Speaker's chair; they do not talk or tell boisterously funny stories and drown the voice of a speaker; they do not smoke, or walk about, or lounge round the clerks' table.

One reason, perhaps, why members do their writing and reading and talking outside the chamber, is that Parliament provides very luxurious accommodations for them, and it has often been said in derision that St. Stephen's, which is the popular name for Westminster, is the finest club in London. And

in addition to all the other appointments of a first-class club, Parliament has the most celebrated *al fresco* tea room in the world. The back of the House looks on the Thames, from which it is separated by a wide stone terrace and breast-high balustrade. This is the world-renowned "Terrace." On this pleasant afternoon in June, and on every fine afternoon during the season, the Terrace is crowded with the prettiest, the best-dressed, and the most fashionable women in London. And this is where woman revenges herself on arrogant man for the indignity of being shut up behind a screen. The wives and cousins and sweethearts of members come to the House and are taken to tea on the Terrace, where in their dainty frocks and their high-bred air they toy with strawberries, which are not more luscious than the red lips that delicately eat them, nibble thin slices of bread and butter, and drink tea. The Terrace has been called the smartest tea room in the Empire, and it does not belie its reputation. I have seen no prettier sight in London than the Terrace on a fine day in the height of the season. The perfectly proportioned façade of the palace accentuates the life and gayety and beauty of the hundreds of groups at the small tables. In the foreground is the river, little steamboats and other small craft making an ever-changing panorama full of color; and on the opposite bank, to serve as a sort of *memento mori* to this gay and frivolous throng, is the grim pile of St. Thomas's Hospital, symbolic of the hand's space that separates joy from suffering and life from death.

There is a marked difference in the manner of speaking between the English member of Parliament and the American member of Congress; it is the difference of racial temperament which finds its expression. The English parliamentarian speaks more slowly, less fluently, with less aggressiveness and cocksureness than the American; his voice is pitched at a lower key and is better modulated. The effect is conversational rather than oratorical. Somehow or other you seem to feel that the Englishman rather scorns elocutionary effects; that he thinks it isn't quite the thing for a gentleman to have the manner of an actor; that no gentleman would speak merely to show he had mastered the tricks of the professional elocutionist. But the practice of the House—and what applies to the House of Commons applies with equal force to the House of Lords—offers no opportunity for the silver-tongued orator to dis-

play his powers. Long speeches are unknown and will not be tolerated. In the last session the government reduced the strength of the army by 20,000 men and made several radical changes in the military establishment. Mr. Haldane, the secretary of war, explained the scheme—which was very complicated and technical and full of figures—to the House in a speech of two hours and a half, which contained no extraneous matter but was simply a businesslike presentation of a subject of vital importance to the country. Yet for a member of the cabinet to speak for two hours and a half was regarded by his opponents as entirely too long, and by his admirers as an achievement remarkable enough to be chronicled. Thus one newspaper, politically opposed to Mr. Haldane's party but which treats him with respect, commented on the speech by saying, "A speech of this length must necessarily lose some of its audience before it reaches its conclusion," and it added: "Very long speeches and statements, without being absolutely rare, are, at any rate, infrequent in the House of Commons." A paper politically opposed to Mr. Haldane frankly tells him that he talks too much; while a paper of his political faith is lost in admiration of his "imperturbable calm," "as though the making of a three hours' speech were the easiest and simplest thing in the world."

And as the long speech is tabooed, it follows as a matter of course that the House is not a factory where campaign material is turned out by the page. The hifalutin-Fourth-of-July - make - the - eagle - scream speech; the speech that gentlemen from the rural districts delight to make in Congress so as to be able to send franked copies of the *Congressional Record* to their constituents; the speech in which weird and remarkable statistics are rained on a defenseless audience which is told that America is the land of the free and the brave; the speech in which there is always poetry and always a "peroration" with applause in brackets as the tag—is unknown in Parliament. One reason it is unknown is that the rules require a member to address himself to the subject before the House, and that rule is strictly enforced. But the latitude of debate permitted a member will be more particularly explained in a succeeding article.

The House of Commons is a more somnolent, a quieter, a less electrical body than the House of Representatives. In the Commons there is no such thing as a running debate; a

member is not interrupted, and if the attempt should be made, the Speaker would quickly cry, "Order! Order!" But he does not enforce order by vigorously pounding a mallet and making as much noise as a cooper tightening the hoops on a barrel. A speech is not applauded, but it is frequently punctuated by cries of "Hear, hear!" When the speaker finishes, members do not crowd about him and congratulate him; he sits down and pulls his hat over his eyes or shoves it on the back of his head, and the House listens to the next man. In the House of Representatives, owing to the noise and confusion, the constant interruptions, the pounding of the Speaker's gavel, the never-ending passage of members and messengers across the floor, and the general air of informality and disregard of the strict adherence to rules and traditions, the unexpected is always the anticipated, the air is always surcharged with electricity, and the spark and the mine are always in close contact. The House of Commons has not been without its scenes of passionate excitement, it has witnessed turbulence and violence, the emotions of men have been aroused by appeals to their prejudice and selfishness, the authority of the Speaker has been defied. The House of Commons, like the House of Representatives, is intensely human; beneath the veneer of civilization is the primal man, prejudice and passion are there although they lie dormant; but convention exercises its influence. One can hardly imagine in these days the dignified and reposeful air of the Commons being rudely shaken by disorder.

A composite photograph of the Commons would show a marked variance from a similar photograph of the House of Representatives. As individuals the pattern of the Commoner is more stereotyped than that of the Representative; facially and sartorially there is no such wide difference between the Scotch and Irish and English member, the representative of a great city or a small rural constituency, as there is between the man from New York and the man from Texas; the city man from the East and the farmer from the West. And the uniformity of physical type finds its counterpart in the uniformity of dress. It would not perhaps be strictly accurate to say that the Commons as a body is better dressed than the American lower house, but in the Commons one sees more black coats. A rather more punctilious regard is shown for attire than in Congress. But, alas! the black coat is fast disappearing, according to the

plaint of the older members and the sticklers for form. Since the incursion of the workingman in politics, the informal "lounge coat" has taken the place of the more stately frock and cutaway. Grays and browns and blues are now seen where once only black prevailed, and the red necktie, for which the labor members appear to have a peculiar weakness, is to these critics the crowning sign of the decadence of style in the House, once world-noted for the exquisite fashion.

We have been so busy watching the men and their surroundings that we have paid no attention to the proceedings, but to-morrow we will come to see Parliament at work. The House is about to rise. The Speaker leaves the chair and the members troop out, and as they stream through the lobbies, the England of the twentieth century is rolled up on the canvas of time and we are once again living in the days of the Stuarts. When the Speaker leaves the chair the constable in the lobby calls out, "Who goes home? Mr. Speaker will take the chair at the usual time to-morrow." And then man after man takes up the cry, "Who goes home?" which echoes and reéchoes through the now rapidly deserted corridors and is the fitting benediction of the marble effigies of the great dead who keep jealous watch over the living.

This nightly salutation is another survival of a custom which had a meaning. In the days when Westminster was divided from the city of London by a marsh which is now the Strand, and the way was dark and dangerous, infested with highwaymen and cutthroats and roistering blades, the members, for protection, formed a bodyguard about the Speaker, and the cry of "Who goes home?" was the signal for them to fall in. Now Mr. Speaker is leisurely escorted through an electrically illuminated passageway to his residence; members whirl away in their motor cars or carriages or the more plebeian hansom; John Burns walks across the bridge to take a county council tram to far-away Battersea; other labor members foot it or take a penny 'bus or the "tuppenny tube." London at midnight is as brilliant as day and almost as full of life. But in the fast darkening palace of Westminster, now given over to its guardians in marble and the blue-coated Bobbies, where tradition is venerated and the old is loved for its age, the belated sightseer hears the call for the last time and realizes, perhaps as he never realized before, the part that tradition plays in the molding of a nation.

MACPHAIRRSON'S HAPPY FAMILY

BY CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK VER BECK



T was over a little foot-bridge one had to pass to visit MacPhairrson and his Family, a little, lofty, curiously constructed foot-bridge, spanning a narrow but very furious torrent. At the middle of the bridge was a gate, or rather a door, of close and strong wire mesh; and at this point, door and bridge together were encircled by a *chevaux-de-frise* of wood-work with sharp, radiating points of heavy telegraph wire. With the gate shut, nothing less than a pair of wings in good working order could carry one over to the steep little island in mid-torrent which was MacPhairrson's home and citadel.

Carried caressingly in the hollow of his left arm, the Boy held a brown burlap bag, which wriggled violently at times and had to be soothed into quiescence. When the Boy arrived at the door in the bridge, which he found locked, he was met by two strange hosts who peered at him wisely through the meshes of the door. One of these was a large black-and-tan dog, with the long body, wavy hair, drooping silken ears, and richly feathered tail of a Gordon setter, most grotesquely supported, at a height of not more than eight inches from the ground, by the little bowlegs of a dachshund. This freakish and sinister-looking animal gazed at the visitor with eyes of sagacious welcome, tongue hanging half out amiably, and tail gently waving. He approved of this particular Boy, though boys in general he regarded as nuisances to be tolerated rather than encouraged. The other host, standing close beside the dog as if on guard and scrutinizing the visitor with little pale, shrewdly noncommittal eyes, was a half-grown black-and-white pig.

Through the gate the Boy murmured familiar greetings to its warders while he pulled a wooden handle which set an old brown cow bell above the door jangling hoarsely. The summer air was full to brimming over with sound—with the roar of the furious little torrent beneath, with the thunder of the sheet of cream-and-amber water falling over the face of the dam some fifty yards above, with the hiss and shriek of the saws in the big sawmill perched beside the dam. Yet through all the interwoven tissue of noise the note of the cow bell made itself heard in the cabin. From behind the cabin arose a sonorous cry of *hong-ka*, *honk-a-honk*, and the snaky black head of a big Canada goose appeared inquiringly around the corner. On one end of the hewn log which served as doorstep a preternaturally large and fat wood-chuck sat bolt upright and stared to see who was coming. A red fox, which had been curled up asleep under MacPhairrson's one rose bush, awoke and superciliously withdrew to the other side of the island, out of sight, disapproving of all visitors on principle. From the shade of a thick spruce bush near the bridge end a moose calf lumbered lazily to her feet, and stood staring, her head low down and her big ears waving in sleepy interrogation. From within the cabin came a series of harsh screeches mixed with discordant laughter and cries of "Ebenezer! Ebenezer! Oh, by Gee! Hullo!" Then the cabin door swung wide, and in the doorway appeared MacPhairrson leaning on his crutches, a green parrot on his shoulder, and beside his crippled feet two big white cats.

MacPhairrson, the parrot, and the cats all together stared hard at the door on the bridge, striving to make out through the meshes who the visitor might be. The parrot, scrutiniz-

ing fiercely with her sinister black-and-orange eyes, was the first to discover. She proclaimed at once her discovery and her approval by screeching, "Boy! Boy! Oh, by Gee! Hullo!" and clambering headfirst down the front of MacPhairrson's coat. As MacPhairrson hobbled hastily forward to admit the welcome guest, the parrot, reaching out with beak and claw, transferred herself to the moving crutch, whence she made a futile snap at one of the white cats. Foiled in this amiable attempt, she climbed hurriedly up the crutch again and resumed MacPhairrson's shoulder, in time to greet the Boy's entrance with a cordial, "Oh, by Gee! Hullo!"

MacPhairrson (he spelled his name scrupulously MacPherson, but, like all the other dwellers in the Settlement, pronounced it MacPhairrson, with a punctilious rolling of the *r*) was an old lumberman. Rheumatism, brought on by years of toiling thigh deep in the icy waters when the logs were running in the freshets, had gripped him so relentlessly that one of his legs was twisted to almost utter uselessness. With his crutches, however, he could get about after his fashion; and being handy with his fingers and versatile of wit, he managed to make a living well enough at the little odd jobs of mechanical repairing which the Settlement folk, and the mill hands in particular, brought to his cabin. His cabin, which was practically a citadel, stood on a steep cone of rock upthrust from the bed of the wild little river which worked the mill. On the summit of the rock a few square rods of soil gave room for the cabin, half a dozen bushes, and some sandy, sunwarmed turf. In this retreat, within fifty yards of the busy mill, but fenced about by the foaming torrent and quite inaccessible except by the footbridge, MacPhairrson lived with the motley group of companions which men called his Happy Family.

Happy, no doubt, they were, in spite of the strait confines of their prison, for MacPhairrson ruled them by the joint forces of authority and love. He had, moreover, the mystic understanding which is essential if one would be really intimate with the kindreds we carelessly call dumb. So it was that he achieved a fair degree of concord in his Family. All the creatures were amiable toward him, because they loved him; and because they wholesomely feared him, they were amiable in the main toward each other. There were certain members of the Family who

might be described as perennial. They were of the nature of established institutions. Such were Stumpy, the freak-legged dachshund-setter; James Edward, the wild gander; Butters, the woodchuck; Melindy and Jim, the two white cats; Bones, the brown owl, who sat all day on the edge of a box in the darkest corner of the cabin; and Ananias-and-Sapphira, the green parrot, so named, as MacPhairrson was wont to explain, because she was so human and he never could quite make her out. Ebenezer, the pig, was still too young to have been promoted to permanence; but he had already shown such character, intelligence, and self-respecting individuality that MacPhairrson had vowed he should never deteriorate into pork. Ebenezer should stay, even though he should grow so big as to be inconvenient.

But with Susan, the moose calf, and Carrots, the unsociable young fox, it was different. MacPhairrson realized that when Susan should come to her full heritage of stature he would hardly have room for her on the island. He would then send to the Game Commissioner at Fredericton for a permit, and sell the good soul to the agent for some Zoölogical Garden, where she would be appreciated and cared for. As for Carrots, his conduct was irreproachable, absolutely without blot or blemish, but MacPhairrson knew that he was quite unregenerate at heart. The astute little beast understood well enough the fundamental law of the Family, "live and let live," and he knew that if he should break that law, doom would descend upon him in an eyewink. But into his narrowed, inscrutable eyes, as he lay with muzzle on dainty, outstretched black paws and watched the movements of James Edward, the gander, or Butters, the fat woodchuck, a savage glint would come, which MacPhairrson unerringly interpreted. Moreover, while his demeanor was impeccable, his reserve was impenetrable, and even the tolerant and kindly MacPhairrson could find nothing in him to love. The decree, therefore, had gone forth; that is, it had been announced by MacPhairrson himself, and apparently approved by the ever-attentive Stumpy and Ebenezer, that Carrots should be sold into exile at the very first opportunity.

When the Boy came through the little bridge gate the greetings between him and MacPhairrson were brief and quiet. They were fellows both in the taciturn brotherhood of the woods. To Stumpy and Ebe-

nezer, who nosed affectionately at his legs, he paid no attention beyond a careless touch of caress. Even to Ananias-and-Sapphira, who had hurriedly clambered from MacPhairrson's shoulder to his and begun softly nipping at his ear with her dreaded beak, he gave no heed whatever. He knew that the evil-tempered bird loved him as she loved his master and would be scrupulously careful not to pinch too hard.

As the little procession moved gravely and silently up from the bridge to the cabin, their silence was in no way conspicuous, for the whole air throbbed with the rising and falling shriek of the saws, the trampling of the falls, and the obscurely rhythmic rush of the torrent around the island base. They were presently joined by Susan, shambling on her ungainly legs, wagging her big ears, and stretching out her long, ugly, flexible, overhanging nose to sniff inquiringly at the Boy's jacket. A comparatively new member of MacPhairrson's Family, she was still full of curiosity about everyone and everything, and obviously considered it her mission in life to acquire knowledge. It was her firm conviction that the only way to know a thing was to smell it.

A few steps from the door James Edward, the wild gander, came forward with dignity, slightly bowing his long, graceful black neck and narrow snaky head as he moved. Had the Boy been a stranger, he would now have met the first touch of hostility. Not all MacPhairrson's manifest favor would have prevented the uncompromising and dauntless gander from greeting the visitor with a savage hiss and uplifted wings of defiance. But toward the Boy, whom he knew well, his dark, sagacious eye expressed only tolerance, which from him was no small condescension.

On the doorstep, as austere ungracious in his welcome as James Edward himself, sat Butters, the woodchuck, nursing some secret grudge against the world in general or, possibly, against Ananias-and-Sapphira in particular, with whom he was on terms of vigilant neutrality. When the procession approached, he forsook the doorstep, turned his fat, brown back upon the visitor, and became engrossed in gnawing a big cabbage stalk. He was afraid that if he should seem good-natured and friendly he might be called upon to show off some of the tricks which MacPhairrson, with inexhaustible patience, had taught him. He was not going to turn som-

ersaults, or roll over backward, or walk like a dancing bear, for any Boy alive!

This ill humor of Butters, however, attracted no notice. It was accepted by both MacPhairrson and his visitor as a thing of course. Moreover, there were matters of more moment afoot. That lively, squirming bag which the Boy carried so carefully in the hollow of his left arm was exciting the old woodsman's curiosity. The lumbermen and mill hands, as well as the farmer folk of the Settlement for miles about, were given to bringing MacPhairrson all kinds of wild creatures as candidates for admission to his Happy Family. So whenever anyone came with something alive in a bag, MacPhairrson would regard the bag with that hopeful and eager anticipation with which a child regards its Christmas stocking.

When the two had entered the cabin and seated themselves, the Boy in the big barrel chair by the window, and MacPhairrson on the edge of his bunk, not three feet away, the rest of the company gathered in a semicircle of expectation in the middle of the floor. That is, Stumpy and Ebenezer and the two white cats did so, their keen noses as well as their inquisitive eyes having been busied about the bundle. Even James Edward came a few steps inside the door, and with a fine assumption of unconcern kept himself in touch with the proceedings. Only Susan was really indifferent, lying down outside the door—Susan, and that big bunch of fluffy brown feathers on the barrel in the corner of the cabin.

The air fairly thrilled with expectation as the Boy took the wriggling bag on his knee and started to open it. The moment there was an opening, out came a sharp little black nose pushing and twisting eagerly for freedom. The nose was followed in an instant by a pair of dark, intelligent, mischievous eyes. Then a long-tailed young raccoon squirmed forth, clambered up to the Boy's shoulder, and turned to eye the assemblage with bright defiance. Never before in his young life had he seen such a remarkable assemblage; which after all was not strange, as there was surely not another like it in the world.

The newcomer's reception, on the whole, was not unfriendly. The two white cats, to be sure, fluffed their tails a little, drew back from the circle, and went off to curl up in the sun and sleep off their aversion to a stranger. James Edward, too, his curiosity satisfied,

haughtily withdrew. But Stumpy, as acknowledged dean of the Family, wagged his tail, hung out his pink tongue as far as it would go, and panted a welcome so obvious that a much less intelligent animal than the young raccoon could not have failed to understand it. Ebenezer was less demonstrative, but his little eyes twinkled with unmistakable good will. Ananias-and-Sapphira was extraordinarily interested. In a tremendous hurry she scrambled down MacPhairrson's arm, down his leg, across the floor, and up the Boy's trousers. The Boy was a little anxious.

"Will she bite him?" he asked, preparing to defend his pet.

"I reckon she won't," answered MacPhairrson, observing that the capricious bird's plumage was not ruffled, but pressed down so hard and smooth and close to her body that she looked much less than her usual size. "Generally she ain't ugly when she looks that way. But she's powerful interested, I tell you!"

The little raccoon was crouching on the Boy's right shoulder. Ananias-and-Sapphira, using beak and claws, scrambled nimbly to the other shoulder. Then, reaching far around past the Boy's face, she fixed the stranger piercingly with her unwinking gaze, and emitted an ear-splitting shriek of laughter. The little coon's nerves were not prepared for such a strain. In his panic he fairly tumbled from his perch to the floor, and straightway fled for refuge to the broad back of the surprised and flattered pig.

"The little critter's all right!" declared MacPhairrson, when he and the Boy were done laughing. "Ananias-an'-Sapphira won't hurt him. She likes all the critters she kin bully an' skeer. An' Stumpy an' that comical cuss of a Ebenezer, they be goin' to look out for him."

II

ABOUT a week after this admission of the little raccoon to his Family, MacPhairrson met with an accident. Coming down the long, sloping platform of the mill, the point of one of his crutches caught in a crack, and he plunged headlong, striking his head on a link of heavy "snaking" chain. He was picked up unconscious and carried to the nearest cabin. For several days his stupor was unbroken, and the doctor hardly expected him to pull through. Then he recov-

ered consciousness—but he was no longer MacPhairrson. His mind was a sort of amiable blank. He had to be fed and cared for like a very young child. The doctor decided at last that there was some pressure of bone on the brain, and that operations quite beyond his skill would be required. At his suggestion a purse was made up among the mill hands and the Settlement folk, and MacPhairrson, smiling with infantile enjoyment, was packed off down river on the little tri-weekly steamer to the hospital in the city.

As soon as it was known around the mill—which stood amidst its shanties a little apart from the Settlement—that MacPhairrson was to be laid up for a long time, the question arose, "What's to become of the Family?" It was morning when the accident happened, and in the afternoon the Boy had come up to look after the animals. After that, when the mill stopped work at sundown, there was a council held, amid the suddenly silent saws.

"What's to be done about the orphans?" was the way Jimmy Wright put the problem.

Black Angus MacAllister, the Boss—so called to distinguish him from Red Angus, one of the gang of log drivers—had his ideas already pretty well formed on the subject, and intended that his ideas should go. He did not really care much about anyone else's ideas except the Boy's, which he respected as second only to those of MacPhairrson where the wild kindreds were concerned. Black Angus was a huge, big-handed, black-bearded, bull-voiced man, whose orders and imprecations made themselves heard above the most piercing crescendos of the saws. When his intolerant eyes fixed a man, what he had to say usually went, no matter what different views on the subject his hearer might secretly cling to. But he had a tender, somewhat sentimental streak in his character, which expressed itself in a fondness for all animals. The horses and oxen working around the mill were all well cared for and showed it in their condition; and the Boss was always ready to beat a man half to death for some very slight ill usage of an animal.

"A man kin take keer o' himself," he would say in explanation, "an' the dumb critters can't. It's our place to take keer of 'em."

"Boys," said he, his great voice not yet toned down to the quiet, "I say, let's divvy up the critters among us, jest us mill hands an' the Boy here, an' look out fer 'em the best we know how till MacPhairrson gits well!"

He looked interrogatively at the Boy, and



"In the doorway appeared MacPhairrson."

the Boy, proud of the importance thus attached to him, answered modestly:

"That's just what I was hoping you'd suggest, Mr. MacAllister. You know, of course, they can't stay on together there alone. They wouldn't be a Happy Family long. They'd get to fighting in no time, and about half of 'em would get killed quick."

There was a moment of deliberative silence. No smoking was allowed in the mill, but the hands all chewed. Jimmy Wright, marking the bright face of a freshly sawed deal about eight feet away, spat unerringly upon its exact center, then, giving a hitch to his trousers, he remarked:

"Let the Boss an' the Boy settle it. They understand it the best."

"That's right, Jimmy! We'll fix it!" said Black Angus. "Now, for mine, I've got a fancy for the parrot an' the pig. That there Ananias-an'-Sapphira, she's a bird an' no mistake. An' the pig—MacPhairrson calls him Ebenezer—he's that smart ye'd jest kill yerself laffin' to see him. An', moreover, he's that clean—he's clean as a lady. I'd like to have them two around my shanty. An' I'm ready to take one more if necessary."

"Then I think you'll have to take the coon too, Mr. MacAllister," said the Boy. "He and Ebenezer just love each other, an' they wouldn't be happy separated."

"All right. The coon fer me!" responded the Boss. "Which of the critters will you take yerself?"

"I'll wait and see which the rest of the boys want," replied the Boy. "I like them all, and they all know me pretty well. I'll take what's left."

"Well, then," said Jimmy Wright, "me for Susan. That blame moose calf's the only one of the critters that I could ever git along with. She's a kind of a fool, an' seems to like me!" And he decorated the bright deal once more.

"Me an' my missus, we'll be proud to take them two white cats!" put in gray old Billy Smith. "She sez, sez she, they be the han'-somest cats in two counties. Mebbe they won't be so lonesome with us as they'd be somewhere else, bein's as our shanty's so nigh MacPhairrson's bridge they kin see fer themselves all the time there ain't no one onto the island any more!"

"Stumpy's not spoken for!" reminded the Boy. The dog was popular, and half a dozen volunteered for him at once.

"Mike gits the dawg!" decided the Boss, to head off arguments.

"Then I'll take the big gander," spoke up Baldy Fallen, one of the disappointed applicants for Stumpy. "He knows as much as any dawg ever lived."

"Yes, I reckon he kin teach ye a heap, Baldy!" agreed the Boss. A laugh went round at Baldy's expense. Then for a few seconds there were no more applications.

"No one seems to want poor Butters and Bones!" laughed the Boy. "They're neither of them what you'd call sociable. But Bones has his good points. He can see in the dark; and he's a great one for minding his own business. Butters has a heap of sense; but he's too cross to show it, except for MacPhairrson himself. Guess I'd better take them both, as I understand their infirmities."

"An' ain't there a young fox?" inquired the Boss.

"Oh, Carrots, he can just stay on the island," answered the Boy. "If some of you'll throw him a bite to eat every day, he'll be all right. He can't get into any mischief. And he can't get away. He stands on his dignity so, nobody'd get any fun out of havin' him!"

These points decided, the council broke up

and adjourned to MacPhairrson's island, carrying several pieces of rope, a halter, and a couple of oat bags. The members of the Family, vaguely upset over the long absence of their master, nearly all came down to the bridge in their curiosity to see who was coming—all, indeed, but the fox, who slunk off behind the cabin; Butters, who retired to his box; and Bones, who remained scornfully indifferent in his corner. The rest eyed the crowd uneasily, but were reassured by seeing the Boy with them. In fact, they all crowded around him as close as they could, except Stumpy, who went about greeting his acquaintances, and James Edward, who drew back with lifted wings and a haughty hiss, resolved to suffer no familiarities.

Jimmy Wright made the first move. He had cunningly brought some salt in his pocket. With the casual remark that he wasn't going to put it on her tail, he offered a handful to the noncommittal Susan. The ungainly creature blew most of it away with a windy snort, then changed her mind, and greedily licked up the few remaining grains. Deciding that Jimmy was an agreeable person with advantages, she allowed him to slip the halter on her neck and lead her unprotesting over the bridge.

Then Black Angus made overtures to Ebenezer, who carried the little raccoon on his

back. Ebenezer received them with a mixture of dignity and doubt, but refused to stir an inch from the Boy's side. Black Angus scratched his head in perplexity.

"Tain't no use tryin' to lead him, I reckon!" he muttered.

"No, you'll have to carry him in your arms, Mr. MacAllister," laughed the Boy. "Good thing he ain't very big yet. But here, take Ananias-and-Sapphira first. If *she'll* be friends with you, that'll mean a lot to Ebenezer." And he deftly transferred the parrot from his own shoulder, where she had taken refuge at once on his arrival, to the lofty shoulder of the Boss.

The bird was disconcerted for an instant. She "slicked" down her feathers till she looked small and demure, and stretched herself far out as if to try a jump for her old perch. But, one wing being clipped, she did not dare the attempt. She had had enough experience of those sickening, flopping somersaults which took the place of flight when only one wing was in commission. Turning from the Boy, she eyed MacAllister's nose with her evil, unwinking stare. Possibly she intended to bite it. But this moment MacAllister reached up his huge hand fearlessly to stroke her head, just as fearlessly as if she were not armed with a beak that could bite through a boot. Greatly impressed by this



"Never before in his young life had he seen such a remarkable assemblage."



"He offered a handful to Susan."

daring, she gurgled in her throat, and took the great thumb delicately between her mandibles with a daintiness that would not have marred a rose petal. Yes, she concluded at once, this was a man after her own heart, with a smell to his hands like that of MacPhairrson himself. Dropping the thumb with a little scream of satisfaction, she sidled briskly up and down MacAllister's shoulder, making herself quite at home.

"My, but she's taken a shine to you, Mr. MacAllister!" exclaimed the Boy. "I never saw her do like that before."

The Boss grinned proudly.

"Ananias-an'-Sapphira be of the female sect, bain't she?" inquired Baldy Pallen, with a sly look over the company.

"Sure, she's a she!" replied the Boy. "MacPhairrson says so!"

"That accounts fer it!" said Baldy. "It's a way all shes have with the Boss. Jest look at her now!"

"Now for Ebenezer!" interrupted the Boss, to change the subject. "You better hand him to me, an' maybe he'll take it as an introduction."

Solemnly the Boy stooped, shoving the little raccoon aside, and picked the pig up in his arms. Ebenezer was amazed, having never before been treated as a lap-dog, but he made no resistance beyond stiffening out all his legs in a way that made him most awkward to handle. Placed in the Boss's

great arms, he lifted his snout straight up in the air and emitted one shrill squeal; but the sight of Ananias-and-Sapphira, perched coolly beneath his captor's ear, in a measure reassured him, and he made no further protest. He could not, however, appear reconciled to the inexplicable and altogether undignified situation, so he held his snout rigidly as high aloft as he could and shut his little eyes tight as if anticipating some further stroke of fate.

Black Angus was satisfied so far. He felt that the tolerance of Ebenezer and the acceptance of Ananias-and-Sapphira added distinctly to his prestige.

"Now for the little coon!" said he jocularly. But the words were hardly out of his mouth when he felt sharp claws go up his leg with a rush, and the next instant



"Black Angus made overtures to Ebenezer."

the little raccoon was on his shoulder, reaching out its long black nose to sniff solicitously at Ebenezer's legs and assure itself that everything was all right.

"Jumpin' Jiminy! Oh, hell!" squawked Ananias-and-Sapphira, startled at the sudden onset, and nipped the intruder smartly on the leg till he squalled and whipped around to the other shoulder.

"Now you've got all that's coming to you, I guess, Mr. MacAllister," laughed the Boy.

"Then I reckon I'd better be lightin' out fer home with it!" answered Black Angus, hugely elated. Turning gently, so as not to dislodge the passengers on his shoulder, he strode off over the bridge and up the sawdust-

muffled street toward his clapboard cottage, Ebenezer's snout still held rigidly up in air, his eyes shut in heroic resignation, while Ananias-and-Sapphira, tremendously excited by this excursion into the outer world, kept shrieking at the top of her voice, "Ebenezer, Ebenezer, Ebenezer! Oh, hell! I want Pal!"

As soon as the noisy and picturesque recession of Black Angus had vanished, Baldy Pallen set out confidently to capture the wild gander, James Edward. He seemed to expect to tuck him under his arm and walk off with him at his ease. Observing this, the Boy looked around with a solemn wink. Old Billy Smith and the half dozen onlookers who had no responsibility in the affair grinned and waited. As Baldy approached, holding out a hand of placation, and "chucking" persuasively as if he thought James Edward was a hen, the latter reared his snaky black head and stared in haughty surprise. Then he gave vent to a strident hiss of warning. Could it be possible that this impudent stranger contemplated meddling with him? Yes, plainly it was possible. It was certain, in fact. The instant he realized this, James



"The party left the island"

Edward lowered his long neck, darted it out parallel with the ground, spread his splendid wings, and rushed at Baldy's legs with a hiss like escaping steam. Baldy was startled and bewildered. His legs tweaked savagely by the bird's strong, hard bill, and thumped painfully by the great, battering, windy wings, he sputtered, "Jumpin' Judas!" in an embarrassed tone, and retreated behind Billy Smith and the Boy.

A roar of delighted laughter went up as James Edward backed away in haughty triumph and strolled carelessly up toward the cabin. There were cries of "Ketch him quick, Baldy!" "Try a leetle coaxin'!" "Don't be so rough with the gosling, Baldy!" "Jest whistle to him, an' he'll folly ye!" But ignoring these pleasantries, Baldy rubbed his legs and turned to the Boy for guidance.

"Are you sure you want him now?" inquired the latter.

"'Course I want him!" returned Baldy with a sheepish grin. "I'll coax him round an' make friends with him all right when I git him home. But how'm I goin' to git him? I'm afraid o' hurtin' him, he seems that delicate, an' his feelin's so sensitive like!"

"We'll have to surround him, kind of. Just wait, boys!" said the Boy. And running into the cabin, past the deliberate James Edward, he reappeared with a heavy blanket.

The great gander eyed his approach with contemptuous indifference. He had come to regard the Boy as quite harmless. When, therefore, the encumbering folds of the blanket



"The young fox crept slyly from behind the cabin."



with loud trampling of feet."

suddenly descended, it was too late to resist. In a moment he was rolled over in the dark, bundled securely, picked up, and ignominiously tucked under Baldy Pallen's arm.

"Now you've got him, don't let go o' him!" admonished the Boy, and amid encouraging jeers Baldy departed, carrying the bundle victoriously. He had not more than crossed the bridge, however, when the watchers on the island saw a slender black head wriggle out from one end of the bundle, dart upward behind his left arm, and seize the man viciously by the ear. With a yell Baldy grabbed the head, and held it securely in his great fist till the Boy ran to his rescue. When James Edward's bill was removed from Baldy's bleeding ear, his darting, furious head tucked back into the blanket, the Boy said:

"Now, Baldy, that was just your own fault, for not keeping tight hold. You can't blame James Edward for biting you!"

"Sure, no!" responded Baldy cheerfully. "I don't blame him a mite. I brag on the sputnuk of him. Him an' me'll git on all right."

James Edward gone, the excitement was over. The Boy picked up the two big white cats, Melindy and Jim, and placed them in the arms of old Billy Smith, where they settled themselves, looking about with an air of sleepy wisdom. From smallest kittenhood the smell of a homespun shirt had stood to them for every kind of gentleness and shelter, so they saw no reason to find fault with the arms of Billy Smith. By this time old Butters, the woodchuck, disturbed at the scat-

tering of the Family, had retired in a huff to the depths of his little barrel by the doorstep. The Boy clapped an oat bag over the end of the barrel, and tied it down. Then he went into the cabin and slipped another bag over the head of the unsuspecting Bones, who fluffed all his feathers and snapped his fierce beak like castanets. In two minutes he was tied up so that he could neither bite nor claw.

"That was slick!" remarked Red Angus, who had hitherto taken no part in the proceedings. He and the rest of the hands had followed in hope of further excitement.

"Well, then, Angus, will you help me home? Will you take the barrel and see that Butters doesn't gnaw out on the way?"

Red Angus picked up the barrel and carried it carefully in front of him, head up, that the sly old woodchuck might not steal a march on him. Then the Boy picked up Bones in his oat bag, and closed the cabin door. As the party left the island with loud tramping of feet on the little bridge, the young fox crept slyly from behind the cabin and eyed them through cunningly narrowed slits of eyes. At last he was going to have the island all to himself; and he set himself to dig a burrow directly under the doorstep, where that meddlesome MacPhairrson had never permitted him to dig.

III

It was in the green zenith of June when MacPhairrson went away. When he re-

turned, hobbling up with his tiny bundle, the backwoods world was rioting in the scarlet and gold of young October. He was quite cured. He felt singularly well. But a desperate loneliness saddened his home-coming. He knew his cabin would be just as he had left it, there on its steep little foam-ringed island; and he knew the Boy would be there, with the key, to admit him over the bridge and welcome him home. But what would the island be without the Family? The Boy, doubtless, had done what he could. He had probably taken care of Stumpy, and perhaps of Ananias-and-Sapphira. But the rest of the Family must inevitably be scattered to the four winds. Tears came into his eyes as he thought of himself and Stumpy and the parrot, the poor lonely three, there amid the sleepless clamor of the rapids, lamenting their vanished comrades. A chill that was more than the approaching autumn twilight could account for settled upon his heart.

Arriving at the little bridge, however, his heart warmed again, for there was the Boy waving at him and hurrying down to the gate to let him in. And there at the Boy's heels was Stumpy, sure enough. MacPhairson shouted, and Stumpy, at the sound of the loud voice, went wild, trying to tear his way through the gate. When the gate opened, he had to brace himself against the frame before he could grasp the Boy's hand, so ex-

travagant and overwhelming were the yelping Stumpy's caresses. Gladly he suffered them, letting the excited dog lick his hands and even his face; for, after all, Stumpy was the best and dearest member of the Family. Then, to steady him, he gave him his bundle to carry up to the cabin, and proudly Stumpy trotted on ahead with it. His voice trembled as he tried to thank the Boy for bringing Stumpy back to him—trembled and choked.

"I can't help it!" he explained apologetically as soon as he got his voice again. "I love Stumpy best, of course! You kept the best fer me! But, Jiminy Christmas, Boy, how I miss the rest on 'em!"

"I didn't keep Stumpy!" explained the Boy as the two went up the path. "It was Mike Sweeney took care of him for you. He brought him round this morning because he had to get off to the woods, cruising. I took care of Bones—we'll find him on his box inside—and of cross old Butters. Thunder, how Butters has missed you, MacPhairson! He's bit me twice, just because I wasn't you. There he is, poking his nose out of his barrel."

The old wood-chuck thought he had heard MacPhairson's voice, but he was not sure. He came out and sat up on his fat haunches,



"Here, wonder of wonders, was his beloved Family!"

his nostrils quivering with expectation. Then he caught sight of the familiar limping form. With a little squeal of joy he scurried forward, and fell to clutching and clawing at his master's legs till MacPhairrson picked him up. Whereupon he expressed his delight by striving to crowd his nose into MacPhairrson's neck. At this moment the fox appeared from hiding behind the cabin and sat up, with ears cocked shrewdly and head to one side, to take note of his master's return.

"Lord, how Carrots has growed!" exclaimed MacPhairrson lovingly, and called him to come. But the fox yawned in his face, got up lazily, and trotted off to the other side of the island. MacPhairrson's face fell.

"He's got no kind of a heart at all," said the Boy, soothing his disappointment.

"He ain't no use to nobody," said MacPhairrson. "I reckon we'd better let him go." Then he hobbled into the cabin to greet Bones, who ruffled up his feathers at his approach, but recognized him and submitted to being stroked.

Presently MacPhairrson straightened up on his crutches, turned, and gulped down a lump in his throat.

"I reckon we'll be mighty contented here," said he, "me an' Stumpy, an' Butters, an' Bones. But I *wisht* as how I might git to have Ananias-an'-Sapphira back along with us. I'm goin' to miss that there bird a lot, fer all she was so ridiculous an' cantankerous. I s'pose, now, you don't happen to know who's got her, do you?"

"I know she's got a good home!" answered the Boy truthfully. "But I don't know that I could tell you just where she is!"

At just this minute, however, there came a jangling of the gate bell, and screeches of:

"Oh, by Gee! Jumpin' Jiminy! Oh, hell! I want Pa!"

MacPhairrson's gaunt and grizzled face grew radiant. Nimblly he hobbled to the door, to see the Boy already on the bridge, opening the gate. To his amazement, in strode Black Angus, the Boss, with the bright green glitter of Ananias-and-Sapphira on his shoulder screeching varied profanities—and whom at his heels but Ebenezer and the little ring-tailed raccoon. In his excitement the old woodsman dropped one of his crutches. Therefore, instead of going to meet his visitors, he plumped down on the bench outside his door, and just waited. A moment later the quaint procession arrived. He found Black Angus shaking him hugely by the

hand, Ebenezer, much grown up, rooting at his knees with a happy little squeal, and Ananias-and-Sapphira, as of old, clambering excitedly up his shirt front.

"There, there, easy now, old pard," he murmured to the pig, fondling the animal's ears with one hand, while he gave the other to the bird, to be nibbled and nipped ecstatically, the raccoon meanwhile looking on with bright-eyed, noncommittal interest.

"Angus," said the old woodsman presently, by way of an attempt at thanks, "ye're a wonderful hand with the dumb critters—not that one could rightly call Ananias-an'-Sapphira dumb, o' course—'n' I swear I couldn't never have kep' 'em lookin' so fine and slick all through the summer. I reckon—"

But he never finished that reckoning. Down to his bridge was coming another and a larger procession than that of Black Angus. First, and even now entering through the gate, he saw Jimmy Wright leading a lank young moose cow, whom he recognized as Susan. Close behind was old Billy Smith with the two white cats, Melindy and Jim, in his arms; and then Baldy Pallen, with a long blanket bundle under his arm. Behind them came the rest of the mill hands, their faces beaming welcome. MacPhairrson, shaking all over, with big tears in his eyes, reached for his fallen crutch and stood up. When the visitors arrived, and gave him their hearty greetings, he could find no words to answer. Baldy laid his bundle gently on the ground, and respectfully unrolled it. Out stepped the lordly James Edward, and lifted head and wings with a troubled *honk-a, honka*. As soon as he saw MacPhairrson, he came up and stood close beside him, which was as much enthusiasm as the haughty gander could bring himself to show. The cats meanwhile were rubbing and purring against their old master's legs, while Susan sniffed at him with a noisy, approving snort. MacPhairrson's throat, and then his whole face, began to work. How different was this home-coming from what he had expected! Here, wonder of wonders, was his beloved Family all gathered about him! How good the boys were! He must try to thank them all. Bracing himself with one crutch, he strove to express to them his immeasurable gratitude and gladness. In vain, for some seconds, he strove to down the lump in his throat. Then, with a Titanic effort, he blurted out, "Oh, hell, boys!" and sat down, and hid his wet eyes in Stumpy's shaggy hair.

THE REFORMATION OF "KICKER"

BY EDFRID BINGHAM

ILLUSTRATED BY IRMA DÉRÈMEAUX

ISUPPOSE there never was a family less qualified than ours to undertake the management of a baby. I've often wondered if the baby wasn't perfectly aware of that advantage. Certainly he couldn't have

before he came. known less about us than we knew about him, and the way he rose to his opportunity should have been a liberal education for the whole house. It took a rank outsider—for that's what Judson is, unless Violet has changed her mind again—to liberate us from the pettiest—Sue calls it the prettiest—despotism that the human race in its folly has ever yielded to.

Sue's baby's name is Alexander Hamilton Tod, but that has never made the least difference to him, and you might be in the house a week without ever knowing it. From the very start he kicked, and he has been called nothing but The Kicker ever since. The doctor said he'd never seen anything like it, and the nurse, who wasn't much for gush, would hold his

little red face up to her pale cheek, and laugh and say, "You bad sing! You bad sing, you!"

It wasn't real badness, understand. I used to think so, when I wanted to read or sleep or have a minute's peace; but Almeric Judson has made it pretty clear that a baby is just a small chunk of elemental will that doesn't yet know anything about limitations. He says—but that is a good deal to swallow—that if babies were directed properly from the beginning there would be nothing men could not do, no limits to their powers, only the limits of right and love and perfect understanding. There wouldn't be, says Judson, all this outcry about the Trusts.

Look at men! says Judson. Just like babies, clutching at everything in sight regardless of whom it belongs to, howling and turning anarchists if they don't get it, making everybody suffer for their uncontrolled desires, and requiring harder laws and still harder laws every year to keep their selfish ingenuity in check. Congress spending a whole session building bar-



"Just a small chunk of elemental will."



"That made dressing him a job like breaking a broncho."

riers against the Trusts is like an incompetent family making foolish barricades of pillows to prevent a baby from breaking its absurd little head. The time to have "got at" the Trusts, Judson declares, was when the present presidents of corporations were in pinning blankets.

I don't know about all that; and Judson is sometimes obscure. But I do know that when The Kicker was but two days old, he discovered that he could get what he wanted by crying for it. He was Sue's first baby, and her one idea seemed to be that it would be a maternal achievement beyond parallel if she succeeded in keeping him alive. A whoop of any kind from The Kicker was a sure sign to her that the catastrophe was at hand, but if she could only quiet him he might yet be saved.

We were a fairly happy family before The Kicker came, with various pleasant interests in life and opinions of our own, but we were presently transformed into a Society for the Preservation of Kicker. I wasn't allowed to get my hair cut because The Kicker liked to

play with my detestable curls; and his father, when he came home from his long business trips, was merely whiskers.

There is no denying that the baby was a beauty. When he chose to be gracious and ethical, his blue eyes and curling pink mouth and dimples and the pulse beating through the spun gold on his head were irresistible—fetched you every time. Even in his tempers there was something so imperious and magnificent that you envied his colossal nerve.

It was fun to see him kick. He had double springs and corkscrew twists in his sturdy little body that made dressing him a job like breaking a broncho; only it had to be done anew every day. Sue was forced to put him in short dresses long before the traditional time for that ceremony because he kicked his infant slips and pinning blankets, till on several hysterical occasions he appeared to be in a fair way to choke himself to death. At any rate, Sue said so and cried over the long baby clothes as she put them away in lavender.

"I don't want to give up my baby!" she sobbed.

But The Kicker didn't want to be a baby. He wanted to be up and doing, and to mingle in society, and wouldn't stand for anything happening in his absence. No nursery for him! I always supposed that babies spent a good deal of time in sleep, but The Kicker scorned such traditions. Sometimes, to be sure, when we sat quietly around awaiting his pleasure, he would take a wary nap; but the minute any of us began to read or talk in whispers or tried to snatch a little rest, particularly at night, he would let out one of those piercing, arrogant, exasperating cries, and everything was off but baby.

It's the most insolent and intolerable thing in the world—a spoiled baby's cry when you make the first motion toward putting him on his bed or wherever he doesn't want to go. It used to make me revolt inside like Martin Luther.

It certainly was a funny sight, and all wrong—that wee, limp thing forever flopping over somebody's arm, that solemn, small, drawn face, and the blue eyes bulging from sheer weariness and excitement, and the ears sticking out like a donkey's. He had stretched them so by rolling about in his struggles against sleep. But if you put him down he bawled and clawed and kicked; and Sue couldn't endure that. So there he was, bossing us all, like a padrone, and making himself and all of us unhappy, and wearing Sue down till she began to look like the mother of ten sickly infants instead of one lusty, insatiable atom of elemental will.

Sue was very eager for advice, but most independent. Dr. Hardy told her very plainly that was not the way to bring up a baby. Sue promptly got another doctor, and after he'd been called twice in the night to treat colic when there wasn't any, Dr. Davis gave her a straight talk about modern training and leaving the baby alone and the peril of handling him. He said handling babies overmuch kills them just as it does kittens, and he brought her a book with the date "1906" on it, and told her to begin living in the twentieth century. Sue listened respectfully. I've never seen her more respectful and attentive and sweet. And when the doctor had gone, she put the book carefully out of sight behind the *Historians' History of the World*, and dismissed the whole matter with a smile in which there wasn't a particle of animosity or intolerance.

"Of course he means well," she said. "But a mother's instinct tells her what's best for her baby." And that settled it.

The Kicker was just past six months old when we went to the mountains for the summer. We had a cottage, and a cow for The Kicker. On the first of August, Almeric Judson came up to spend his vacation with us, which was a good enough sign that things had been settled between him and Violet. At any rate, I had to go fishing alone just the same as before he came.

Judson knows rather more than a fellow of his age has any right to. He's already got a fine position in a big lawyer's office; and if he understands men as well as he understands girls and fish and horses, he'll be an ambassador before he's done. He carries his broad shoulders and calm gray eyes around with a trifle too much assurance, I think. His lips have the tightened look that sets girls wild, and there's something at the corners of his mouth that Violet calls twinkles. Judson says Violet's very ordinary brown eyes are stars, so it's all very celestial—or was, before the storm.

It was proof of what I've been saying about Judson's diplomacy, and very lucky too, that he was holding the baby on the front seat of the spring wagon when the water struck us that night of the eighteenth of August. We were caught, returning from a picnic at the lake, by the famous cloudburst that ripped the mountains to pieces and cut off several cottages from communication with the world for days and days. It hit us right at the ford of Lost Soldier Creek, and we couldn't have been caught in a worse place in all that mountain range.

But how could we have known what was coming down the gorge? Lightning's nothing in the mountains, or thunder either; and nobody's afraid of the storms that leap from peak to peak and drench the valleys and roar away among the pines. That's all this was, we thought, till of a sudden the roar in the woods burst into an awful tumult, and something came crashing out of the blackness at our left, and before we knew what it was the water was on top of us. Horses and wagon and all were swept down the stream, in a horrible jam of logs and brush and boulders, with the water raging over us; and how we ever got out of it alive has always beaten me.

Anyhow, we did, and none the worse for it, except for a few bumps and bruises and a special kind of distress for Sue. She was

calling out for her baby when I got to her, and Violet and I had our hands full, keeping her from leaping into the creek to find him. I don't know what we'd have done with her, if the storm hadn't passed about as quickly as it had come, and the moon hadn't cut a path through the masses of panicky clouds and shown us something that made us gasp for joy.

There stood Judson on a rock, across the creek, holding the baby up for us to see. He had one hand at his mouth like a trumpet, but we couldn't hear him any more than he could hear us, so great was the tumult of the water in the gorge. When he saw there was no use to stand there and yell, he turned and pointed in the direction of the cottage.

At that instant the moon's blade stuck fast in a hard cloud-knot in the sky, and we were all dark again. Sue did the proper thing, I suppose. She fainted.

"Why, The Kicker's all right!" I said, when we had brought her back to life. "Didn't you see?"

"Oh, I saw—I saw!" she wailed. "But what does he know about a baby? Poor little dear!"

Wet and hungry and catching his death of cold and— Oh!"

"What is it, Sue?" I pleaded.

"He'll drop him on the road. And— Oh!"

This time it was the cow. Could Judson milk the cow? Then it was the baby's clothes and the pins, and the milk wouldn't be warm enough, if The Kicker got any at all, and more

possible perils of infancy than I had ever imagined in existence.

We went to a cottage by the lake, and waited four days for the waters to subside, and they were the most intolerable days I've ever gone through. Sue fretted. Hour after hour she calculated the chances of chills, and like

a poor scholar got a new answer every time. She pestered me with questions about Judson, and did I think he had a sensible mother, and was he good to dumb animals. I answered her till I felt myself getting angry, and then went out and kicked loose stones till my feet ached and my temper was all right again. So the four days dragged on, and fresh rains fed the torrent in the gorge, and we were three miserable wrecks, all on account of Sue's perpetual fretting and no sleep to speak of, when we finally started in a borrowed wagon for home. Being a mother seems to me about the hardest job in the world.

Judson says The Kicker was a sport as long as the trouble lasted. The uproar and the lightning and the horses shivering in the dark seemed to feed his

tempestuous little soul, and he was vastly interested in the cutting moon. And so, when they were thrown out on the bank and the first fright was over, he just put his wee cold arms around Judson's neck, and for the first time in his life didn't make a fuss about wet clothes.

"Why, you're a brave little man!" said



"Something that made us gasp for joy."

Judson. "I guess they've been wrong about you all the time, haven't they?"

Judson hugged the small, sopping-wet bundle close up to him, and pressed one cold moist cheek to his own, and felt the strangest thrill. Then panic, and dire uncertainty! Of all the situations of his life! Visions of a comfortable law office and the documents he had hated in the hot days of July swept down on him and seemed trifling inflictions in comparison. Babes in the wood! Judson laughed uncomfortably, and The Kicker gave a "coo" with a quiver in it, which reminded Jud-

son that the baby must be half dead from cold. He hurriedly mounted the nearest of the waiting horses, tucked The Kicker the best he could under his own wet coat, and started. Judson didn't know the road, but the horses did, and they reached home at midnight, both very cold and miserable.

Judson laid the white and icy baby on a bed, and looked perplexedly around, and then back at the atom of elemental will. Elemental Will had a thumb in his mouth, and was eying Judson in a way Judson didn't like at all.

"It's up to you now," the blue eyes seemed to say. "Get busy!"

"This is —," said Judson, who never swears, but certainly had some excuse. There was nothing to do but search for things, and that took a long time and great intuition.

And it was worse putting them on.

"They're called safety pins because they're not safe," he grumbled, sucking his thumb.

After that he found the hot-water bottle and the milk bottle, and knew enough to warm the milk; and when all these things were done, Judson sat down by the side of the small brass bed and considered.

In the midst of his uneasy reverie, he turned



"Let's see if we can't figure you out."

coming back into his cherub face. Then Judson fell over on a couch and slept.

The Kicker's customary waking hour, when he sleeps at all at night, is half past four o'clock, and he didn't miss it by a minute this time. Things looked quite natural around him, and he called. The room was still. He called again, more sharply. No reply. Judson didn't wait for more when the next cry cleft the air. He says it was like a whip on his cheek.

"All right, young man!" he cried. "*All right!*"

But it wasn't all right. Mamma jumped quicker than that, didn't she? Well! The Kicker let him have it, shriek on shriek. There would be a dozen of them, like lashes. Then a succession of screams, with a few round and agonizing howls and some touching little whimpers for punctuation. Judson found a purple-red little face with wrinkles running across it, and fiery eyes, and a mouth which at that instant was drawn down at the corners and up in the middle in a way to fill Judson with profound and guilty pity.

"Good Lord!" he groaned. "He's sick."

For the first time he fully realized his situation; panic overcame him and he sank down

to find The Kicker regarding him with solemn wide eyes over the milk bottle. Judson laughed. Somehow Judson always had to laugh at the baby.

"Well, Kicker," he said, trying to face it out, "we'll try to get along and make the best of it, won't we?"

The Kicker lifted one white-stockinged foot, and brought it down on the bed with a little thump, just once.

"Thank you, sir," said Judson. "We'll be brave."

He stood by the bed till The Kicker, too tired for trouble, was asleep, with the hot-water bottle at his feet and the pink



"Panic overcame him."

in a chair and gazed about him in utter desolation, while the otherwise silent house resounded with the caterwauling of his infant charge.

Judson rose like a man in pain, groaning aloud from uncertainty and dismay, and like an automaton picked the now furious baby up, and regarded him blankly at first, and then with desperate inquiry.

"Is it a pain, baby?" he pleaded. "Why on earth can't a baby tell a fellow what it is?"

He had barely spoken when the kinks came out of the distorted little face, and the red lips closed around the ready thumb. But the blue eyes swam in tears, and burned reproach into Judson's soul.

"Well!" he said, with a great breath of relief. "I'm glad it isn't a pain. I don't know what we'd do if it were a pain."

That was the beginning of a tumultuous day. The light was growing broader in the cottage, and Judson figured that it was probably time The Kicker had his breakfast.

"Now be as patient as you can, old man," he began, "and I'll——"

He moved to lay The Kicker down as he

spoke, and got it again—a sharp, piercing, peremptory yell; a curved, pink mouth twisted out of shape; the purple-red, wrinkled face again, and blue eyes flaming red. It was the cry, though, that fetched Judson.

"How dare you!" it shrieked. "How DARE YOU!" it raged. It was shrill and hard and resentful and impatient; and a lot more things that Judson talks about. He says it made him think of primeval woods and the aboriginal clamor of desire. But it worried him, and when The Kicker didn't stop, he looked anxiously for pins. Then he gave the baby clean morning clothes. That was the occasion for more mad ravings and infant imprecations, but when it was all done The Kicker smiled and insisted on chewing the polka dots off Judson's tie. This revived the subject of breakfast.

Judson tried to negotiate a truce while he went about the milk business, but it was no use. The Kicker'd never been left alone, and he wasn't going to permit any such precedent to be established now. So Judson warmed the milk and fixed the bottle with one hand, while the other supported the baby on his shoulder.

"Coo!" said The Kicker.

One thumb was in his mouth, but the other tiny hand was scratching away at Judson's collar. And once when the small nails dug into Judson's neck, Judson cried "Ouch!" and he and the baby laughed together.

Judson was hungry too, and when he'd cooked some eggs and stuff for himself, he and the baby had a splendid time eating breakfast,



"So Judson warmed the milk."

though Judson found it very difficult to eat with one hand. But there was a good deal of fun in it just the same, for when Kicker really tries to be what Sue calls "cun-nинг" it's enough to make any fellow care for him.

The worst time came, though, when repeated "moos" outside the cottage convinced Judson he must milk the cow. It was still raining, and it was plainly impossible to hold the baby and milk the cow in the storm.

"It's got to be done, old man," said Judson, after long deliberation, as he put the baby in his bed and ran for it. Shrieks pursued him through the door, baby imprecations, and the world on fire.

When he returned half an hour later The Kicker was a sight. His face was red as paint; his small ears, curved out like the cups on a fountain, were running over with tears; sweat trickled from his head and the pillow was wet with it. He kicked, raising his little feet high above his head, and bringing them down violently on the bed. He batted the air with his clinched fists. And his voice was already hoarse with screaming. Judson was in some terror as he picked him up and soothed him and hugged the hot little body close to him.

"There, there!" he said. "Doesn't want to be left alone! Wants his mother, doesn't he? Poor little devil! Nobody can ever take the place of mother, eh?"

All this had the desired effect. The shrieks ceased; a few sobs rippled along the surface of the storm; a few final and admontitory "nyas" in the lower register dribbled through the puckered lips; and soon there was nothing left but the reproaches in the red-rimmed eyes.

The Kicker didn't care for Judson's watch, having already broken mine and his father's, but he did take a passing interest in Judson's pocketbook with the gold clasp, which Violet had given him on Christmas. Kicker stayed in Judson's arms the rest of the day, except for about half an hour in the middle of

the afternoon when the baby took a wary nap; and when Judson undertook to put him to sleep at night, he found it was a twenty-mile walk to the Land of Nod.

At half past four o'clock the next day began. Kicker's programme appeared to be about the same as that of yesterday. When assiduously attended to he made himself highly agreeable, with his coos and his funny little round "O's," trying to imitate Judson's "Hello," and the baby laughter filling all the house. But when Judson, for one reason or another, had to put him down, The Kicker was instantly transformed. I know what a hideous din Kicker can make.

"What are you—Ariel or Caliban?" said Judson after one of The Kicker's rapid changes.

Judson was pretty tired of it about noon that day, and he sat a long time with Kicker sitting on his knees, and studied the baby face. Kicker was tired too, but game. His downy head wabbled, and his eyelids drooped, but he watched Judson narrowly, and wouldn't sleep. Judson, as I said, was tired, and he studied The Kicker a long time.

"I wonder!" he said suddenly, after a long silence.

Kicker seemed to detect danger, for he straightened himself and opened his eyes very wide.

"I wonder if mothers really know anything about their babies," he said, trembling at the daring of the thought.

Judson bent nearer to The Kicker.

"Let's see if we can't figure you out, Kicker, just as we would a knotty point in law."

Kicker was apparently fascinated by the idea, though suspicious, for he never took his blue eyes off Judson's gray ones, and actually desisted from sucking his thumb. Maybe he knew—Judson is sure he knew—that it was a crisis in his life. At any rate his suspicions were confirmed, for after a while Judson rose, carried Kicker gently, but with a new firmness, to his little bed, and laid him on it. Kicker's lips took their most pathetic and fetching pucker.



"The baby began at once to take an interest in things."



—REMEMBER—

"He's got nerve, Judson has!"

"Unh! Unh! Unh! Unh!" he began tentatively, for Judson still hung over him.

"Now listen, Kicker!" Judson began, softly smoothing down the baby dress, and tuning his voice to an impressive key. "This is going to be a very interesting experiment. You haven't had the slightest chance to develop your own individuality. You came into the world a small lump of elemental will. You came into the world wanting things, Kicker, and when you cried you got something, maybe what you wanted, maybe not; but whatever it was it wasn't good for you. It isn't good for big folks to get what they want, simply by howling for it, if at all; and it isn't good for babies—it's infinitely worse. Do you understand, Kicker? Worse, far worse.

"You aren't yourself at all, Kicker. You're merely a cheap composite of other people's notions of what you are. They've never left you alone a minute, have they? Mother hasn't stopped to think that she's teaching you, not obedience, not self-restraint, not self-reliance, not love, but a whole mess of wrong things—selfishness, petulance, willfulness, deceit. You're in a fair way to have a misshapen body from being joggled in arms, and an ill-balanced brain from being humored in every baby whim. An ugly, violent, spoiled, and hated boy.

"It's a shame, Kicker, that's what it is.

You take that notion out into the world, when you grow up, and see what you get. Will everybody then run to give you what you howl for? Not much! You'll get hard knocks, you will; and the lesson will come hard then—a heap harder than now. And by Jove, Kicker! If they'll stay away two days longer I'll make a man of you."

The baby wasn't sucking any thumb then. There was a quiver in his little chin—it's fetched me many a time—and the look in his eyes almost made Judson wilt on the very threshold of his undertaking. But he didn't.

"You have just finished your bottle, and your 'tummy' is full. I've given you a nice bath and fresh clothes and you smell like white violets; so clean and sweet and dry. You have just given, in my arms, every necessary evidence of health and happiness and the joy of life. In short, Kicker, you are as well as a puppy dog, and we're going to give you the first chance you've ever had to discover yourself. Now, sir, it's up to you."

An angry outcry was the answer. Shriek on shriek, while Kicker raised his feet and beat the bed with them, and the blood surged to his corrugated face. Shriek and wail and blare and scream through the whole gamut of The Kicker's discontent. Judson sat on the other side of the room and listened to the storm—listened to the

preposterous tempest, with one eye on the open watch in his hand.

Qualms almost overcame Judson now and then as time wore on. What right had he, anyhow? And maybe the baby would hurt himself. In sudden doubt he walked over to the bed and looked down into that flaming countenance, at that atom of disordered will, sprawling, wriggling, kicking, batting the air with its fists, lashing itself into greater and greater fury as the minutes passed and he was still denied his way. As he looked, The Kicker choked and gasped for breath, and lay still a few seconds, looking up at Judson with a smoky film over the blue eyes, and the chin quivering. At that instant Judson was nearest his defeat; but something in those baby eyes, something that wasn't at all sweet and pathetic, but imperious and mad, enabled him to turn resolutely away.

"It's no wonder, though, that mothers yield," said Judson, as he resumed his seat.

The Kicker took a fresh start and showed what he could really do. Judson says it was the most harrowing experience of his life. The shrieks went through him like a knife, slashed at his nerves till he could no longer sit still, but must walk the floor.

"What a weapon is a baby's cry!" he muttered, as he listened, with mingled resentment, wonder, and perplexity.

"He's got fighting blood, that baby!" Judson exclaimed, glowing with admiration. It began to look like a battle, an acrimonious debate, and Judson's own fighting spirit rose. He felt like some timid member of the lower house sitting still and being lambasted by a headlong "gentleman from Ohio," and when he couldn't stand it any longer he jumped up with a point of order.

The Kicker stopped when Judson bent over him, and stretched up his hands confidently.

"Oh, no!" said Judson, suppressing a laugh. "Not so fast, Bill. Quite too much assurance. I just came over to remind you, sir, that there's another side to this question—another side, Kicker; and that's mine. You can't abuse me that way. It's not my fault that you've got these foolish ideas in your little noggin. I don't like this job any more than you do; not a bit—maybe less. But I'm no quitter, sir, and you'll just hear what I've got to say."

He leaned nearer, and shook his finger bravely in the baby's face—an astonished and inquiring little countenance, tear-stained and passionate. One bunch of curling fingers

was still poised in air, as if ready for Judson's relenting.

"The little imp!" said Judson deep inside, where mirth was struggling for expression. But to the baby he continued, still shaking his finger with extravagant belligerency: "You've got a fight on your hands this time, and you can't beat me down with your abuse, sir. If you've got any arguments let's have 'em, but no more billingsgate."

He turned away, and The Kicker resumed his tirade just where he had left off. But there'd been an interval of rest, and Judson, at any rate, felt better. Twice again, not to let the baby suffer injury in his violence, as well as to try the effect of argument, and to relieve his own mind somewhat, he addressed himself to the blatant bundle on the bed.

If these diversions and interruptions had any considerable effect it was not visible, and it was not till two hours and twenty minutes had elapsed that Judson's tortured nerves quivered at a new note in The Kicker's cry. It crept softly, barely perceptible, into one of the wildest wails; it quivered through the next like a plaintive undertone; it grew and grew, like a distant strain of music in a storm, till presently the shrieks lessened and then ceased. A succession of soft sobs, a series of touching little catches and grunts, and then an encompassing and blissful silence.

Judson tiptoed over to the bed and looked. The Kicker was sound asleep, his ears were full of tears, and his soft breathing was punctuated with faint sighs, like the echoes, the belated wind puffs, of a storm.

"Poor little devil!" said Judson, and his own eyes were moist as he gently wiped the baby's brow and soaked up the tears from the ear cups with his handkerchief. He spread an eider-down quilt over the Kicker, and left him.

Two hours later Judson was aroused from a doze in the armchair by a sound of scratching. Scratch, scratch, scratch! Then the softest, sweetest coo he had ever heard. He rose and walked to The Kicker's bed. The small, pink fingers were opening and closing on the starchy hem of the pillow. Kicker smiled, and then stared at Judson with a look of acute surprise and wonder and admiration.

"Hungry, Kicker?" asked Judson. "Very well, old man, it's 'din-din' for you."

The baby—would you believe it?—lay still as a mouse while Judson warmed the milk and gave it to him, and the rest of the afternoon was heaven, with an angel baby on the throne.

That night, though, he had almost forgotten the lesson, and it took one hour and forty minutes for The Kicker to agree that walking wasn't really necessary. For the first time in three months, at least, he went to sleep without it, or some such artificial charm.

The next morning he tried it again, and that was the last. Having been bathed and dressed and fed, he undertook to reestablish the monarchy. It was no kind of use now, for Judson was convinced; and so, after thirty-five minutes of the best Kicker had in his magazine, he subsided, gave up, and took a new view of life.

Judson crept up to have a look, and saw that he had won. He bent his face close to the baby's, and The Kicker reached up one hand and placed it directly, softly, confidently on Judson's mouth.

"Thank you, Kicker!" said Judson, almost in tears. "I'll remember that as long as I live."

The baby, as I said, began at once to take an interest in things. It was the first time he had ever seriously considered the ceiling and how it was made; the first time he had given the shiny bars of his bed any careful scrutiny; the first time he had observed the multitude of curious and shapely objects in the room and, as Judson said, accepted the joy of living.

So he lay there all day, attended by Judson at intervals, and played long and happily with the whistling rubber cat and the pink celluloid rattle which he had scorned and flouted in the days of the monarchy. And the tempest in his little soul departed, and the blue eyes became like the sky that was now fresh and clean after the storm. Judson pranced up and down the room in discreet and sober ecstasy, and listened with the strangest feelings to The Kicker testing tones in his vocal organ he had never tried before. And when Judson went over to the bed and gazed into The Kicker's placid face, he encountered an expression in the lighted eyes that thrilled and filled him with the strangest fancies.

"Heavens, Kicker!" he exclaimed. "If you could only talk!"

Two days passed; then, late in the afternoon, while Judson's Revised Statutes lay kicking up his heels and growling over the rubber kitty-cat, like a playful puppy with a bone, and Judson was warming milk in the kitchen, there burst upon the happy family a wild and haggard creature who swept past

Judson like a whirlwind, with not a word, only a queer low cry like an animal's.

That was Sue, of course, and we were close behind. Judson smiled at us, and I knew The Kicker was all right. When the three of us entered the sitting room, Sue had the baby in her arms, sobbing over him, and pressing her white face close to his pink one, and mumbling things that maybe The Kicker understood if none of the rest of us did.

Then she fainted again. Judson snatched the baby from her arms just in time, and laid him back on his bed, where he put his precious thumb in his mouth and watched us solemnly, with a slight lifting of the brows at such disorders.

When Sue came to life again the first thing she did was to jump up and cry out for her baby. Violet led her over to the brass bed again, holding her a little. Then a wild and frightened look came on Sue's face.

"What's the matter with my baby?" she screamed. "What have you done to him?"

"He's quite well, Mrs. Tod," said Judson very gently, though I could have sworn there was one of those Violet twinkles in each corner of his mouth.

"Then why doesn't he cry?" wailed Sue, and a queer, hard note of suspicion grew in her voice.

"He's quit crying, Mrs. Tod," Judson replied. "Kicker's reformed."

Judson shouldn't have done that just then, seeing that Sue was hysterical and not herself at all.

"Oh, you brute!" she shrieked, rushing forward out of Violet's arms, grabbing The Kicker frantically up to her, feeling him all over for hurts or something. "You've beaten him! I know you've beaten him. That's why he doesn't cry. That's why he won't cry for his mamma. His little spirit's broken! Oh!"

That's the way she went on, till we took the baby away from her; which made her more frantic still, when she saw The Kicker return serenely to his thumb. I suppose it made her feel shut out and unnecessary, and it hurt. Poor, dear sister Sue!

But brother-in-law Tod came the day after that, and then Judson explained everything. You should have seen Sue when he told how Kicker had cried two hours and forty minutes. He's got nerve, Judson has! I wouldn't have sat there and done that for a million, with Kicker's mother looking as if she'd leap at my throat, and Kicker's aunt reproaching me

with her eyes like stars, and Kicker's father very stern and quiet, waiting for the end of it. But Judson wasn't flabbergasted for a minute, and told the story as if it were something to be proud of.

When it was ended, brother-in-law took his hand from Sue's shoulder, where he'd been restraining her, and went over to the baby. He lifted The Kicker and looked at him very carefully, the rest of us watching in silence. Baby smiled and put one hand into brother-in-law's whiskers. Brother-in-law let it remain there a few seconds, then removed it, and placed The Kicker on the bed again. Not a whimper—not a sign of the tempest of rage that proceeding formerly had caused.

"Are you a happy baby?" said brother-in-law, bending over him.

Kicker made one of his funny little "O's," and put a hand on his father's bearded mouth.

Brother-in-law walked straight to Judson, and reached out his hand.

"Judson," he said, "I hope I shall know you better. You've got brains, and I'd be very well pleased—"

He looked over toward Violet, who blushed and fled the room with her head high in air. Sue started to follow her, white with rage.

"Sue!" brother-in-law called out after her. She didn't stop, but he pursued her, with a backward smile at Judson, and they talked for an hour or more, shut in a room by themselves. I could hear Sue crying and brother-in-law's voice very persistent and firm. Whatever it was, Sue quit trying to make the baby cry for her, but would just sit with tears in her eyes watching him as if she hungered for something and couldn't understand it at all.

Then the queerest thing happened. Violet and Judson quarreled. I can only guess what it was all about. That night while Sue was still hysterical I heard Violet say:

"But where did he learn so much about babies, I'd like to know."

It wasn't a nice voice at all, not Violet's syrupy note. The door was quickly shut, and I couldn't hear what Sue replied; but it was something sharp, and the next thing Violet was crying, in a muffled sort of way, as if her head were among the pillows.

Judson packed up his things and went back to town. He hasn't been up to our house since we returned, but I dropped into his office the other day, as if by accident. He was barricaded behind law books, much as we used to try to keep the baby confined with

pillows and things, but he broke through them to greet me.

"How's The Kicker?" he asked, first thing.

"Great!" I answered. "You did a fine job, Judson. We've built a padded, white nursery pen for him, and he rolls and tumbles about in it all day, and never cries except when he's got a real kick coming. And then it's a highly tolerant and decent cry. He's getting fat from so much sleep, and you can see that I've had these disgusting curls cut."

Judson laughed.

"And Mrs. Tod?" he asked.

"Well, Sue wouldn't admit it for a long time, and I think the whole business gnaws her like a secret sorrow, but—"

"Of course," said Judson, in that superior way of his. "Mothers don't want their babies to be good. Their babies must cry, so they can run and cuddle and coddle them and coax them back into a good humor, and everlastingly ruin them. They want to suffer for their babies, and slave for them, and be bulldozed to the last letter. Their whole idea of love is sacrifice. They want to feel the little pink fingers clawing at their hearts, and the more it hurts the more content they are. But just the same, there won't be any millennium till fathers get sense enough to see that their sons are trained like men from the day of their birth, if not earlier."

"Where in the world—" I began, but stopped, remembering Violet's question.

Judson laughed again.

"I just figured it out," he answered. "It's simple enough, surely. Love without intelligence can be the cruellest thing in the world. A woman craves for dependence on her, being so dependent herself—thanks to a B. C. system lasting into an A. D. time. She treats babies and men about the same—wants them to suffer and then cling to her. If she thinks you need her—"

Judson finished the sentence with a gesture.

"Have you ever told Violet that?" I asked.

"Why?" he demanded, with a sudden change of countenance.

"Well, she's put your picture back on her dressing table, and—"

At that he grabbed me by the arm, and the queer look I used to see when Violet talked syrupy across the table at him came back into his eyes.

"Say, old man," he said, holding his voice down and clutching my arm with a grip I never knew he had, "you'll come in again soon, won't you?"

THE RIDDLE OF PERSONALITY

II. THE SUBLIMINAL SELF

By H. ADDINGTON BRUCE



THE movement to institute a far-reaching, systematic, and scientific inquiry into the nature and destiny of human personality originated, as has been said, in England at the University of Cambridge. It owed its inception chiefly to the efforts of two friends, Henry Sidgwick and Frederic W. H. Myers, both of whom were cut down by the relentless hand of death when at the zenith of their powers. Professor Sidgwick was a philosopher of the best type. His was a philosophy not of the cloister but of the world. Catholic in his interests and sanguine and enthusiastic by temperament, he was saved from rash judgments by his acutely analytical frame of mind. So penetrating indeed was his insight that the slightest distinction or qualification seldom escaped him, and in his generation he was, perhaps, without a peer in the nice balancing of facts. Alike in philosophy, in psychology, in political economy, and in literary criticism he occupied a notable place. Myers was poet rather than philosopher. Artist and idealist, he radiated an unfailing sympathy for the aspirations and sufferings of mankind, and if, as many think, he passed to unwarranted extremes in the conclusions he ultimately voiced, to him none the less belongs the credit of having thrown a flood of helpful light on the workings of the human mind. "Myers," Prof. William James has well said, "endowed psychology with a new problem—the exploration of the subliminal region being destined to figure thereafter in that branch of learning as Myers's problem." Of this, more again.

At first, as may be imagined, the two friends and those who with misgivings embarked with

them on what must have seemed a hopeless voyage were somewhat at a loss whither to point prow. "Our methods," Myers wrote, in recalling that period of young endeavor, "our canons, were all to make. In those early days we were more devoid of precedents, of guidance, even of criticism that went beyond mere expressions of contempt, than is now readily conceived."* This was in the seventies. Before the decade was at an end, it was possible for him to recall: "Seeking evidence as best we could—collecting round us a small group of persons willing to help in that quest for residual phenomena in the nature and experience of man—we were at last fortunate enough to discover a convergence of experimental and of spontaneous evidence upon one definite and important point. We were led to believe that there was truth in a thesis which, at least since Swedenborg and the early mesmerists, had been repeatedly but cursorily and ineffectually presented to mankind—the thesis that a communication can take place from mind to mind by some agency not that of the recognized organs of sense. We found that this agency, discernible even on trivial occasions by suitable experiment, seemed to connect itself with an agency more intense, or at any rate more recognizable, which operated at moments of crisis or at the hour of death."†

Thus was evidence in support of the theory of telepathy first experimentally and cumulatively secured. Other testimony was not long in forthcoming after the little group of investigators had expanded into the Society for Psychical Research, which was founded in 1882 with Professor Sidgwick as its first

* "Human Personality and Its Survival of Bodily Death." By F. W. H. Myers. Vol. I, p. 7.

† *Ibid.* Vol. I, p. 8.

president and until the day of his death, perhaps, its most influential member, exercising at once a stimulating and restraining influence on its activities and conclusions. The leading spirit in organizing the society was, however, neither Professor Sidgwick nor Mr. Myers, but Prof. W. F. Barrett, of Dublin, who in 1876 had read a paper before the British Association expressing his belief in telepathy and urging the formation of a committee to undertake experiments in thought-transference. No action was taken on his suggestion, but the formation of the Society for Psychical Research was the outcome of renewed agitation by him in 1881. Its object was to investigate not only the possibility of the transmission of thought from mind to mind without the intervention of known means of communication, "but all that large group of phenomena outside the boundaries of orthodox science." Thus its scope of inquiry embraced on the one hand, apparitions, hauntings, clairvoyance, clairaudience, rappings, and like details of mediumship; and on the other, the phenomena of hypnotism. It was determined that, since scientific ends were sought, strictly scientific methods must be followed, a determination that had the fortunate result of soon severing from the society sundry confessed spiritists who had hastened to identify themselves with it. From the outset and up to the present, moreover, it has included in its membership men prominent in public and professional life (its list of presidents comprising, among others, the names of Professor Sidgwick, Arthur Balfour, Professor James, Sir William Crookes, Sir Oliver Lodge, and Professor Richet), and while it has latterly concerned itself principally with the ever-baffling question of the survival of personality after the death of the body, and in the opinion of some observers seems to have developed into an organization for the propagation of spiritism, it assuredly has rendered yeoman's service both in the direction of protecting the public against fraudulent mediums and by way of making clearer the constitution and functioning of the mind of normal as well as abnormal man.

To resume. With the organization of the society, telepathic experiments were attempted on an extensive scale, and in addition to this the task of collecting evidence for spontaneous telepathy was vigorously prosecuted. In both directions no one, during the early years of the society, was more energetic and successful than one of its youngest members,

Edmund Gurney. Gurney was just thirty-five when in 1882 he undertook the work of psychical research, and before his death, which occurred only six years later, he had accomplished much, particularly in the simplification of the facts of hypnotism, the psychological side of which he was the first Englishman to study with scientific discernment. From the beginning of the society's labors, hypnotism as utilized by Gurney, Myers, Barrett, and Professor and Mrs. Sidgwick, played a prominent part in experimental telepathy, it being found that the chances for success were greatly increased when the "percipient" (the one who was to receive the mental communication, the sender being technically known as the "agent") was in the hypnotic state. For the details of the successive experiments I must refer the reader to the society's official records as published in its "Proceedings," and especially to the first ten volumes of the "Proceedings." For our present purpose it is sufficient to observe that the society's Literary Committee, then consisting of W. F. Barrett, Charles C. Massey, Rev. W. Stainton Moses, Frank Podmore, Edmund Gurney, and F. W. H. Myers, felt justified in affirming, so early as 1884: "Our society claims to have proved the reality of thought-transference — of the transmission of thoughts, feelings, and images from one mind to another by no recognized channel of sense."* And, a little later in the same year, as the result of a prolonged inquiry into the *rationale* of apparitions, we find the same committee proffering a telepathic explanation in these words:

"Our aim is to trace the connection between the most trivial phenomena of thought-transference, or confused inklings of disaster, and the full-blown 'apparition' of popular belief. And, once on the track, we find group after group of transitional experiences, illustrating the degrees by which a stimulus, falling or fallen from afar upon some obscure subconscious region of the percipient's mind, may seem to disengage itself from his subjectivity and emerge into the waking world."†

At this point it is not necessary to discuss the question of the validity of the application of the telepathic theory as affording a naturalistic explanation of apparitions. Of immediate importance in the above quotation is the reference to subconscious regions of the

* "Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research." Vol. II, p. 44.

† *Ibid.* Vol. II, p. 164.

mind. Already it had dawned upon the investigators that varied as were the reports of hypnotism, trance mediumship, and apparitions, they had this in common that they seemed to hint at the existence of mental faculties previously unsuspected. With this the inquiry entered upon a new phase. The obvious question rose: If under certain conditions, still to be exactly ascertained, the range of human consciousness may be immeasurably extended, is it not possible, nay probable, that the prevailing ideas of the nature of consciousness, or rather of the nature of the self, are erroneous?

To the solution of the problem thus presented, none pressed more earnestly than Frederic Myers. For starting point he had the popular concept of the nature of personality as best expressed in the philosopher Reid's essay on "The Intellectual Powers of Man":

"My personal identity, therefore, implies the continued existence of that indivisible thing which I call myself. Whatever this self may be, it is something which thinks and deliberates and resolves and acts and suffers. I am not thought, I am not action, I am not feeling; I am something that thinks and acts and suffers. My thoughts and actions and feelings change every moment; they have no continued, but a successive, existence; but that self, or I, to which they belong, is permanent, and has the same relation to all the succeeding thoughts, actions, and feelings which I call mine. . . . The identity of a person is a perfect identity; wherever it is real it admits of no degrees; and it is impossible that a person should be in part the same and in part different, because a person is a monad and is not divisible into parts. Identity, when applied to persons, has no ambiguity, and admits not of degrees, or of more and less. It is the foundation of all rights and obligations, and of all accountableness; and the notion of it is fixed and precise."

Nothing could be clearer or more exact, and as a statement of the nature of personality it had gone unchallenged since its formulation a century and more before. But to Myers, as to the Frenchmen who were now attacking the same problem from another standpoint and whose work will shortly be reviewed, it seemed to have lost much of its force by reason of the discoveries made since spiritism and hypnotism had become subjects for serious study. If unity and continuity be prime facts of the ego, what be-

comes of the ego in the disintegrations affecting it during bodily life? Where locate it in insanity, in hysteria, in somnambulism, spontaneous or induced, in the trance states of mediums apparently surrendering their organism to the control of some extraneous self? Still more perplexing becomes the problem, on the basis of the "common sense" view of personality, when there are involved complete, or seemingly complete, disintegrations such as those reported in the experiences of Mary Reynolds and Ansel Bourne.

Both of these cases are worth relating, not only from their scientific significance but by reason of their intrinsic interest. The former dates back to the opening years of the nineteenth century. One morning Mary, the daughter of a Pennsylvania pioneer named Reynolds, was found in a deep sleep from which it was impossible to arouse her. Awakening some twenty hours later, she awoke as a newborn child. Memory had vanished, and with it all knowledge of the acquisitions of experience and education. Parents, brothers, sisters, friends were unrecognized. To her, reading, writing, even talking, were unknown arts and had to be relearned. It was noticed, too, that her temperament had undergone a marked change. Formerly melancholy, dull, and taciturn, she now was cheerful, alert, and social. Thus she continued for five weeks when, after a long sleep, she suddenly awoke her natural, or at any rate her former, self, and without any remembrance of the events of the intervening period. Only a few weeks more and she had relapsed into the secondary state, and thus, alternating between the two phases, she passed her life from the age of twenty to that of thirty-five, when she remained permanently in the secondary condition, not once recovering her normal personality to the day of her death, which did not occur until a quarter of a century later.

The case of Ansel Bourne presents a different aspect. Early in 1887 Mr. Bourne, an itinerant preacher, then aged sixty-one and residing in the town of Greene, R. I., went to Providence in order to procure money to pay for a farm. After drawing the money from the bank, he visited the store of a nephew, Andrew Harris, and then started for his sister's house, also in Providence. That was the last known of his movements for eight weeks, when he was discovered, under most sensational circumstances, at Norristown, Pa. It seems that about a fortnight after the disap-

pearance of Mr. Bourne a stranger arrived in Norristown and, under the name of A. J. Brown, rented from a Mr. Earle a store which he stocked with notions, toys, confectionery, etc. The store was part of the dwelling place of the Earle family, and as Mr. Brown lived with them they saw him frequently, but at no time observed anything peculiar in his demeanor. On the contrary, it was remarked that he was exceptionally steady-going, methodical, and precise. Nobody, in a word, suspected that he might be laboring under some form of mental vagary. About five o'clock on the morning of March 14th, however, he aroused the Earles and excitedly demanded information as to his whereabouts. He denied that his name was Brown, and asserted that his landlord and his landlord's family were entire strangers to him. Thinking that he had suddenly become insane, Mr. Earle summoned a physician who at Mr. "Brown's" request telegraphed Andrew Harris: "Do you know Ansel Bourne? Please answer." Soon the reply came: "He is my uncle. Wire me where he is, and if well. Write particulars." Subsequently Mr. Harris visited Norristown, disposed of his uncle's stock of goods, and took the extremely bewildered Mr. Bourne home with him. Later, it may be added, Professor James and Dr. Richard Hodgson hypnotized the aged preacher and succeeded in eliciting from him a detailed account of his doings during the eight weeks of his disappearance, securing facts which he had been utterly unable to give previous to hypnotization.*

Recalling cases such as these, and comparing them with the minor disintegrations of trance and hypnotic phenomena, Myers also approached the problem of the self from the vantage ground afforded by the telepathic experiments and by the society's long record of hallucinatory visions of the dying or the dead, or of those in moments of crisis not necessarily fatal. The more he studied, the deeper grew his conviction that the self is both a unity and a coördination, and further, that it possesses faculties and powers unexercised and

unexercisable by the consciousness that finds employment in the direction of the affairs of everyday life. It was in 1887 that he first tentatively put forth his hypothesis of the "subliminal self," but it was not until 1903 that his final elaboration of it was given to the world in the posthumously published "Human Personality and Its Survival of Bodily Death," which will prove an enduring monument to its author's long and useful labors and which, whatever opinion be formed concerning its conclusions on the evidence for "survival," must be accounted one of the generation's most searching contributions to the study of personality. There has been a vast deal of needless controversy concerning what Myers exactly meant by the "subliminal self." At the outset of his *magnum opus*, we find his theory stated in language that could not well be more explicit:

"The idea of a *threshold* (*limen, Schwelle*) of consciousness—of a level above which sensation or thought must rise before it can enter into our conscious life—is a simple and familiar one. The word *subliminal*—meaning 'beneath the threshold'—has already been used to define those sensations which are too feeble to be individually recognized. I propose to extend the meaning of the term, so as to make it cover *all* that takes place beneath the ordinary threshold, or say, if preferred, the ordinary margin of consciousness—not only those faint stimulations whose very faintness keeps them submerged, but much else which psychology as yet scarcely recognizes: sensations, thoughts, emotions, which may be strong, definite, and independent, but which, by the original constitution of our being, seldom merge into that *supraliminal* current of consciousness which we habitually identify with *ourselves*. Perceiving . . . that these submerged thoughts and emotions possess the characteristics which we associate with conscious life, I feel bound to speak of a *subliminal*, or *ultra-marginal, consciousness*—a consciousness which we shall see, for instance, uttering or writing sentences quite as complex and coherent as the supraliminal consciousness could make them. Perceiving further that this conscious life beneath the threshold or beyond the margin seems to be no discontinuous or intermittent thing; that not only are these isolated subliminal processes comparable with isolated supraliminal processes (as when a problem is solved by some unknown procedure in a dream), but that there also is a continuous subliminal

* For detailed accounts of the Reynolds case the reader is referred to Dr. Weir Mitchell's report in the "Transactions of the College of Physicians of Philadelphia," April 4, 1888; "The Principles of Psychology," by William James, Vol. I, pp. 381-384; or "Mary Reynolds," by the Rev. W. S. Plummer, an article in *Harper's Magazine* for May, 1860. The Bourne case is discussed at considerable length in the "Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research," Vol. VII, pp. 221-258.

chain of memory (or more chains than one) involving just that kind of individual and persistent revival of old impressions and response to new ones, which we commonly call a Self—I find it permissible and convenient to speak of subliminal Selves, or more briefly of a subliminal Self. I do not indeed by using this term assume that there are two correlative and parallel selves existing always within each of us. Rather I mean by the subliminal Self that part of the Self which is commonly subliminal; and I conceive that there may be—not only *cooperations* between these quasi-independent trains of thought—but also upheavals and alternations of personality of many kinds, so that what was once below the surface may for a time, or permanently, rise above it. And I conceive also that no Self of which we can here have cognizance is in reality more than a fragment of a larger Self—revealed in a fashion at once shifting and limited through an organism not so framed as to afford it full manifestation.” *

Here, in a paragraph, is Myers's famous theory of the subliminal self. Daring in conception, it was applied by him with even greater boldness. It was not enough to utilize it as a formulated working hypothesis to explain on a naturalistic basis phenomena which he and his associates in the Society for Psychical Research believed it impossible for science longer to ignore. If on the one hand it could be plausibly maintained by him that, for example, men of genius owe their fame to a capacity for utilizing powers which lie too deep below the threshold of consciousness for the ordinary man's control; that the appeal of the hypnotist is to the subliminal not the supraliminal self, and that it is the subliminal self that sends and receives telepathic messages, he could on the other hand see every reason for affirming that the indwelling principle, unifying the subliminal and supraliminal, persists after the death and decay of the bodily organism, and that this indwelling principle, call it “soul,” “spirit,” or what one will, has been actually observed in operation apart from the bodily organism and after the destruction of that organism. More than this, he did not hesitate to launch into speculation, formulating a cosmic philosophy resting on what was to him the proved existence and influence of a spiritual world and the proved interchange of thought between that world and the world of earth life.

* “Human Personality and Its Survival of Bodily Death,” Vol. I, p. 14.

Accordingly, it is not surprising to find that his views and the theory out of which they grew have been subjected to the most caustic criticism; and that there has been, as an inevitable consequence of this criticism, a tendency to lose sight of the immediate benefits to be derived by conscientious exploration of the border land region invaded by this intrepid adventurer into the unknown.

Undoubtedly one reason why the theory of the subliminal self has been received with incredulity, lies in the fact that it owes existence largely to another theory which is generally opposed by the scientific world. The reference is to telepathy. In the face of the repeatedly successful experiments by independent investigators, such as the late Thomson Jay Hudson, as well as by the Society for Psychical Research, and notwithstanding the great mass of well-authenticated evidence pointing to the operation of spontaneous telepathy, there is a vigorous refusal in scientific circles to deem the case for telepathy a sound one. Nor do those scientists, the psychologists, who should be to the fore in testing the validity of the telepathic hypothesis, show any inclination as a body to prosecute a vigorous inquest. Here and there are to be found individual psychologists who, with the intellectual fearlessness of a William James, strike boldly from the primrose path of easy-going skepticism. But the lamentable truth remains that most psychologists are still so completely under the domination of the concepts of the “classical” school as to prefer, if possible, to explain away rather than investigate. Before them ever looms the bogey of “spiritism,” and they shudder at the thought of being identified in the popular consciousness with the “psychical researchers.” They fail to realize that it may not be necessary to accept the supernatural implications that enthusiasts have read into telepathy, the subliminal self, and the like.

Indeed, nothing could make clearer the determined opposition of the orthodox psychologist than the criticisms he has leveled against the theory of the subliminal self. When the advocate of that theory, in deference to his critic's strenuous protest, discards the argument from telepathy and advances, say, the argument from cases of the Bourne and Reynolds type, he is met with the contemptuous retort that, in all likelihood, both the changes in ideas and trains of thought and the changes in character and temperament are due altogether to physical causes, to changes

in the supply of blood to the brain. Satisfactory as this reply may seem to him who makes it, he completely overlooks the fact that it takes no account of the psychical significance of the phenomena involved; that, in other words, while the problem of causation may be quite correctly given a physiological explanation, the deeper problem of why the resultant changes take the particular forms they manifest remains untouched. Or when the exponent of the subliminal cites as evidence of subliminal action the marvels accomplished by the so-called lightning calculators, the Dases, the Mangiamoles, it is hardly to the point to plead that the peculiar gifts of the arithmetical prodigies are merely "automatic." This, however, is the favorite explanation of the orthodox psychologist, a figurative shrug of the shoulders, delightfully easy, but—explaining nothing.

Here is the latest pronouncement on the subject from a writer of the orthodox school.

"The very latitude of the theory of the subliminal self," writes Professor Jastrow, "makes it hospitable to a wide range of considerations—many of them supported by questionable data and strained interpretations—and renders it liable to affiliation with

'occult' conceptions of every shade and grade of extravagance." *

"It is proper to point out that in the intrinsic worth and to a considerable measure the mutual relations assigned to the several groups of phenomena, the two views have a common interest, even common points of emphasis. Both find a place, though a different one, in the mental economy, for modes of achievement or for participation therein, that are preponderantly not of the fully conscious order; both recognize the disordering of mental impairment and the significance of variations in mental endowment, though with but modest agreement upon their interpretation; for the one view ever holds aloof from the supernatural implications of the other, and looks upon all the achievements of mind as brought about, not by any release of cramping limitations, but by favoring development of the highest natural potentialities." †

To ascertain what results have followed the application of the theory of the subliminal self, it is necessary, for the moment, to pause in our contemplation of the labors of the Society for Psychical Research, and, crossing the English Channel, observe the work of certain later French investigators.

* "The Subconscious," page 535. By Joseph Jastrow.

† *Ibid.*, page 540.

DRUDGERY

By NIXON WATERMAN

DULL drudgery; "gray angel of success";
Enduring purpose, waiting long and long,
Headache or heartache, blent with sigh or song;
Forever delving 'mid the strife and stress;
Within the bleak confines of your duress
Are laid the firm foundations, deep and strong,
Whereon men build the right against the wrong,
The toil-wrought monuments that lift and bless.

The coral reefs, the bee's o'erflowing cells;
The pyramids; all things that shall endure;
The books on books wherein all wisdom dwells,
Are formed with plodding patience, slow and sure.
Yours the time-tempered fashioning that spells
Of chaos, order, perfect and secure.



CITY OF S. SALVADOR FROM THE BAY

BRAZIL TO-DAY

BY LEÃO VELLOSO

Member of Congress from the State of Bahia and formerly Editor-in-Chief of the "Correio da Manha" of Rio de Janeiro, Brazil



OR lack of a name, in the Portuguese of the Old World, for an unexplored interior, the Brazilians have coined the word *sertão*, which expresses the same idea as *the wilderness*, as used by the pioneers of North America. This *sertão*, which includes the borders of civilization, as well as all that lies beyond, has been penetrated by a few bold spirits, whose reports of vast prairies, limitless forests, and a great variety of mineral wealth, all locked behind a barrier of distance and inaccessibility, give the keynote of the great hopes every Brazilian entertains for the future of his country.

The choice of Rio de

Janeiro as the meeting-place for the Third Pan-American Conference and the visit of the American Secretary of State, Mr. Root, to Brazil, have drawn to this country the attention of the whole world, but especially that of the United States.

Where and what is Brazil, not on the map but in the progress of nations, is a question which is being asked more and more frequently, and it must be admitted that Brazil is very little known to foreigners, who heretofore have been satisfied with knowing it to be the largest and most populous of South American republics.

Brazil is indeed a large country—much larger than anyone realizes until he appreciates the fact that its territory covers as much ground in South America as does the United States in North,



A CAVALIER OF THE CARNIVAL

and that in the Eastern Hemisphere only the colossal empires of Russia and China can rival the dominions of this vast republic of the South. Its coast line, bathed by the waters of the Atlantic, extends north and south 3,600 miles, and its inland plateaus in some places reach the watersheds of the Andes, which hug the Pacific coast. This great block of territory, which borders upon every South American country except Chili, is situated between $5^{\circ} 10'$ latitude north and $33^{\circ} 46' 10''$ south, and while most of it lies in the torrid or tropical zone, there is a wide tract which belongs to and enjoys all the advantages of the temperate zone.

Even in the torrid zone, however, the climate is not so hot as one would expect of the tropics, for several causes go to modify the circumstance of location. In the first place, the interior of Brazil is for the most part high; then there are certain prevailing winds which can always be counted on, and the great sea current which splits upon Cape St. Roque flowing north and south along the coast. Add to these the fact that the country boasts the most complete river system in the world, together with limitless forests, and one can form an idea of the checks to what would otherwise be insufferable heat.

Nature has done all in its power to facilitate communication between the various parts of the country. It would take a fifteen-knot steamer ten days to cover its coast line, which, unlike the opposite shore of the continent, abounds in ports, estuaries, ample bays, and even inland seas. But it is not only the maritime coast which offers these advantages to commerce. As I have said above, Brazil possesses the greatest river system in the world, the principal factor of which is the Amazon River, many of whose tributaries can be navigated for a thousand miles and whose main stream is penetrated for two thousand miles and more by ocean steamers plying between New York, Manáos, and Iquitos. In the south, starting from Montevideo, the capital of the Republic of Uruguay, Brazilian steamers reach the inland state of Matto Grosso and require over a month for the return trip. These two systems, that of the Amazon and that of La Plata, form a great bow whose center is in western Brazil. Parallel with the Atlantic and forming the string to this great bow, the great S. Francisco, a river almost unheard of abroad, stretches its navigable waters for over a thousand miles.

Besides these natural carriers Brazil has the

beginning of an effective system of railways, the most important of which are those connecting the seaports of Santos, Rio de Janeiro, Bahia, and Pernambuco with the interior. These railways, in addition to others of lesser importance, aggregate a total of 18,000 kilometers. Their construction in several cases was a triumph of engineering, and the bit of road between Santos on the sea and S. Paulo, the great coffee center on the inland plateau, has for years held its place as a model of construction and efficiency, as well as proving a gold mine to its fortunate stockholders.

Brazil's population is to-day calculated at twenty millions, and this does not include the Indians or savage tribes which still exist in large numbers in unexplored regions. This figure shows how thinly the country is populated and betrays the weak point in its development and progress. What Brazil needs is immigration, and former governments have spared neither money nor effort in bringing people from all lands.

It was upon the initiative of the Imperial Brazilian Government that the Germans came and established themselves in various localities of the southern part of the country, principally in the states of Rio Grande do Sul, Paraná, and Sta. Catharina, where there are cities and whole regions inhabited almost exclusively by Germans, who, like those of the United States, have adopted their new country once and for all and serve it as sincerely as do the descendants of the Portuguese pioneer settlers. This German element is calculated at about a million, which includes both immigrants and their Brazilian-born children.

However, on account of the generally mild climate, immigrants, while they seek by preference the temperate zone which harbors the principal colonial centers, are to be found scattered all over the country, and the industrious find easy means of livelihood in any part of it.

The descendants of the Portuguese colonists form the great mass of the Brazilian nation, in which white blood predominates, although the number of mestizos is not small. It is a fact proved by the history of Portuguese colonization throughout the world that this strong and prolific race distinguishes itself from all others by the facility with which it mixes with other races. And as a consequence, the mass of born Brazilians, though predominated by white blood, is composed of an amalgamation of the races living on the continent—an amalgamation which is be-

coming more and more adapted to the exactions of the climate combined with the demands of civilization and progress.

All the civilized population of Brazil speaks Portuguese and is of the Roman Catholic faith. Almost all the inhabitants, especially those of the interior, are primitive in their habits, ignorant, and superstitious, but at the same time vigorous, and of exceptional endurance in the struggle for life. Large cities are scarce—there are few which exceed a

"White Man's Death" is to-day practically banished from the capital city.

Should Rio de Janeiro double its population in ten years, it would be doing no more than the second city of the republic, S. Paulo, has done in the decade just passed. S. Paulo ten years ago numbered only 100,000 inhabitants, while to-day it is credited with almost three hundred thousand. This extraordinary increase has been due doubtless to the development of the coffee interests of the state,



MONROE PALACE, RIO DE JANEIRO

Scene of the Third Pan-American Conference

population of fifty thousand—and the bulk of the people is consequently country bred.

Rio de Janeiro, the capital of Brazil, has approximately a million inhabitants, and this figure is destined to increase rapidly, owing to the great improvements which have been inaugurated and pushed to conclusion during the last three years. First in importance of these fundamental improvements is the fight for the complete sanitation of the city which is being brought to a successful close. The Havana system of prophylaxis, consisting in the extinction of the mosquito which transmits yellow fever, has been successfully applied, and the terrible scourge which at one time gave Rio de Janeiro the name of the

centered in the city, and to the establishment of many industries and municipal improvements, as well as to the importation of Italian labor to take the place of the slaves emancipated eighteen years ago. In a brief decade S. Paulo has lost the character of a provincial town and become a cosmopolitan city, vigorously modern in every department of civic and municipal life. In its streets to-day can be seen the most modern of electric cars and the latest models of French automobiles. Half the population of the city is composed of Italians, who furnish the labor for various factories and mills, and are also employed in a great variety of smaller industries.

The port of Santos, probably the best

known abroad of all our ports, derives its importance from the fact that it is the gate to the vast coffee plantations of S. Paulo, which state produces one-half of the world's supply of coffee, almost all of which finds its way down the S. Paulo Railway to the big docks of Santos, whose recent construction, following the general sanitation of the city, transformed the place from what used to be a hotbed of yellow fever to one of the healthiest coast towns of South America. Fourteen years ago the quays of Santos and the streets for two miles beyond them were blocked with cargo for which warehouses could not be found and which could not be moved on account of the scarcity of labor caused by terrific fever epidemics. To-day Santos is a clean, healthy port whose docks and warehouses have become a national boast.

S. Salvador, capital of the state of Bahia and commonly known by the name of Bahia, has about two hundred and thirty thousand inhabitants and is thought by many to be the most interesting of Brazilian cities. It was the first seat of the Portuguese Government, is the oldest city in the country, and has preserved the colonial stamp in a greater degree than any other. Its professional schools, dating back to colonial times, made it the first center of learning in South America, and gave it the name of the Brazilian Athens.

The state of Bahia, while not as advanced as several of her sisters to the south, is perhaps the richest of all in the variety of her products. She produces for export gold, diamonds, monazite sands, cacao, tobacco, piassava, and some coffee, as well as hides and large quantities of goatskins. In days past her great industry was the manufacture of cane sugar, which she exported largely but which is to-day almost totally absorbed by home consumption. Bahia is interesting to Americans as the true home of the navel orange, which is produced in such large quantities in California. It is less than twenty years since the original grafts used in California were forwarded from this Brazilian state.

In the far north of the republic two cities have surged ahead owing to the rapid development of rubber production. These cities are Belem, the capital of the state of Pará, commonly known by the name of Pará, and Manáos on the upper Amazon.

Midway between Bahia and Pará lies the city of Recife, capital of the state of Pernambuco, which also, owing to a freak of

usage, is generally known by the name of the state. It is situated on the most easterly portion of the continent within eight days' run of Lisbon, and consequently it is thought will be the starting point of the first South American transcontinental railway. Pernambuco is a pleasant little city of about one hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants, and on account of its winding river, canals, and many bridges is known as the Venice of South America.

In picturing the cities of Brazil it would be criminal to omit Petropolis, the fascinating home of the diplomatic corps the year around and the refuge in hot weather of all the wealthier Fluminenses.* It is a unique, irregular little city of cottages and country palaces, nestling 3,000 feet up in the Organ Mountains, with shaded, winding double streets divided by streams of clear, rippling water leading back to the steep mountainsides and down to the precipice that overlooks the grandest bay in the world with the great, straggling city of Rio de Janeiro in the misty distance.

Brazil is unusually rich in flora and fauna, and while her products vary in the different zones and climates, there are four plants which constitute the base of alimentation for the great mass of the population, namely: mandioca—of which *jarinha*, the coarse flour of the country, is made—rice, beans, and corn. The two great products for exportation are coffee and rubber. As I have mentioned above, the state of S. Paulo contains the greatest coffee-producing region in the world, but the states of Rio, Minas, and Espírito Santo also produce coffee for export. The aggregate production of these states amounts to two-thirds of the world's total supply. The rubber tree, which has brought wealth to northern Brazil, is indigenous throughout the Amazon valley and has also been found in the interior of Bahia and Matto Grosso. There are two distinct varieties of rubber trees, one of which has been but lately discovered and which lends itself easily to cultivation. Besides these products, which form two-thirds of all the production of the country, the manufacture of sugar has long been one of the main industries, and while no longer exported on a large scale, on account of the great fall in its price, still satisfies the home market. Tobacco, once exported very extensively from the state of Bahia, has also suffered through low prices and extreme taxation, but the cul-

* Inhabitants of the city of Rio.

tivation of cacao has been coming up in proportion to this decrease and is to-day a most lucrative branch of agriculture.

The southernmost states of Brazil produce in great quantities a leaf known as *matte*, which is used most extensively not only in Brazil but also in the republic farther south for making a sort of tea which is said to be as pleasant a drink as the tea of India, at the same time having certain medicinal qualities. Its introduction as a health-giving beverage both in Europe and the United States should lead to the creation of an unlimited market.

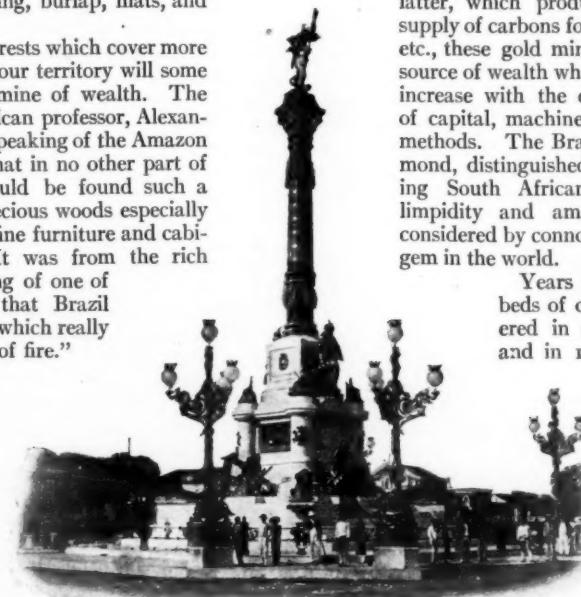
The cotton industry in Brazil received its first great impetus during the Civil War in the United States, which effectively cut off that source of supply. Of late years so many cotton mills have been started in Brazil that almost the total production of this raw material is required for home use. These cotton mills, established as they are in the vicinity of the cotton region, have proved themselves to be among the most remunerative in the world. They represent an investment of about \$10,000,000. In addition to cotton, various indigenous fibers have been discovered in Brazil which are being extensively used in the fabrication of the coarser materials, such as sacking, burlap, mats, and cordage.

The vast forests which cover more than half of our territory will some day prove a mine of wealth. The famous American professor, Alexander Agassiz, speaking of the Amazon valley, said that in no other part of the world could be found such a variety of precious woods especially adapted for fine furniture and cabinet work. It was from the rich garnet coloring of one of these woods that Brazil got its name, which really means "coal of fire."

A large proportion of the central valley of South America, as well as almost the entire south, is especially adapted for cattle raising, and while this industry in the far south has reached a state of development equal to that in the United States, it is only beginning to take on great proportions in the Brazilian states. The cattle in Brazil, while more than sufficient for home consumption, are of inferior stock and at present cannot be used for export. Several breeders have, however, undertaken the importation of blooded stock and are giving all their attention to improving the breed. The herds throughout the country are estimated at about twenty million head. In late years a dairy industry has been rather widely established in the states of Minas and S. Paulo as well as among the German colonies in the south.

Before men thought of tilling the soil or raising cattle for a living in Brazil, its gold mines were a sufficient lodestone to draw hordes of adventurers from Europe. These gold mines, superficially exploited hundreds of years ago by the Jesuits, are to-day being reworked to considerable profit. With the manganese mines of Minas and Bahia and the extensive diamond fields of the latter, which produce the world's supply of carbons for diamond drills, etc., these gold mines form a great source of wealth which is destined to increase with the continued influx of capital, machinery, and modern methods. The Brazilian white diamond, distinguished from the shining South African stone by its limpidity and amazing depth, is considered by connoisseurs the finest gem in the world.

Years ago extensive beds of coal were discovered in southern Brazil, and in 1904 the govern-



MONUMENT TO THE INDEPENDENCE OF BRAZIL, IN THE PLAZA OF S. SALVADOR



FISHING BOATS ON THE BRAZILIAN COAST

ment secured the services of Dr. I. N. White, State Geologist of West Virginia, to examine these deposits with a view to determining the quality and utility of the coal. Dr. White, after a detailed study of the deposits and their surroundings, reported that while the coal was not of a high grade, it was better than that utilized by the Germans in briquettes, and would undoubtedly prove of great value within fifty years, as the visible supply of coal in the world would soon fail to satisfy the increasing demand. Dr. White is now on his second visit to Brazil where he comes to supervise the treatment of native coal, which it is thought can already compete profitably with the imported product.

The social side of Brazil as opposed to the physical is no less interesting to the student of national progress and the problems confronting individual nations. Since November 15, 1889, the day that marks the fall of the imperial house of Braganza, Brazil has been a republic modeled upon the United States of America, whose political institutions were closely imitated in the constitution adopted on February 24, 1890. This constitution is so far unamended, though there is a strong campaign now in progress for its modification

in certain minor respects. The independent divisions of government are the executive, represented by a president; the legislative, composed of an upper and a lower house, as in the United States; and the judicial, represented by a supreme court and twenty-two district judges. The federation is composed of twenty states, which took the boundary lines of the imperial provinces and are very unequal both in area and in population. There is a federal district, corresponding to the District of Columbia in the United States, which was formerly the neutral municipality of Rio de Janeiro. Each state is divided into municipalities, and municipal life is the unit and base of the political and administrative organization of the country. Full political liberty, which is established by law, existed even during the empire and forms part and parcel of the country's life, whose organization is as democratic as that of any other sovereign state.

It is a notable fact that while the republic of Brazil was born of a military revolution, militarism has not established itself in the country, which has thus escaped the turmoils that so constantly afflict the Spanish-American republics. The military chiefs of the revolu-

tion of 1889, Deodoro Fonseca and Floriano Peixoto, were the first chief executives, but they have been followed by four regularly elected presidents, all lawyers, recruited, as well as their vice presidents, from civil life.

Throughout the history of Brazil, many of the principal statesmen and politicians of the country made their first start in journalism. Great influence is exercised by the press, which enjoys full liberty. Publications of all kinds are multiplying in all the large cities, but their tendency is to concentrate in the metropolis, just as in the United States they have concentrated naturally in New York. Rio de Janeiro has a daily press equal to that of any city of its size in the world. With five large morning papers and three evening dailies, it manages to supply its steadily increasing reading public with a very fair amount of domestic and foreign news. The periodical press is, however, in its infancy. There are only two weeklies which warrant recognition, and at the most three monthlies, all of Rio de Janeiro.

If the weeklies and monthly magazines have a hard struggle for existence in Brazil, the book of prose or verse has a still harder one from a remunerative point of view, owing to the fact that the reading public is limited to the upper ten thousand. In spite of this, Brazil has produced a school of poets and novelists whose fame is destined to increase at home as education spreads, and abroad as their country becomes better known. Of the poets the most notable group is that which took a giant's part in bringing about the emancipation of slaves in Brazil through their impassioned writings. Of the novelists the first to attain fame throughout Brazil and in Portugal was José de Alencar, the Fenimore Cooper of South America. Of late years, however, our prose writers have given their attention to psychological and realistic fiction, with occasional striking results.

While these writers of prose and poetry are practically unknown, except among Portuguese-speaking people, Brazil can claim the distinction of being the only country of the Western Hemisphere which has produced grand opera. The triumph in Italy of "Guarany," the masterpiece of the Brazilian composer, Carlos Gomez, has long been cherished in the Brazilian heart, especially as it constituted the glorification of Alencar's greatest novel of the same name. Not only music but all the fine arts come naturally to the Brazilian temperament. Every family

has its musician, and even in the most remote villages the piano, to say nothing of lesser instruments, is frequently found. The National Institute of Music in Rio de Janeiro is much frequented and has attained a wide reputation among visiting musicians, who are invariably surprised at the critical knowledge of technic and interpretation evidenced by the majority of their hearers.

When John VI, frightened by the approach of Napoleon, fled from Portugal to his colonies across the seas, he brought with him notable French artists, who contributed in large measure to the establishment upon a firm foundation of the arts of painting and sculpture. The paintings of Pedro Americo, Victor Meirelles, and Almeida Junior form the principal pride of the Brazilian art galleries, and the sculptures of Rodolfo Bernardelli, in the School of Fine Arts and in the squares of Rio de Janeiro, amply repay the study of the most exacting. These artists have established a standard of production of which no country need be ashamed and which has done much toward fixing public taste upon a high level.

Unfortunately for Brazil, her educational system is one of aristocracy, constructed for the benefit of the few to the detriment of the many. The state supports a very efficient system of law, medical, and polytechnic schools, but fails to supply proportionate primary education for the thousands of children whose parents' ambitions embrace only the most elementary teaching. The result is that Brazil possesses a most discouraging proportion of illiterates, and although some ascribe this condition in great measure to the scattering of the relatively small number of inhabitants over a vast area, thus making the aggregation of children in day schools impossible, still the schools even in our centers of population are grossly insufficient and incompetent to meet the crying needs of the masses.

During the last few years the country has awakened to the fact that its navy, once the strongest in South America, is so antiquated as to be worse than useless. With the awakening came the realization that a navy is as vital to Brazil in South America as to the United States in North, and the government, urged on by popular opinion, has taken steps to regain primacy among South American naval powers. During August of this year it contracted with the English firm of Armstrong & Co. for the construction of three

first-class armored cruisers of 13,000 tons each, and is making plans for further purchases.

In these days the progress of a nation is measured less and less by its intellectual attainments and more and more by its material prosperity. The economic history of the Brazilian republic is the history of a dramatic war written in figures. No other country has fought so many and such vital battles of national finance. At one time, when, owing to the unlimited issue of bank notes, specie almost disappeared and paper currency depreciated to one-fourth its face value, the most sanguine became hopeless and predicted bankruptcy. But a strong government held the helm. Drastic measures were called to the aid of far-reaching and logical schemes of finance, and within eight years the face value of paper currency was raised over a hundred per cent and is still advancing. Unlike most of the South American republics, Brazil has never been insolvent and her credit in Europe has never been shaken.

Turning to commerce, there is much to encourage us, although a low price for coffee makes everyone believe that ruin is impending. So vastly disproportionate is this branch of Brazilian production for export, that the whole nation has become pessimistic over

the overproduction and consequent cheapening of the once precious bean. In the depreciation of coffee lies our great financial problem, and its increasing proportions and menace to national prosperity tend to cast a shadow over all branches of commercial enterprise. However, coffee, though by far the greatest, is not our only source of wealth. The rubber of the Amazon valley, though constantly increasing in volume, cannot keep pace with the demand; cacao, daily becoming more of a necessity throughout the world, is being cultivated more and more extensively; and sugar, cotton, and tobacco, though no longer preponderating among our exports, find an increasing market at home and have permanently added to the nation's wealth through the introduction of capital for mills and factories. That the commercial outlook need cause no one despair is illustrated by the fact that during the five years from 1901 to 1905 inclusive our exports increased slowly but steadily from a sum total of £40,621,993 to £44,643,703, and our buying capacity, which in 1901 was £21,377,270, increased to £29,830,050 in 1905.

The factors which go to make up these totals present a rather curious study in balance of trade. In the first place the total balance of trade is overwhelmingly in favor of the poorer country. In the second place,



THE CATHEDRAL AT BAHIA

while the United States buys almost one-half of Brazil's exports, both England and Germany sell Brazil more imports than does the United States. In 1905 the United States paid Brazil £18,360,449, but out of the £29,830,050 that Brazil spent that year on foreign products the United States received only £3,082,570. These figures show that in spite of the depreciation in the price of certain of her products, Brazil is slowly increasing her importance to the world as a producer and is more rapidly advancing her position as a great market. They also show very markedly the unequal condition of trade between the United States as an exporting nation and Brazil as a buyer. However, since 1901 the United States has increased her exports to Brazil by twenty-five per cent, and while this increase amounts only to a million pounds sterling, still it shows a tendency on the part of the United States to equalize trade relations with Brazil.

No better time could be chosen for the advancement of American business in Brazil. Public spirit in general and the disposition of the governing classes are most favorable to approximation in all our relations with the great republic of the North, whether these relations be political, financial, or purely commercial. As Mr. Root said: "The friendship between twenty million Brazilians and eighty million Americans is a friendship born of and based upon the most closely allied economic interests." The advantage of increasing the commercial relations between the two countries is a mutual one. Brazil, selling as she does almost one-half of her total exports to the United States, aside from any sentimental considerations, would naturally prefer to buy her steadily increasing imports from the United States.

Circumstances have made the present an unusually favorable time for an invasion of Brazil by American products and manufactures. The assembling of the Third Pan-American Conference in Rio de Janeiro, the presence here of the American delegates, journalists, and visitors, and above all the short stay of the American Secretary of State,

Mr. Elihu Root, who carried out his mission with perfect tact and frequent eloquence, were incidents which have done much toward establishing a lasting bond of friendship and sympathy between this country and the United States. It rests with the statesmen, the publicists, the merchants and manufacturers of both countries, to develop this public sentiment, from a bond of sympathy into one of material and ever-increasing benefit. Let us hope that they will grasp the opportunity.

I have given the reader a rough and unfinished picture of what is in many respects a rough and unfinished country. From this sketch he can form an idea of the degree of progress attained by Brazil as a nation. But he should remember that behind the coast-wise strip which represents the country's highest civilization there lies a vast hinterland where only the feet of the boldest pioneers have trod. To guard this unknown land with its bulk of undeveloped wealth from encroachment has been no small task for a comparatively weak nation, and Brazil's defense of the integrity of her frontiers has been marked by three of the greatest victories in the history of arbitration. She has successfully held in trust this land of the future against the day when her children shall by their own strength, or through the confidence they inspire in foreign capital and enterprise, throw open a new land of promise to the Old World which is becoming so uncomfortably crowded.

Reviewing our array of national problems, two stand out as the great essentials that demand the first energies of the republic. The first presents a battle which we must fight for ourselves, the battle of primary education and civic instruction. The second is the battle against the wilderness, a battle of railways and bridges and roads. For this fight we must enlist the help of outsiders, and it rests with the Americans whether in future these outsiders will be English, French, and German, as they have been in the past, or men recruited from the army which conquered like difficulties in the one-time wilderness of North America.



A LITTLE COMEDY AT GORDANN'S

BY LEO CRANE

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY B. LACHMAN



VERY now and then one of the late boys, who has probably worked a rush midnight assignment, drops in at Gordann's, and, seeing me there quite at ease, and perhaps half asleep, remarks in the utmost surprise:

"Gad! you here again? Can't see why you stick by the place so faithfully. Old and dingy, and the service—tough enough, to say the least of it. Can't come up to the times when Billee was along with us, eh? And now tell me, why *do* you stick to Gordann's?"

But I just smile and mutter some foolish reason, like "good roast," or "a fine broil of mackerel to-night," which is usually not true.

Well, why *do* I stand by Gordann's? You see, now that Billee Gordann is dead, the place is really not Gordann's at all, but is conducted in a way, a sort of reflection of the old glory, by a stout man named Smith. Strange, isn't it? Of course, the student quarter is still there and the University and all that, but—is it really Gordann's? Perhaps not.

When a man has taken up seventeen years of his life writing leaders for a paper like the *Citizen*, as I have, he hasn't much time to

peep into romance, nor to analyze those peculiar little sentimental ideas which all of us, I hope, hold. He considers such things memories rather than romance. He grows rotund and fat and is altogether too fond of a good bowl of green-turtle soup. The *Citizen* does not ask me to peep into romance. They consider my views on the oyster question, the possible legislation of railroads, and the complications which may arise from the Sultan of Turkey having crashed his auto into that of the British diplomat's wife, or on the recent revelation of crooked work in the Congo, of much more importance than anything which might interest a single man and a single woman, though they may be ever so considerate of each other. I am getting old in an old groove, and I regret to say it is the groove carved out for me by the *Citizen's* policy. Yet I don't suppose the Sick Man of Turkey has ever heard of me, though I have flayed him continually during all these seventeen years; and the ten thousand other little questions which I have editorially tried to make straight, have gone on their old aimless, stupid way, just as if I had not barked at them at all—and even Gordann's has changed, which is to me the saddest portion of the story.

There was once a time when each night the two little rooms were filled with gayly chatting, laughing, merry folk, students and loungers and a little group fortunately freed from the hideous shackles of convention. One could get the most delicious dishes at Gordann's. We would send special orders to Tony Filetti, who was the chef, and we would instruct Joseph in all seriousness as to the turning of a single oyster. Those were the high days of Joseph, the waiter, the best server in all Maryland, and Billee was alive then, looking after these things with a wise old eye. Griscombe, the editor of the *Advocate*, would come up after twelve, and at one-twenty his office boy would rush in with a damp copy of the mail edition, which made things interesting; and I would lean over and ask him how they had settled the Barnstable feud this time, and he would laugh and wink and banter me for my, as he called it, "prolific blindness." Well, well, as Mulvaney says, "them was times."

I remember the night they came first. They? Yes, the two principals of this little comedy. I will be the chorus and the prompter's bell. They came. He was not a handsome fellow, but an earnest-looking man of perhaps twenty-four, and she was a woman of a simple loveliness. I think it must have taken me quite five nights of darning glancing and peeking to come to a conclusion finally as to just what made her so delightful. And then I discovered that she was very unlike most women. She was frank without being hoidenish, she was gay without attracting the attention of the next table, she was merry with the seductiveness of dimples and the brilliance of half-veiled eyes; and yet she seemed quite able to care for herself, and I never once caught myself wishing for the protection of some guardian angel, as I have at times. Then, too, she had preserved a certain naturalness of manner which was captivating. I do not believe she once looked in my direction, but for all her *église* of me in that respect, I came to love the little lady in the lavender hat. She wore the lavender hat a long time, but I never tired of it, for the face beneath it was ever changing and she seemed capable, as women sometimes are, of reconstructing a whole costume with a new neckpiece, a pretty pin, and a length of ribbon. What wonders they would be as contractors if they could only reconstruct practically!

I also remembered her for the simple rea-

son that she did not change men. At Gordann's, which was a gay place in those days, it was unique to see the same couple together often, unless married; and I remember distinctly that these two had not the air of married folk. I asked Joseph, the waiter, to make sure, and he smiled knowingly, whispering to me that they were sweethearts, or so he thought. Sweethearts at Gordann's!

You must understand that, never having a chance to peep between the covers of a novel, all such stuff being closed to me and guarded by the Congo trouble and the possibilities of it in the Balkans, sweethearts, even at Gordann's after twelve, appealed to me. Somehow the idea grew on me, and nightly I found myself watching for the little lady in the lavender hat. I began to call her that. She had brown hair, just touched with a gleam of red and gold when the light was at the proper angle, and her eyes were gray, a peculiar fathomless shade of gray which sometimes convinced me of violet tones and then shaded into deep blacks. You see, I noticed her very closely, as an old man may well do.

I was a regular at Gordann's, and they, too, became regulars after a little. They would drop in after twelve. When they did not appear I was disappointed, for they held usually the table next to mine. Once Joseph, the waiter, who was autocratic in his *régime*, asked me if they annoyed me, and declared that if so he would seat them elsewhere, but I astonished him by protesting against it, and Joseph went away politely mystified. He had remembered the night when I had clamorously objected to another couple; and to a waiter no doubt couples are couples and nothing more. But even a waiter should have been able to note the difference in these two. These were sweethearts; the other—but no matter.

It was on an October night when I first realized the intense interest with which these two had fastened me. They came in late. A party of jovial and rather noisy students had entered before them. The boys were smoking and telling stories, and the blue vapor from their cigarettes increased the warmth of the low-ceiled room until it was rather thick and the lights were dim. When shortly after twelve the little lady and her knight appeared, I could see they were much disappointed at not being able to secure their regular places next to my table, for, as I have said, they too had become regulars, and a regular wants a certain table, no other. I



Drawn by Harry B. Lachman.

"But they only laughed, thinking that they owned Gordann's."

could see this disappointment on her face and I could understand it, for I have been a regular at Gordann's these seventeen years, and the table in the right-hand corner of the second room is mine by divine right, mine at which to eat and doze—yes, lately I have caught myself actually dozing before Sam (who has supplanted the once superb Joseph) brings in the bottle. But I shall not forget that night, nor the rakish party of students, nor the keen shade of annoyance pictured on the face of the lady.

When they were seated at another table, the lull which had greeted their entrance vanished in a riot of student conversation again. Occasionally a loud and not pleasant word would strike out from the students' corner, like the jar of a bad chord in a light composition, and this touched the nerves of the gentleman who accompanied the lady. She wore the lavender hat that night and to me was altogether charming. The noise of the students increased, but Gordann's was known to be a place Bohemian, and one must not have too sensitive an ear in such a place. However, I could see now and then a faint shade of mistrust touching the lady's eyes. She was waiting for her supper, and when one waits for supper one is not likely to bolt out into the street at the first signs of an unmannerly neighbor. She was tired, too, I could see that, and twice, when these rather rude things came in sharp contrast from the students' table, the knight frowned and I could see his knuckles grow white as his fist doubled. One of those medical chaps was not quite so filled with wine as the others and twice he cautioned them to be more careful, but they only laughed, thinking that they owned Gordann's, which was a mistake that students had made before. And the unseemly riot increased. At length the sober one leaned across the table, and implored something of the most befuddled member of the party. I had watched them very carefully out of the corner of my eye. The drunken fellow laughed insolently, exclaiming in a high tone:

"Of course not! Why, all decent folk are in bed—Let's have some more—something to—"

I interrupted his clamor rather sharply. I had seen his impudent glance toward the corner table, where, crowded out of their nightly comfort, which I could well understand, the two were talking and visibly trying not to hear. I can be very severe when

occasion demands, and my voice carries with a stern crispness which is not relished by those who have incurred my displeasure. I said:

"Joseph!"

It was not often that I had spoken to Joseph in such a tone. He knew immediately that something was entirely wrong, and he came forward intensely worried.

"Joseph!" I said again loudly. "The gentlemen annoy me."

"Yessir," mumbled Joseph in his surprise.

"And, Joseph!"

"Yessir."

"I object to profanity at table."

"Yessir," said Joseph, profoundly impressed. He bowed, hesitated, and then approached the other table as if the very oaken heart of it had not heard. He whispered something to the young men in the most respectful and confidential way, which only increased their embarrassment and marked them as the culprits. I had known in advance that Joseph, who was a wonder as a waiter, would do this very thing.

The students had not thought to be reprimanded in so public a place, but then they had not taken into consideration that I was a regular at Gordann's. They glanced at each other in amazement. One of the more inebriated puffed his lips and said:

"Oh, say! Tell him to mind his own affairs, the ol' hunks, anyway." And they went on talking as loud as before. Again there came a remark which sifted rather unpleasantly through even the muggy air of cigarette smoke. I arose, clutching my napkin nervously. True, it was after twelve, and really nearing one, but Gordann's was to me a home, the only home I had known in seven years (for these things all occurred ten long years ago), and just as I would have treated so vulgar a fellow in my office, so did I act now. A man who writes leaders for a paper like the *Citizen* acquires a bearing which, if not commanding, is at least filled with a wonderfully impressive dignity; and I called out, the noise opposite ceasing as a lull in a storm:

"Joseph!"

He came forward, meek and anxious. He thought it would be a record night for me with three bottles instead of one. But I astonished even the imperturbable Joseph by saying:

"Joseph! See to it that these men leave immediately!"



Drawn by Harry S. Lachman.

"I came out of the doze slowly, bearing voices, little low voices."

Through force of habit Joseph replied without thinking, "Yessir!" It was just as if I might have ordered a second portion of soup.

One of the men sprang to his feet, his face flushed. Hot words came to his lips. The sober element of the crowd sat perfectly still, red with a mortification he could so properly feel. The others were dumfounded. But I stood erect and unflinching, determined to have my demands enforced, for I was angry—in fact, I cannot remember when in all my career I was so intensely moved to anger as on that night, and I clutched the napkin as if I could slay them with it.

"Is John there, Joseph?"

"Yessir."

"Let him come in," I said.

John entered. He was a strapping negro, six feet tall and well muscled. I had given John many tips. Once I had bailed him out of jail.

"John!"

"Yessir."

"These men shall leave the house."

"By Gad, sir! when did you buy this place!" cried a man, springing up, his eyes glaring at me.

"I do not wish to bandy words with you, sir," I answered slowly; "but as you have persisted—persisted in very rude conduct here to-night, I do not think that Gordann's is the better for your company, sir," I said to him, speaking very distinctly, my words having the force of a closing paragraph; "and, sir, if you do not leave at once, sir, I shall demand that you be ejected."

"Send for the proprietor!" hotly cried one of the men.

"Yes, yes. Who the devil is this fellow, anyway?" joined another.

"By Gad, sir! you have a promising nerve," called out a third.

The sober man tried to quiet them, flushing guiltily all the while; but his words were of no avail, and they even turned on him with angry exclamations, denouncing him as a cad and a coward. To Joseph they spoke in an arbitrary way: "Get the boss——"

As the head waiter at Gordann's there was about Joseph a mild dignity, an atmosphere of reserve force, which I had ever admired. This now asserted itself in a gratifying way. He became grave and astonishingly severe.

"It is not necessary to summon anyone," he said. "After twelve I am in charge here.

Mr. Faringham has been annoyed. You must leave at once. John! the bill!"

John gave himself a preliminary shake. He held the local middle-weight championship as a bruiser, and John was not unknown to them, though in that moment he sacrificed forever their friendship. They sought their hats and slowly filed out, the last of them a rather sheepish young man ashamed of his company.

"Joseph!" I said mildly, "I shall have another bottle of ale."

"Yessir."

It seemed proper that I should indulge in a second bottle after such a plain victory. And the little lady glanced for the first time in my direction. She thought I was deeply interested in the table linen, but I saw her reflected plainly in the shining side of a water bottle. Ah! but I was the sly dog. And I drank the ale in a silent toast to the little lady in the lavender hat, for that was her only title to me. There was a great feeling of satisfaction within me, as if the old lists of some romance had been opened, and I, the rotund leader writer for the *Republican Citizen*, had ridden forth heralding a renaissance with my lady's gage upon the point of my victorious lance.

You would have thought that they, the two, would have ceased coming to Gordann's after such an experience, eh? But no, they loved Gordann's as I loved it—the little low-ceiled room, the dark green of the walls, the few dust-begrimed and smoke-toned paintings, the soft bulbs lighting the white tables and the fork tines, and the mellow clang of the kitchen bell which promised something coming; coming in silver-domed platters, well cooked and well seasoned in the good old Maryland fashion, and introduced to one by the urbane Joseph, a well-pleased master of the ceremonies, who smiled as he uncovered them. All these things were component parts of Gordann's, which none of us wished to lose. Some of them are even now retained—who doubts it?—but there are other important touches gone, with Billee Gordann, over into the past, and one of these is the little lady of the lavender hat.

Now I come to a point where I must acknowledge my shame to you, for I have been an eavesdropper. I have listened to the conversation at the next table. That is a crime when committed by a regular. I am ashamed of it—but no, hardly ashamed, because my little comedy, which is indeed the only com-

edy of my very lonely life, would be incomplete without its *dénouement*; and though eavesdropping, with the screen, is a very old stage trick, and I have seen it performed in many comedies, it will serve to be lugged forth once more and help round out my own. How well satisfied do we become, in the rotund years, with the once thought common-places of life! Ah, well! the world in our youth seems as a new, brightly gilded ball, but in the years of green-turtle soup we find that it has always been a very old and begrimed ball indeed, and one can find time to thank God for the little comedies, the little old-fashioned comedies, and for the little leading ladies in lavender hats.

I found that on those nights when I was most tired, when the work of the day had been made heavy with analysis of the Continental complication, even on those Thursday nights which were my Sundays, I found myself drifting toward Gordann's, for no other reason than to wait for their coming—their coming?—no, for her coming, that little lavender-crowned queen.

I will tell you something. A long time before these happenings, before I was an old leader-scribbler growing fat, when I was a brisk young fellow new in the lists, with the fame of a writer before me and no doubt but that I would overtake it, I had been a cub up North there where newspaperdom is a mad struggle. In those days, or rather those nights, when the few brief hours of idleness came after twelve, I fell into the very pleasant habit of visiting Lamond's, which was in its greater way quite as Gordann's is, or rather was, in its lesser. There I met Cerise. She was a French girl, a dancer, a little *pierrette* in a show. Nothing more than that, perhaps, but in those few months of suppers at Lamond's I grew to love Cerise very much indeed, in my youthful way. She was a little artist in the matter of dress, and she was dainty and graceful with the innate grace of womanly charm, and she was in those few months my idol and my love. Ah, well! I knew more than was good for me concerning Cerise, and I was cynical in the thought of that fame awaiting me, to which Cerise and those of her kind could never attain. I knew that she could not go with me, side by side, step by step, up the narrow pathway to that place on Olympus to which I was destined; that place which in these days has dwindled to matter of so many leaders a week for a paper which does not trace its circulation

over one hundred miles. So I let Cerise drift away from me. She may have proved just the right sort of wife for a scribbler of leaders, but in those days the sun on Mount Parnassus was high, and in the red gold of it Cerise was only one of the blossoms of the way, to be plucked as the mighty Ego passed, ascending. Well, well! could I have but found her, broken, yet with a little of the old perfume, as I in my day made the descent! But I let her go. I had not seen her since. That, in those days at Gordann's, was the heart of it, for, did I know just what Cerise lived to be, there might be some deep emotion in the thought or an airy burst of laughter with which to redeem the story. For me she was just a part of the past, a dainty regret which I recalled then, and now as the day blues and when I fully realize how old and crabbed I am getting to be. That last night with Cerise—the disappointment in her eyes, the graving of pretty tragedy on her face—But there was plucking at my sleeve the messenger of fame, whispering that the march to glory (and leaders) was to be undertaken free and unrestrained; and she was only a dancer, after all, a little dancer in a lavender hat. Yes, a lavender hat. That is why at Gordann's I could narrow my eyes, and brush away the cobwebbed years until I drifted into Lamond's, and could see through the blue tones of the smoke that same dear little Cerise waiting for me. That is one reason for my devotion to Gordann's, that, and the second little lady in the lavender hat. But the eavesdropping—how old and garulous I am becoming!—you shall hear it all from me, unvarnished.

They were sitting in their usual place. The room at Gordann's is very narrow, and there measured but eighteen inches from the arm of my chair to the back of that one in which sat the man. She was opposite him. I could see the girl's face as she talked, her eyes lighting and gleaming in little bursts of happiness, one hand resting as a pale thing, quite as delicate as a flower, on the table. I must have dozed off a moment, for in those days I worked and was tired and the thin hair of my head did not promise me much of youth. I came out of the doze slowly, hearing voices, little low voices. I could hear the man saying:

“Oh! he is asleep. Too much wine for him—”

So I kept my eyes closed, peeping once to see the little lady in her old position, with one

hand on the table, her face flushed and her lips parted. Then I saw the man's sinewy brown hand creep across the snow-white table's plane with its rifts of silver, until it reached and rested on the woman's small one. She tried to draw it away from him, glancing in a frightened way at me, but seeing that I was safely asleep, allowed his hand to remain.

"Why will you insist on such foolishness," said the man, speaking rapidly, "when you know how happy we have been together, when you know how miserable it will be for me to come here without you, and—"

"But I must do it," she answered plaintively. "There is no other way. I cannot stay here, and I can find something over there to do. You see, one cannot go on indefinitely living on promises, and in this city I have been given nothing but promises. And this man offers me a place which will pay enough—"

"This man likes you?" he asked.

"Well, he has always been friendly and kind to me," she said.

"Would he offer you the place if he did not like you?"

"Perhaps not," she admitted.

"Does he love you?"

"Why, dear me—how strangely you put things! Love me! You are always talking as if men were lying in wait for me—"

"Men are usually lying in wait for women like you. And does this man—"

"Please don't talk any more about it," she interrupted.

"But are you going?"

"How can I stay?" she asked him directly.

"Easily; you know you can stay here with me. Be my wife."

I could see the little lady in the lavender hat start; her hand seemed to be withdrawn, her eyes widened, her lips trembled.

"How can you ask me that, when—"

"Is there any good reason why I should not ask it? You are a free woman, I am a free man."

"Yes," she murmured, "but—"

And I knew what was wrong with it all. She was a woman, and she had not heard the one thing so terribly necessary to a woman. He had asked for something in entirely the wrong way. Old as I was, I knew it well. And I felt like suddenly springing up, and catching him by the shoulders, and shaking him for his stupidity. Devil take the man, I thought; when he said slowly:

"Don't you love me?"

"How can I say that I love you? Have you given me the right to say as much?"

"Have not I asked you to be my wife?"

"But that is only to—I could not stay—"

Then did I feel like shaking her, sweet as she was and pretty as she looked, with her tear-brimmed eyes shining out from under the eaves of the little lavender hat.

"Then say what it is that prevents you from staying in that way. There can only be one thing. You do not love me—" He spoke to her roughly. "You have led me to believe that you cared for me. You have been with me constantly, planning with me night after night, making me love you, until—until I could no longer keep the words back; and now, when I tell you that I love you—"

"But you haven't told me—" she gasped out.

"My God, not love you! I love you, love you—" and he reached over the table to kiss her hand. I saw a shadow on the wall, there came the clink of glasses; this would never do—

"JOSEPH!" I roared, and the startled waiter dropped his tray.

The man started in confusion, the woman flushed until her face was a fine match for the ribbons near it. And I, I had jumped to my feet, ready to assassinate the blunderer who, a moment later, would have ruined the scene, thereupon becoming a comedy blunderer myself. But surely I was a better character with which to spoil it than a waiter, even the superb Joseph, but—

"Sir—" said the man, not knowing how to extricate himself, glancing in confusion at the little lady.

"A little more," I observed dryly, trying to put a fair face on a very unfair matter, "and you would have been caught."

"I think we have been caught, sir," he said angrily, taking up his hat and stick.

"But by a waiter—you will surely pardon me," I continued humbly. "I could not help hearing you, and I thought—well, I am an old man, and"—I blundered along somehow—"and my own little story would have been so different had I—had I loved half as well." I took up my hat, and thrust my napkin into a side pocket. It is a wonder I did not put a tumbler on my head. "You will forgive me when you think over it," I said. "I was really asleep when you first spoke—when I believe you first spoke—and—and I am a gentleman. There was

choice between a gentleman and a waiter, and thinking you might be embarrassed, why, I made choice of the gentleman. It was no doubt very rude of me, but—Good-night!"

And I bolted for the door, the shame of it upon me.

"Please—" called the little lady.

I stopped.

"You might tell him—" she began, speaking in a low tone.

"Really, I should like to know the answer," I said, smiling, "for it would be one of those disappointing stories, always continued, you know, and I am really ashamed of myself for—"

"You have not finished your dinner," she said, looking at my table.

"If you do not think terribly of me, I should like to drink some wine, you know—the dinner was rather heavy, and—and I shall know what kind of wine to order if—if the story is a happy one, and—"

The man smiled. He saw that I was getting along to a gray-haired fatherly age, no doubt.

"We ought not drive him away," she whispered.

"Of course not," he said.

"Then you may sit down again," she granted me.

"And the story is to be—?"

"Not unhappy—I hope," she said wistfully, and there stood Joseph in the doorway again, this time wanted.

"Joseph! Some wine—some extra dry wine—" And feeling that I had gained two friends, "And if you will drink a little with me, I shall tell you the story of Cerise, and you will know how to make the story a very happy one indeed."

And when they went away that night, for the first time I felt that I had done some good in the world, and that Parnassus was not so far away after all.

Now you know why I love Gordann's.

CONCERNING AMERICAN PARENTS

BY ANNA MCCLURE SHOLL



N the founding and building of a society in which wealth creates, sooner or later, power and position, it is evident that the emphasis must be always laid on the future. Finance, like democracy, abhors the past. The man born in a republic has theoretically neither father nor mother. His Melchisedecian state is further set forth if he intend to become that American paradox, a rich republican. He is committed then finally to the worship of youth and strength and of futurity. All his gods are under forty; after that, they cease to be immortal. He is obliged to renounce—if indeed he ever knew—the fascination and authority of the past, its tender symbols, its far and haunting cry. For him are no deep twilights, no traditions whose only power is in their sweetness, no signal of dead hands through the long perspectives of ancestral life. He goes forth unaccompanied; for com-

panionship whether of the dead or of the living is not favorable to concentration.

Under these conditions it is seen that what belongs to the past will suffer most from the struggles toward future aggrandizement. Parents—still recognized by Americans at large—have, perhaps, in individual cases undergone a greater obscurantism than any other institution of society; and this chiefly because parents belong to the past. The American father and mother have the misfortune to form part of a social order which more earnestly than any other in history—with the exception, perhaps, of eighteenth-century France—has agreed to remember nothing but the future. These unfortunates are separated from their children by all the forces of a new and ambitious country; by the acquisition of wealth, of education, of social power; by all that extends the perspective into the magical land of the yet-to-come.

Even in a nation of phenomenal mush-

room growths and of strange reversals, the change in the attitude of American parents toward their children during the last thirty years has been remarkable. To understand what it was in the eighteenth century and to contrast it with what it is now, it is, perhaps, necessary to go back to the state of society in Europe before the French Revolution, since from the constitution of the Old World the ideals of primitive American life were consciously or unconsciously drawn. The separation of the colonists from the mother countries was for many years more physical than moral. In these countries the past had almost supreme authority. The feudal system, though dead in the letter, was an active ghost; the family, especially the family of rank, was ruled by its head as by a king, with something of the remoteness and dignity of kingship. The heads of great houses recognized more obligations to the dead than to the living, alternately oppressed and stimulated by the memory of notable ancestral deeds in war or statecraft. The law of primogeniture aided in preserving all outward symbols of family unity and continuity, by the concentration of these symbols within walls that had witnessed the births and deaths of generations of the same line. An English boy could not ascend the state staircase of his hall or manor or pace its galleries without passing in review the portraits of his ancestors looking upon him tenderly or proudly, or with a wholesome withdrawal into a splendor yet his to achieve. And, while his father lived, he remained in the shadow a child to command, to rebuke or praise; a servant, in a certain sense, to be bidden to come or go. The higher his rank the stricter the discipline under which he was apprenticed to his future obligations. He stood in the presence of his parents, nor did he speak unless he was first addressed. The exercise of parental authority was sometimes extended to the point of cruelty. Even as late as the first half of the nineteenth century, children were more or less passive instruments in the hands of their governors. In Stephen Paul's "Life of Froude," the picture of the historian's boyhood is shadowed darkly by the domination of his austere father, ruling his household with no regard for the tastes and inclinations of its individual members.

On the other side of the Atlantic similar conditions were prevailing, intensified in the colonies of New England where a greater heirship than any dreamed of in an earthly

aristocracy haunted the conscience of men pledged to reach the divine goal by sad and bitter roads, and to bring with them their children. To train these children to be heirs of God and joint heirs with Christ involved the exercise of an authority from which all the tenderer elements were perforce eliminated. The gulf separating parents from their offspring, wide enough in the mother country, was thus extended to the dim shores of the eternal world. The salvation of the child was placed above all considerations of his earthly joy or comfort. To be flogged into the way of righteousness was not always the expedient longest delayed. More terrible than flogging was the laceration of the young conscience by ministers and preceptors whose devotion to a morbid theology made them see in the gay, untroubled impulses of youth only the treachery of a nature born at war with its Creator. His children who died in the innocence of their baptism were the sole consolation of many a stern father separated from his living offspring by their refusal or their inability to accept the divine promises.

For several generations this attitude of parents toward their children prevailed, modified outside of New England by climatic and racial differences, but persisting with little radical change until the close of the Civil War. After this crisis whatever seeds of change had been quickening in darkness grew to the surface with wonderful rapidity under the influence of forces still operating. These are, roughly speaking, the spread of the higher education, the decline of the religious spirit, and the enormous increase of opportunities for material advancement which involves the apotheosis of youth and strength.

The complete *bouleversement* in the attitude of children to parents, most striking during the past thirty years, was prepared for, however, by the very constitution of the Republic, and by the conditions of a vast and unsettled country. The absence of the law of primogeniture is a strong dissolvent of family ties, since it constantly involves the changing of those outward symbols of racial continuity so potent in directing the human imagination toward the claims of the past. The homestead was built and adorned only to pass, as a rule, into alien hands. The West was constantly destroying the work of the East by its imperative demand for new citizens. In the South where the homestead approached nearest the Anglican type, its peace and security were destroyed forever by the war.

If many new and powerful institutions were built on those battlefields, it is also true that much of what was strong and beautiful perished there finally.

The seeds of change, once germinated, have been nourished all too well by the forces now dominant in American society. Of these the great financial opportunities are, perhaps, the most potent, since they are constantly raising the standard of material success, and thereby putting a premium on the achievements of the future. The modern American boy is likely to regard his father as a person not to be imitated, but to be outstripped. To quadruple the family fortune seems more necessary than to preserve it! If there be no fortune, he starts life as that fetish of the national imagination, "a poor boy," and becomes, by the well-known processes, that other and more objectionable fetish, "a self-made man," with all the acquired insensibility necessary to form the perfect product. In either case the past is likely to be of no value to him. His father, if he be considered at all, stands for outworn methods of business and modes of living. For with material aggrandizement has come a change in the conduct of personal life, generally furthered by the influence of wife or daughter. The working classes struggle toward the middle classes, imitating as far as possible their manner of existence; the middle classes toward the capitalists; and if the father and mother of a household stand, by their "limitations," in the path of ambition, they are liable to be forced to the wall.

Much in this struggle may be praiseworthy as illustrating the beneficent results of a democracy, but it contains elements which threaten future disaster and defeat of its own ends. The position of American parents becomes every day less tenable. What place is there for them in homes where all eyes are fixed upon the future and where the child is all-important because he may some day steal a railroad or bribe a senator or even make a million dollars lawfully? Surrounded by an aura of these dazzling possibilities, his position is that of a little god. He feels in his cradle his parents' abject surrender to the future and begins to bully them when he can scarcely talk, by virtue of his pivotal position of having all his life yet before him. His father and mother are, at once, the abettors and victims of the march of progress. If they retain their children's reverence and respect, they are fortunate; if not, they at least have

the melancholy consolation of knowing that their grandchildren will turn the tables. The third generation has often as little consideration for the second as the second had for the first. Pride in a family yet to be is productive of but scant reverence for the obscure progenitors.

But if American parents have suffered, with more or less justice, from the national craving for wealth and position, they are the victims, more innocently, of that redoubtable commodity known as the higher education, which not seldom digs a grave between two generations because the heart is overlooked by "educators" in their fury of zeal to develop the brain. The detachment and individualism of the youthful rich are equaled in disintegrating power by similar qualities induced by education—or rather the type of education in which learning is divorced from ethical and religious training. In the New England academies and colleges students were continually reminded of the vanity of all earthly knowledge by the juxtaposition of eternal things—of a Light beyond the farthest sun, and shores visited by no human tides. A reverential temper of mind was thus preserved. No wealth of knowledge could separate a man from his people, however humble, because he had realized that the formation of character is of more importance than the highest achievements of the unaccompanied intellect. The limited curriculum of colleges in the past was thus able to produce a truer culture than the elaborate machinery of the modern university, conscious of no "celestial assistant" luring the soul to overstep the rigid bounds of knowledge and breathe "an ampler ether, a diviner air."

On the development of character, modern education lays but slight emphasis, its tendency being to foster that type of individualism whose seat of power is in the highly trained and self-sufficient mind. The public schools of the United States—admirable institutions though they are in many respects—exalt a system from which in the future are likely to emanate forces of social disintegration. To train the intellect without educating the heart is to open the path for elements of anarchy always present in the Republic. American children of all classes—except, perhaps, in certain circles of the great Eastern cities where the obscurity of the English nursery is copied—are proverbial for independence of bearing, assertiveness, and the patronizing

attitude toward their elders. The parents are to a large degree responsible for this reversal of positions; but even if they govern their family in the patriarchal spirit, the forces of surrounding society contradict and frequently annul the home influences. When a boy enters the public school he enters a miniature republic, whose atmosphere is vibrant with the challenge of the future, and where an attempt is made to prepare him for any career he may enter upon, by teaching him at least the elements of many branches of knowledge. His opportunities rather than his duties are continually held before him. He seriously expects to know more than his parents and to go beyond them in his achievements. When he enters college the emphasis laid on coming events is still stronger. A ramification of this worship of the utilitarian, and of the practical, this faith in approaching marvels, is the neglect of the study of the classics, with the consequent loss of their humanizing and mellowing influence. The urbanity of Horace; the tenderness of Virgil, whose consciousness of "the tears of things" seems in this era an untransmitted sensitivity; the grandeur of *Aeschylus* vindicating the justice of the moral law, might well leaven wholesomely the society of the Republic. But they are relegated to the past as being of no immediate use to the adolescent generation eager to create a new heaven and a new earth.

Women are more susceptible than men to the disintegrating influences of the higher education, especially as it concerns family life; for the paradoxical reason that they are more closely allied to the domestic interests. Before the Civil War the continuity of the family was preserved, in spirit at least, largely by the daughters of a house, who carried on its traditions and revered its symbols. Women of "home-keeping hearts," they left the paternal roof only to go to homes of their own. They knew, perhaps, little of art and less of science, but they were rich in womanly qualities, which—advocates of the independent woman to the contrary—flourish best not in college or office or store, but in the shelter of a home. The higher education may not divorce a young girl from her parents and from the domestic duties, but its tendency is to do so unless she realizes that a knowledge of all the sciences could not outweigh the deep glance into the mystery of existence vouchsafed to her mother in childbearing. But too often she places the mere acquisition of learning

above life itself, and returns, at the end of her course, to the home circle in a critical frame of mind which has no mercy for the mental or social deficiencies of the parents whose sacrifices made her education possible. This dissatisfaction with her environment, combined with her desire for further advancement, not infrequently sends her to some metropolitan center where in a hall bedroom she begins her career of "independence." The necessity of earning her living is of course often a factor in her exile from home, but it is as often the result of deliberate choice, of her desire for individual development. New York is full of women whose families have been relegated to some nebulous limbo where for all practical purposes they do not exist at all. These "detached daughters" have no background but the neo-studio or apartment with its wealth of makeshifts. They gather about them, as a rule, a circle of friends as unplaceable as themselves. The incense of the family altar is represented by the smoke of the cigarette. Under these conditions it is probable that the gulf between the girl and her parents will widen until it is unbridgeable, unless, indeed, the hard discipline of living—which fortunately few escape—reveal to her before it is too late the unique sweetness of certain forgotten and far-off things. But more often it is the lightning flash of death which shows receding faces, and the loneliness of figures made childless by ambition.

For the American parents' own worship of youth and strength is frequently the beginning of the children's unending pilgrimage to the strange new shrines of the Republic. The maternal heart longs that the son or daughter should have every "advantage," it surrenders the little creature to the grasp of the future, even when the downy head still lies warm upon the breast. The father works literally like a slave that the son may pass beyond him—yes, beyond even call and sight. The deification of material success has become a Minotaur which demands every year children who are never to return to the paternal rock or to remember the traditions of the past.

Against this individualistic tendency of American civilization parents themselves must oppose stronger forces if they would aid in building up a society which links the generations by the vital and indissoluble chain of moral unity. And it would seem that this could be done without the employment of reactionary measures. The age of sternness and formality between parents and children

could not be revived, but the center of hope and power could be shifted to the first generation, and this chiefly by adherence to reasonable standards of living. For material ambition, at the root of most of the evils of American civilization, is, in the last analysis, at the root of the disintegration of families. When the father teaches his son that not the acquisition of wealth but the preservation of honorable ideals is the important thing in life; when the mother teaches the daughter that the sweet domestic virtues are of more value to society than the fireworks of individualism;

when children are taught to rely more on the noble traditions of the past than on the uncertain gifts of the future, then there will be no danger of parents being relegated to the strange limbos of a dejected and inoperative middle age. The blatant aristocracy of wealth could have no more potent adversaries than parents teaching their children to reverence the procession of the great dead from Socrates to Lincoln. It is the backward look that is most needed in this country; a deep and quiet gaze, in the midst of the turmoil, upon earlier and truer things.

CURRENT REFLECTIONS

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN



RITING two months before the record for the year 1906 is made up, it is already possible to set it down as a year of grievous peculiarities. The weather has seemed to be altogether indifferent to precedent. The winter neglected its business of making ice; the summer was of a sort to make you wish you were a British subject and could call it "nasty" without compunction. It *was* nasty. It was hot and it was wet. It bred mosquitoes in vast multitudes in mosquito districts, and in lesser swarms in the districts where usually mosquitoes are unknown. It was moldy; it was sticky; it was protracted. It made people weary of living. When has there been a summer the idiosyncrasies of which have been so generally execrated?

And besides being uncomfortable the year has been calamitous. Vesuvius has spouted fire; earthquake and fire have destroyed San Francisco and done vast damage to Valparaiso. Typhoons have swept ruin in upon Hongkong. West India hurricanes have done the like to Mobile and Pensacola. September saw England blasted with more than midsummer heat, and early October saw Buffalo prostrated by a snow blizzard. It has been a year of extremes and excesses,

meteorological, political, and social, and it will go out leaving a long bill of damages.

They tell us that the wildest freaks of climate befall in the first ten years of each century, and along about fifty years later, after the middle of each century; that the winters of extreme cold come at those times, and the most fractious and peculiar summers. They lay it to the recurrence of the big sun spots, which agitate the nerves of the earth and make it shaky, causing the Gulf Stream and other currents to straggle from their right course, and upsetting all sublunary habits. That the minds and passions of men are affected by the restlessness of their earthly habitation is easy to believe, whether or not the belief is well founded. Now some of the foreboders bid us look out for a very hard winter, but we have already had (in 1904 and 1905) two pretty hard winters, and to predict another seems like rubbing it in.

PERHAPS IT IS because we have fallen in particularly agitating days that there has developed a phenomenon that President Eliot noted in a short address that he made on October 1st to the new Harvard freshmen. He talked to them about freedom, its dangers, its opportunities; how necessary it was to the growth of human character; and how there is no moment of life in which comes

a greater sudden access of freedom than to a young man when he first comes to college. He gave his freshmen a little concentrated counsel that was kind and wise and inspiring and perfectly free from cant and good to take. They have need to take it, the more need for that, as he told them, "there has come upon us right here on these grounds and among Harvard's constituents, and widespread over the country as well, a distrust of freedom for students, of freedom for citizens, of freedom for backward races of men. That," he said, "is one of the striking phenomena of our day, a distrust of freedom." That is an interesting suggestion which has not been so bluntly stated before. Everyone must recognize that the American attitude toward freedom has been considerably modified within even the last ten years. It used to be an article of faith with most Americans that freedom was the one great essential to human progress, and that any group of human creatures upon whom freedom was conferred, would profit by it and gradually improve in character and condition. Our enthusiasm indeed went so far that we were loath to spare the time for gradual improvement and wanted the good effects of freedom to be instantaneously evident.

Our hopes have gradually been jolted down to a more modest level. We discovered that the freedom which had been painfully conferred on the negroes did not make self-governing black Anglo-Saxons of them at a jump, that they were not competent to exercise the share in government to which they were admitted, and that while some of them profited by liberty, a good many others seemed to need the pressure of compulsion and retrograded in character and in manners when it was withdrawn.

Then we freed the Filipinos from Spanish rule with high hopes at first of their ability to take care of themselves; but so promptly on better acquaintance came distrust of their capacity to profit immediately by independence, that we did not dare give it to the, but spent time and trouble and money lavishly to keep control of their government until they should seem more fit to undertake it for themselves.

We were proud of Cuba as a place where our hereditary theories seemed to have found justification, but then again our hopes have had a considerable shock, although they are by no means blasted yet. We have watched Russia bringing liberty to birth, and though

we maintain with deep conviction that increased freedom is indispensable to the treatment of her troubles, we see only too readily that that alone will not produce a cure.

At home again we find a great cry for increased regulation; regulation of the trusts because they are thought to have grown too fat on freedom; regulation of the railroads because their use of the powers which liberty has gained for them is held to prejudice the rights of the people whom they serve.

Order, for the moment, is what the more troubled parts of earth need even more than freedom; order with a sufficient force somewhere behind to maintain it, and at a crisis to compel it. But there is no reason for the friends of liberty to take fright at that. Order and freedom in these days are compulsory twins. The best hope of freedom is in order; the best hope of order is in freedom. Freedom without order is injurious, order without freedom is oppressive, and both are unstable. When we strive for order we strive for freedom, and when we strive for freedom we are bound to include order in our aims.

THE EFFORT that is being made in Cuba is an effort to maintain order so that liberty may increase. Incidentally it is an effort to maintain order so that property may increase. Property seems to complicate liberty a good deal. Among energetic and enterprising people the right to acquire and hold on to property is, next to personal safety, the most generally appreciated consequence of freedom. Among people of less energy the right most valued is that of knocking off work whenever they feel like it. In Hayti the latter privilege is most valued; in New York the former. In Cuba it is understood that both are heartily appreciated, and that there abounds the disposition so commonly observed in tropical countries to combine them. Now the two ideals cannot be combined. It is possible of course to have property and knock off work, but that condition is only practicable for a small minority in any community, because if the bulk of the people do no more work than their own simple necessities compel, it becomes hard to make anyone's property yield a comfortable maintenance. Where the general interest in property is small, the general interest in order is small; and the more generally the privilege of stopping work is valued, the more readily can one government be knocked down

and another set up. But stable government being necessary to order, and order to liberty, and the development of a general interest in the acquisition of property being very favorable to stability of government, it seems reasonable to conclude that by trying to provide for the increase of wealth in Cuba, we are doing our best for the time being to promote the growth of freedom there.

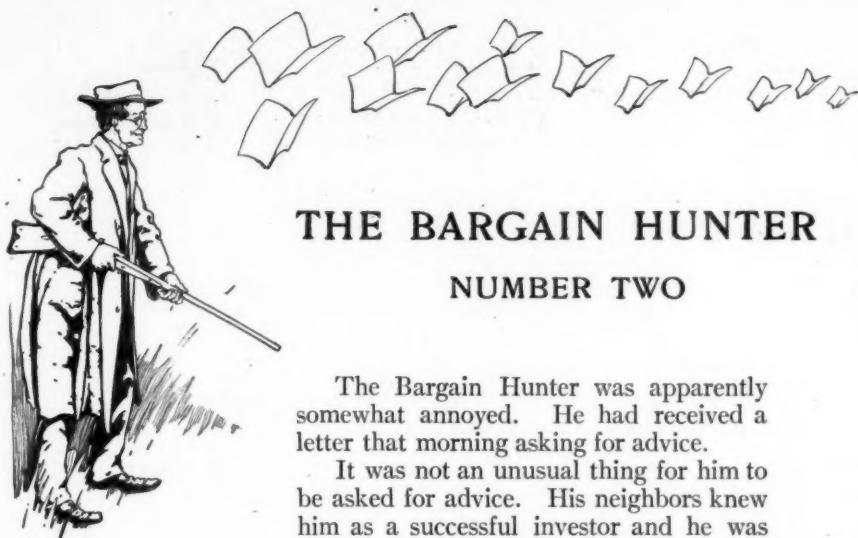
AT ANY RATE we hope so. And if we succeed, in what will our success, and the greater Cuban success to which we will contribute, find its reward? Is the success of liberty, like everything else, to be measured in dollars? Will freedom and order in Cuba, whether under an independent government or a government protected by ours or annexed to it, be rated as surely successful when it has made Cuba very rich? It is all she needs to make her rich, for she has all the other necessities—climate, soil, minerals—in prodigious perfection.

But riches are only an incident of liberty, and not its end. Riches may promote it for a time and then imperil it; and so they usually do. Liberty may be too abundantly blessed with riches for its own good, but it cannot be overblessed with what is the most important fruit it can produce, and that is character. The great question with the Cubans, with the Filipinos, with the Russians, with the negroes, with every people or race that is struggling just now to take a forward step, is what sort of character they can develop. Have the Cubans, the Russians, and the rest got the stuff in them from which can be developed the stability and integrity of character which will qualify them to live and work under a free, representative government? That is the important question, and much of the prevailing distrust of freedom, of which President Eliot spoke, comes from a new uncertainty that has come to exist in many minds, as to how many and which of the races of men are qualified by congenital endowment to attain to self-government. They can all be governed in some way. They are all governed now, except, perhaps, Russia. But there are very great changes ahead and in sight, and very great questions to be settled as to whom in the immediate future the responsibilities of keeping order on the earth are to rest upon.

AND VERY GREAT and interesting questions are there also current about the development

of character in our own country. All that wealth could contribute to the stability of our government was paid in long ago. We have long had property enough to give the fullest encouragement to the maintenance of all the order that is good for freedom, and have come at length to see our accumulated wealth so prodigious that some minds see in it a menace to freedom. More serious still, our ordered liberty with the resources of a new continent behind it, has yielded so enormous a crop of material blessings, that its more indispensable fruit of character seems in some peril of being overwhelmed by the mass of them. Europe misdoubts that we are wholly given up to the getting of money and the spending of it. Our own philosophic observers tell us that the excesses of our high protective tariff, by encouraging the practice of relying on legislative favors to shut out competition, has cost our nation incalculably more in corruption of our national integrity than it can possibly have gained for it in wealth. From the start we had inequalities of condition, but they were not definite nor accepted as permanent. We did not have classes. Now we see classes defined and class jealousies industriously cultivated for political or industrial reasons. Strange leaders spring up and speak strange counsel and print strange messages in very peculiar type, and get followings of serious size and rather ominous quality. There are crises ahead and changes about. How is it to be with our own essay in freedom? Are we, too, going the way of all flesh?

There are those, no doubt, who think we are; there always have been such. But the wiser opinion is that we draw too much water to turn turtle in any gale. That we shall be disciplined according to our errors is likely, but we should welcome any discipline that we have justly incurred. And what do we count on to bring us through; to carry our country through perils in sight, and perils unseen and unsuspected? We count, not on wealth, which has its own perils, nor on numbers, which warring motives may divide. We count on the only thing we can rely on: on character, based on liberty and trained to choose where choice is free. So long as our methods and our civilization make character that is fit to maintain a great experiment in government, our experiment will last. After that, when character fails—if such a time shall ever come—our fathers' work and ours will pass to worthier hands.



THE BARGAIN HUNTER

NUMBER TWO

The Bargain Hunter was apparently somewhat annoyed. He had received a letter that morning asking for advice.

It was not an unusual thing for him to be asked for advice. His neighbors knew him as a successful investor and he was frequently approached on the subject. He would never actually advise. He would simply state facts as he knew them, and let the interested party make his own decision.

But the letter of the morning made it more or less necessary for him to take responsibility. It was from the widow of a son of a very old friend. The husband had died a year before. He had left unencumbered the small house where they had lived and his life insurance amounting to \$10,000. She had written to the Bargain Hunter then, asking him what to do. She had absolutely no knowledge of investments. The Bargain Hunter remembered her as a blue-eyed little girl whom he had been very fond of in the old days of his friend's earlier life, but he had not seen her again in all the years since. The soul of a bargain hunter is supposed to be encrusted but this one turned at once to help. The panic of October, 1907, had just passed. It had left securities, high class, good, and medium, at bottom prices. There was no question as to what a widow should do with her cash, \$10,000, all the money she had in the world to depend upon.

He advised her at once—almost commanded her—to buy strong bonds, those listed on the Exchange and some of them gilt edged, the very best bonds, which were selling at record low prices. He even, contrary to his usual custom, picked out the specific bonds which she was to buy.

She complied at once—not even asking a question. The result had been most satisfactory. She was furnished with

an income of something over five per cent. It was sufficient, with house rent free in the small town where she lived, to exist in fair comfort.

The matter was settled. He had supposed the situation arranged permanently and satisfactorily. The widow had been intensely gratified and had so written him. He had answered briefly telling her he was glad to help the daughter of his old friend, referring kindly to the days when he had known her as a little girl. In her reply, some time afterwards, to tell him how well she was doing, she had sent him her photograph. He was somewhat startled, although he knew of no reason why he should be, to find that the little girl had grown to be a beautiful woman.

The subject had gone from his mind—at least as far as any outward attention he gave it. It was a matter of satisfaction to him, whenever he thought of it, that he had been able, by his advice, to arrange this so propitiously—and so permanently.

But the letter of the morning had told him, evidently with some hesitation and some embarrassment, that the widow had, a few weeks before, told a friend—a man—of her good fortune in having so wise an adviser; and of her investments. He had looked through her list and was unreserved in his praise of the selections. But he had told her that since she had bought, these bonds had risen on an average ten or more points; that in the mean time she had had her living; that the bonds had now advanced—almost to prices prevailing before the panic; that if she sold them she would add to her principal \$1,000. On his advice, impulsively, she had sold them and now she wanted her kind friend the Bargain Hunter to invest the money over again so that she could repeat the operation, and this time she sent him the money—all of it—\$11,000. She did not know, she wrote, but that she had done wrong in not writing him before she sold, asking for his approval, but—and the letter was full of contrition and gratitude, and of such naïve reliance upon his ability to perform the magic trick over again, that he smiled faintly in spite of his vexation.

The problem nevertheless was before him. There were plenty of ways for a business man to invest even now, for a profit—equal probably on fairly safe lines to the one she had already made. But here was the fund of a widow, and no dollar of it could be risked where it was not sure of continued preservation.

Bonds of the kind he would have selected, and some of which he *did* select a year ago, had all risen. Some of them to a point where they might later on in some circumstances of the money market drop off. Bargain Hunting in bonds

(Continued on page 4)

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